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THEODORE ROOSEVELT—AN OUTDOOR MAN

BY

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ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS

I

THE most intensely active man in America is President Roosevelt. To appreciate the demands made on his time, and the wear and tear on his extraordinary constitution, is to comprehend as much as is involved in speeding a train from the Atlantic Seaboard to the Middle West in three-quarters of a day. From New York to Chicago, a distance of over nine hundred miles, in eighteen hours! Wonderful — and yet how can one grasp the significance of it, or comprehend the whirlwind rapidity with which counties and states flow under the engine of the "flyer." Of what assistance is the time-table, even though it does impart information concerning the breaks in the journey. So must it be with the bare recital of what is accomplished by the President in a single day of seventeen hours — for he regularly sleeps but seven hours. Nevertheless, his daily schedule is an interesting document — the story of the doing of many things, some seemingly unimportant, others of grave consequence.

Breakfast in the White House is at eight-thirty; and an hour later the President can be found at his desk in the Executive Offices, ready and eager for a big day. His first duty is attending to the morning mail. During the busy season, the official mail of the White House averages five hundred communications daily, but of this mass of correspondence not more than a tenth receives the President's personal attention. The remainder is skilfully and tactfully answered by the Secretary to the President and his assistants. After dictating replies to such letters as require his personal consideration, Mr. Roosevelt goes over the engagements for the day. At ten o'clock callers are admitted — except on Tuesdays and Fridays, when the Cabinet meets, and on Sundays. Senators and representatives, with their constituents, have the right of way for two hours. From twelve until one other visitors are received by appointment. The number of these varies greatly; on certain days important conferences necessarily interfere with the reception of callers whose business is of less consequence. Mr. Roosevelt is very liberal with his time. He sees throngs of people, to many of whom a chief magistrate without his qualities of mind and habits of work could not grant an audience. Without a moment's delay he is able to sweep away trivialities and get at the crux of a

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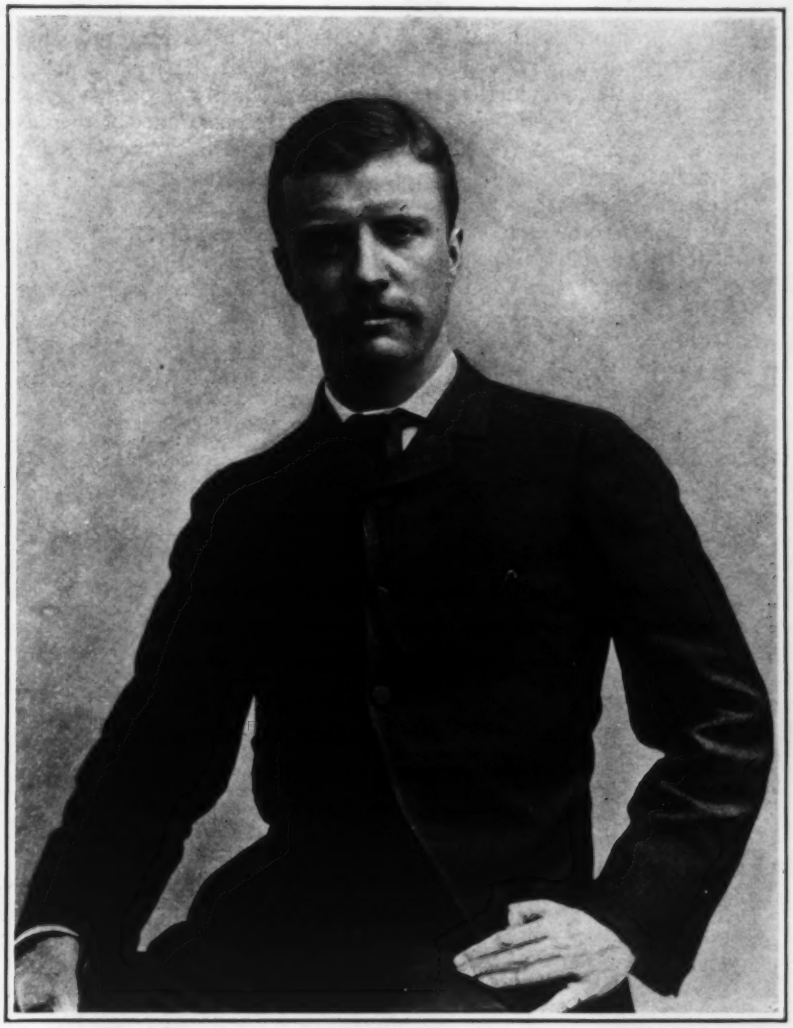
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A YEAR AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE CIVIL WAR—EIGHT YEARS OLD

A New York City boy — somewhat frail in body, tormented with asthma, and annoyed by near-sightedness — but a born naturalist, and "a reg'lar boy"

matter. It is interesting to sit by and see him welcome his visitors, listen to their arguments — or supplications — and amiably get rid of them. Listen? Yes; one can't very well help it. The President has a distaste for star-chamber interviews, except "for the good of the service." Early in Mr. Roosevelt's incumbency a prominent statesman encountered this dislike. He cautiously approached the President when he stood apart, and whispered into his ear. In tones that penetrated every corner of the room came the reply: "You may be sure that your relative will be considered on his merits along with other candidates."

But if he is abrupt and outspoken, the President puts a man, no matter how shy, at his ease in a moment, and when the visitor departs it is with a feeling that he has received a favor, even though he may have lost his cause. Callers are shown into the Cabinet Room where they wait their turn. Without warning Mr. Roosevelt throws open the doors of his private office, greets a foreign attaché, whom he invites into his sanctum (a high army officer who fell out with the



ROOSEVELT IN 1884

In this year, at the age of twenty-six, four years out of Harvard, Roosevelt, already an ex-New York state legislator, went to the Republican National Convention as chairman of the New York delegation and fought the nomination of Blaine. The next two years he spent ranching on the banks of the Little Missouri in the Bad Lands of North Dakota.

administration called it "the woodshed"); then shakes hands with a prominent editor who has come all the way from New York to learn the truth about the negotiations making for a peace conference. Is there a hitch? The President positively affirms: "There is no hitch. Pay no attention to the newspapers. Rely only on the official statements given out here."

The interview has lasted just two minutes, but the editor goes away happy. Into the private office darts Mr. Roosevelt. In a few minutes he returns with the salutation, "How d' do, Mr. — . Sit right down here," motioning a big man with a square jaw to a seat near the Cabinet table. The visitor takes the chair, and quickly states his business — in reality his grievance — which relates to the Panama Canal. He offers a letter as Exhibit A. The President runs his eye rapidly over page 1, glances at page 2, and then says: "I understand perfectly. That should go to Mr. Shonts. When I put a man in such a position I would n't go over his head under any consideration."

But the square-jawed man is persevering. He begs to appeal from the decision, and rapidly restates his argument. Up jumps the President. "I said that should go to Mr. Shonts. Good-by. Very glad *indeed* to have seen you."

Mr. — departs, disappointed, perhaps, but with his hand tingling from a vigorous hand-grip, which is somewhat compensating. As for the President he has closed the doors of his private office, shutting out from view the Japanese minister, who had been let in by another entrance. And so it goes until Mr. Roosevelt departs to make ready for luncheon, which is at one-thirty. Here business is often combined with pleasure; distinguished guests are regularly invited to the White House table, and the President discusses with them affairs of a public nature.

Two-thirty or three o'clock finds him back in his office, where he remains until four and often until five o'clock. Then official

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS A FOX-HUNTER

"And yet there is far more of discussion of the habits and characteristics of wild animals in his writings than there is record of the killing of game."

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THE PRESIDENT FREQUENTLY JUMPS FENCES . . . JUST TO RECALL THE DAYS WHEN . . . HE RODE TO HOUNDS ON LONG ISLAND

duties are suspended in order that he may enjoy some form of outdoor exercise. Here again pleasure is not unmixed with business; for, to quote a member of the Cabinet: "The President considers his daily exercise just as much a part of the preparation for his presidential duties as he does his breakfast." Without doubt, however, duty is swallowed up in enjoyment.

One torrid day in June Washington was sweltering under a hot wave, with the thermometer registering ninety-eight degrees, and the humidity intense. Athletic young men sat in their clubs within easy range of electric fans and cooling beverages, complaining bitterly of the heat. In the middle of the afternoon, the President, accompanied by his eldest son and two of the lad's school friends, rode eighteen miles in an automobile to Great Falls. Then the machine was sent home, and the party set out at a brisk, even pace and tramped the road back to a point outside the city limits, where a carriage met them. They had walked thirteen miles, and reached the White House at half-past nine, very late for dinner. The day after, when official business had been despatched, the President rode twenty miles on horseback.

Dinner is served in the White House at seven-thirty. This may be an official function, or it may be less conventional, with only a few friends as guests; occasionally the family are alone. At nine o'clock, or it may be ten, the President retires to his den, where an expert stenographer is waiting for him, and there he works for at least two hours. It is at this time that messages to Congress, executive decisions and memoranda, public addresses, and other papers of a literary character are composed. The dictation is deliberate and very accurate. As a rule, the first typewritten draft of a speech is sent direct to the printer. It is the same with his literary manuscript; editors have no care except to see that "proof is according to copy." Of the extent of this work done after many people are in bed and asleep, some estimate can be made. The stenographic notes are turned over to two skilful stenographers, who transcribe them on the typewriter. They are kept constantly busy with this post-prandial labor of the President.

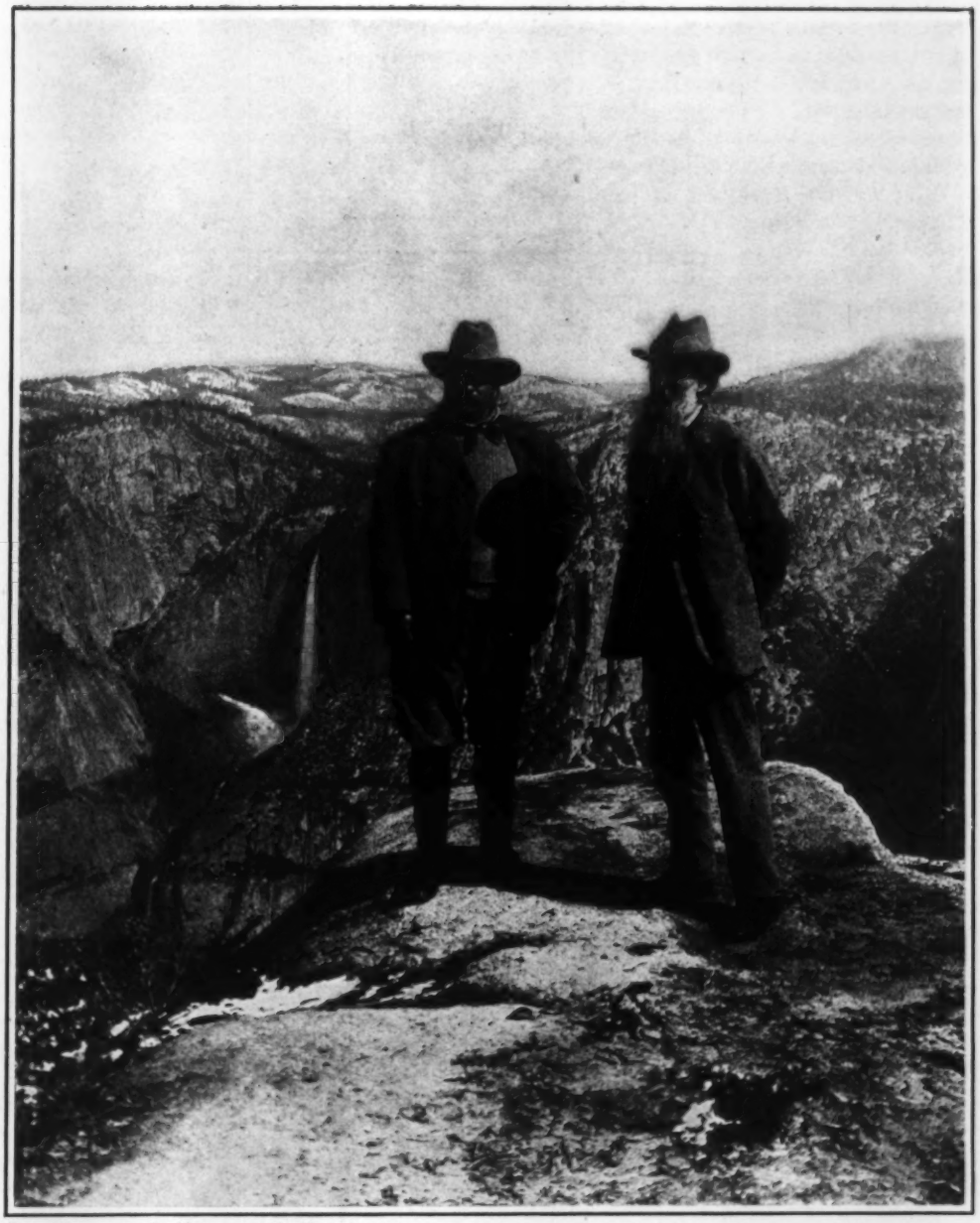
Having grasped the regular routine, consider, for a moment, the interruptions — the night journeys of the President to greet citizens in distant places, and to address them on some question of vital moment. Traveling to Texas last May, he made seven speeches the first day, thirteen the second, and eleven the third day. The reunion of the President's regiment of Rough Riders occurred on the fourth day. He delivered the principal address, and spoke at the banquet. The following day he spoke eleven times, and started on the wolf hunt, having made forty-four speeches in five days. These greetings and addresses — all extemporaneous — kept two stenographers busy, making notes and preparing typewritten "copy" for the representatives of the press.

Chicago day — the last appearance of the President when homeward bound — will stand as a "record-breaker" for some time to come. The day of May 10th was begun with a brief address to the railroad men in the yards in Clinton, Iowa, followed by a speech to citizens gathered at the railway station. At Sterling, Dixon, DeKalb, and Geneva, Illinois, he spoke to the citizens congregated at the railway stations. His train arrived in Chicago at noon, and at one o'clock the President was the guest at a luncheon given by the Merchants' Club, and delivered an address. At three o'clock he attended a reception of the Hamilton Club, and made a brief address. Afterwards, in the club parlors, he received the members of the Harvard Club, and gave a short talk. At five he received the members of the National Association of Lumber Manufacturers, making a few remarks. Immediately after, he granted an audience to the committee representing the strikers of the Teamsters' Association, and on reading their petition, made a statement. In the evening he was the guest of honor at the banquet of the Iroquois Club, the leading Democratic club of the Middle West, and delivered an address. At midnight he left for Washington. Of these addresses, aggregating seven thousand words, not one was prepared in advance; that is to say, not a single speech was dictated to a stenographer, not even the address delivered at the banquet. That he worked over these speeches, it is not to be doubted, but it was work of a kind that a man does alone — "alone with his conscience and his God." This labor was, therefore, in addition to the toil at the night sessions with his stenographer. One feature of that strenuous day in Chicago should not escape attention. He received the petition of the strikers, read it immediately, and made a statement in reply of six hundred words — "right off the reel." So effective were his remarks that the strikers were silenced.

When the President reached the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt remarked that she had never seen him look so well. "An ordinary man would have broken down," said a friend who accompanied him on the trip, "but the President is an extraordinary man, the like of whom we have never seen in this country." This is very high praise — "fulsome flattery," some might call it. Is it justified?

"There has been no other President with his diversity of interests," declared one who knows him intimately, "and it is invariably a living interest, not at all perfunctory. He loves nature and is well up on natural history. He is thoroughly versed in paleontology. I once heard him talk on this science and it was as good as any lecture by a college professor. He is well posted on almost every subject, and has a phenomenal memory. I dined at the White House one evening when an officer of the British army was also a guest. As he had been long stationed in India, the conversation drifted to that part of the British Empire. The President knew the history of India, understood perfectly its form of government, and was thoroughly informed as to the resources of the country. He knew all about it — more than the officer did. If I was surprised at the President's knowledge, the Englishman was amazed."

Other foreigners have expressed amazement at the President's fund of rare information. On the occasion of a visit at Sagamore Hill a certain foreign ambassador admired the head of a great bison. The President recited the incidents and exasperating misfortunes of a hunt he took while ranching in the Bad Lands of North Dakota; his perseverance was finally rewarded with the head now prized as one of his finest trophies. He talked of the extermination of the lordly buffalo — to him a "veritable tragedy of the animal world." By way of comparison, he referred to the extermination, "extended over a thousand years, instead of being crowded into a dozen," of the buffalo's nearest relative, the Old World aurochs. Then he was led to discourse on the fauna of the Western Hemisphere: the migration



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ON GLACIER POINT, YOSEMITE VALLEY, IN THE SUMMER OF 1903

With the President is John Muir, geologist, explorer, and naturalist—discoverer of the Muir Glacier, Alaska, and worker for the preservation of forests and the establishment of national reservations and parks.

of the fauna of South America across the Isthmus, and of the fauna of Asia across Behring's Strait, with the resultant intermingling of species in North America. The Ambassador finally gasped:

"When did you ever find time to get that information?"

The President smiled as he replied:

"I have a store of rather useless information. The getting of it has been a relaxation. For instance, when I have been hard at work on some big state question, I like nothing better than to study out the dismemberment of the empire of Alexander the Great."

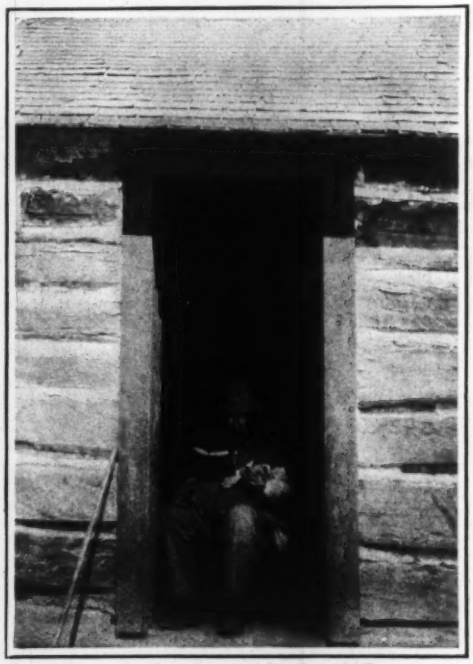
The President's official duties are manifold. He makes over twenty-five hundred appointments a year, which means the weighing of the qualifications of a vast number of candidates for office. With it all he has time for voluminous reading.

A magazine published a few months ago a list of the books he had read in a year; it was as much as many people read in a lifetime, and in the excellent choice of reading there was proof of a love of the best in literature.

The President bolts a book, but he does not skip that which is essential; the main ideas and incidents never escape him. He finds time for the reading of instructive articles in the magazines. Often he addresses a personal letter to a magazine writer, discussing points raised in a paper which has interested him. He keeps thoroughly informed as to current events.

There is also time for earnest talks with trained specialists — men who can impart first-hand information as to the vital problems of the day. Time for the cultivation of good friends. Time to serve humanity. Time to love nature and to worship God. Time to devote to his children; to be their leading fun-maker and their sympathetic companion.

How can the President accomplish so much? It is not enough to say, as he himself has said, that he thoroughly enjoys the "big work" of the presidency; that when he seeks rest from official cares, he turns by preference to what other men call work. Not enough to say that he is never idle. What is the secret of his tremendous power?



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ROOSEVELT READING AND RESTING IN CAMP — ON THE COLORADO BEAR HUNT OF 1905

On this trip a little black and tan dog — Skip — adopted the President as his special master — so persistently, indeed, that the President took him home as a playmate for his children. This is Skip — in the President's lap.

II

The President once answered in this wise a man who had expressed admiration for his successful career:

"It has always seemed to me that in life there are two ways of achieving success, or, for that matter, of achieving what is commonly called greatness. One is to do that which can only be done by the man of exceptional and extraordinary abilities. Of course, this means that only one man can do it, and it is a very rare kind of success or of greatness. The other is to do that which many men could do, but which, as a matter of fact, none of them actually does. This is the ordinary kind of greatness. Nobody but one of the world's rare geniuses could have written the Gettysburg speech, or the second inaugural, or met as Lincoln met the awful crises of the Civil War. But most of us *can* do the ordinary things which, however, most of us do *not* do. Any hardy, healthy man, fond of outdoor life, but not in the least an athlete, could lead the life I have led if he chose — and by 'choosing' I of course mean choosing to exercise the requisite industry, judgment and foresight, none of a very marked type."

"Choosing to exercise the requisite industry, judgment and foresight" — here is the key to the President's physical and intellectual prowess. He *chose;* and choosing wisely, he has blazed the way for any hardy, healthy man who is fond of outdoor life.

He began this choosing when a small lad. It was not so difficult then, for he had an inspiring companion constantly by his side. The President was more than ordinarily fortunate in the possession of such a father as Theodore Roosevelt, first of the line. It is not enough to say of him that he was well born, and that he was a man of means, of intelligence and cultivation, and of high character. He was the "finest man" the President "ever knew." In the esteem of acquaintances, as well as of friends, his place

THE PRESIDENT, RETURNING FROM HIS BEAR HUNT IN COLORADO IN MAY, 1905, AND TELLING AN INCIDENT

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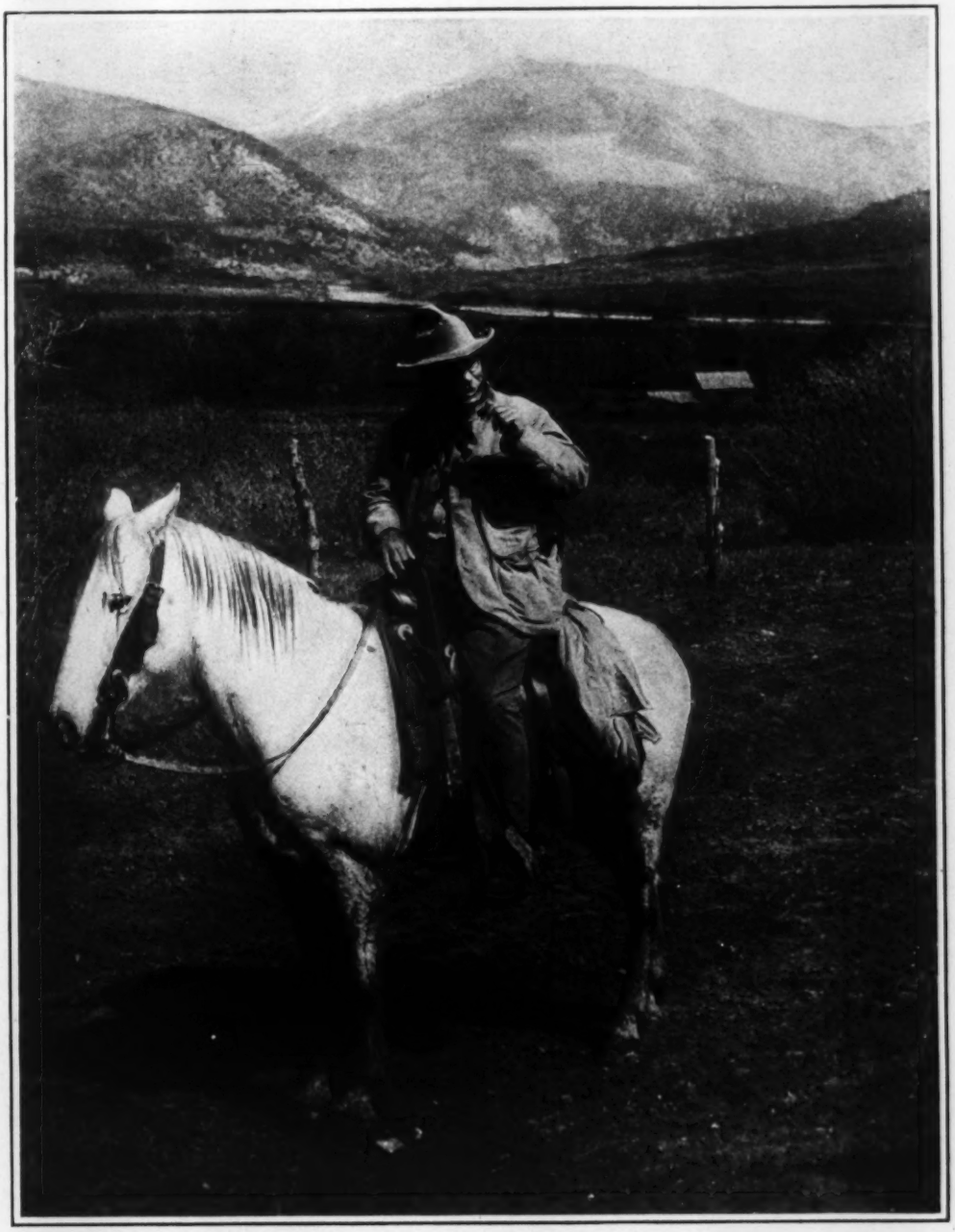

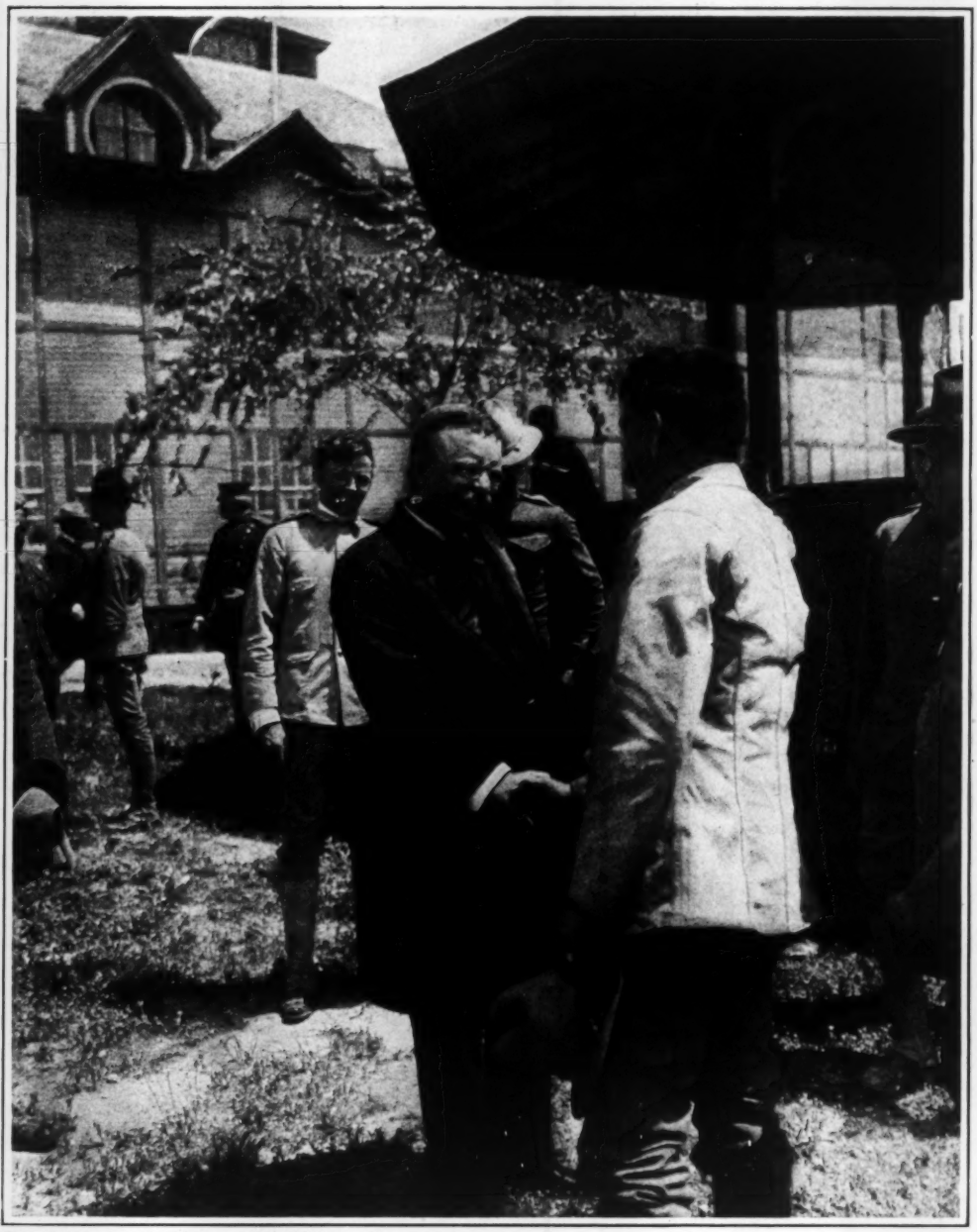

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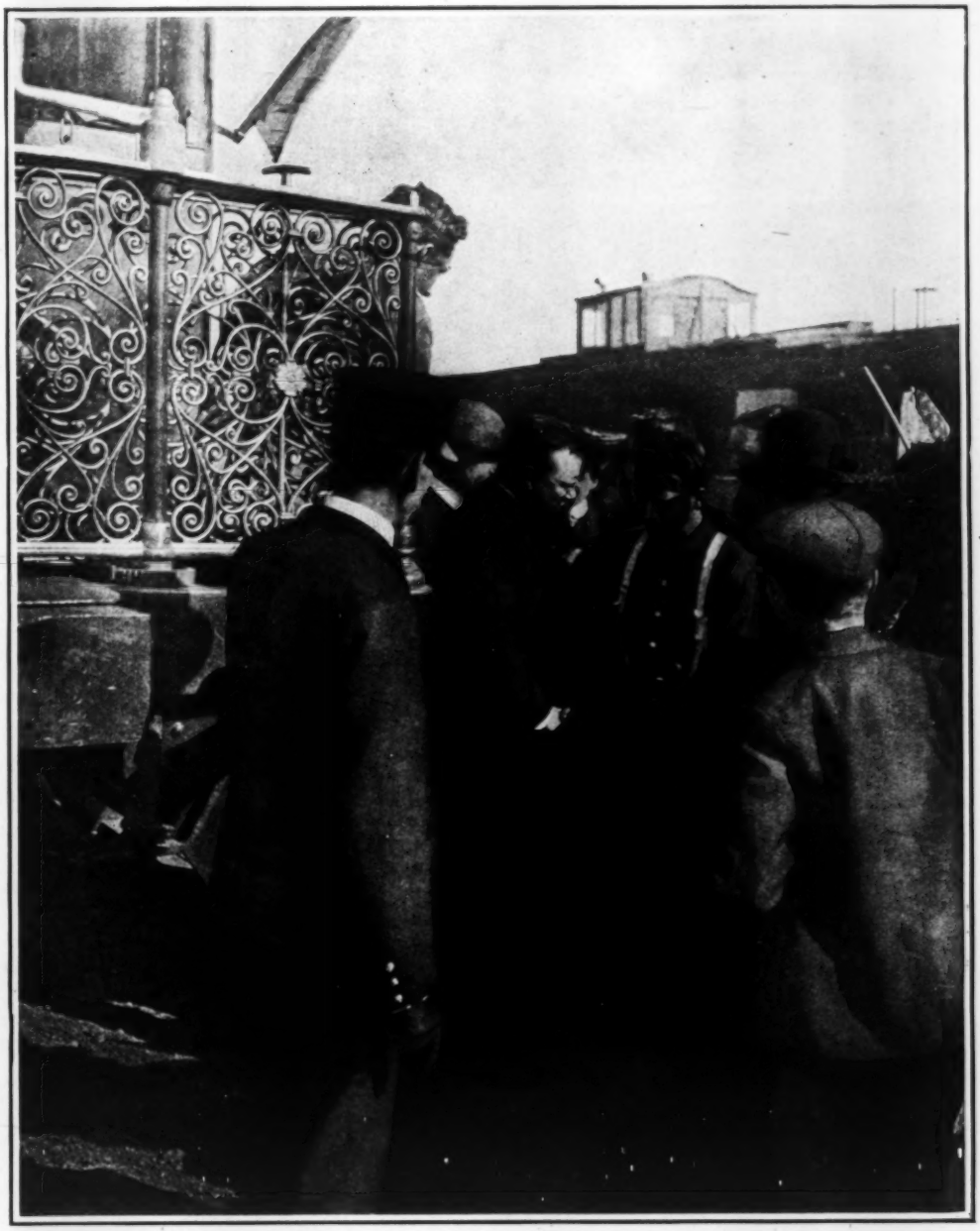
ROOSEVELT GREETING A ROUGH RIDER COMRADE AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, APRIL 7, 1905

On this trip the President made forty-four extemporaneous speeches in five days and then started on a wolf hunt.



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ROOSEVELT AT TEXLINE, TEXAS, APRIL 14, 1905

"'Take that man out of Texas,' exclaimed the Southern editor. 'He could be elected constable of any d—— town in this state. That man campaigns next to the ground'"

From a hitherto unpublished photograph, copyright, 1905, by J. Horace McFarland

PUTTING OFF FOR A ROW ON LONG ISLAND SOUND, NEAR OYSTER BAY

Every summer the President takes his boys down the sound and "camps out all night." Once a season the women-folk are taken along — to a "squaw party."

was conspicuous; for at his death, flags hung at half-mast all over the city of New York, unusual respect for a private citizen who had never held public office.

A man of splendid physique and capable of great endurance, Mr. Roosevelt, Senior, joined heartily in athletic sports. He drove a four-in-hand in Central Park, sailed a boat on Oyster Bay and the Sound, and lived the life of a healthy outdoor man. His aptitude for sports of all kinds the son inherited, but in bodily vigor he was deficient. Few can believe it now, nevertheless it is true that, as a boy, the President was something of a physical weakling. It was not only that he was frail in body; from early childhood he was tormented with asthma, which wasted his strength and retarded his growth. One winter of his boyhood was spent on the Nile, in order to rid him of his affliction. But it was not until he had lived long in the West that the disease left him. Another bodily infirmity was destined to be a source of annoyance and trouble for life. When a mere lad it was found that his eyesight was bad — that he was very near-sighted. With this misfortune he was forced to contend in the work and play of boyhood and manhood, and now, in middle-age, it is undoubtedly a handicap.

In the Roosevelt home there was time for play, but for idleness none. The father was a man of perennial industry, and he brought up his boy to regard an industrious life as essential to health and happiness. This industry, by his elder's example, the son directed in a battle to get strong. The way was clear to him; it lay through the woods, and it was far from being unpleasant, for he had an unbounded love of the out-o'-doors. He roamed the Long Island woodland; learned to know the trees and the plants; interpreted the calls of the birds, with whose plumage and habits he became familiar. He was a born naturalist, a true lover of nature. Said a decrepit Long Islander, who carried the Roosevelt family to their Oyster Bay country home forty years ago, and in whose stage the lad "Ted" was wont to ride: "He was a reg'lar boy. Always outdoors, climbin' trees and goin' bird-nestin'. I remember him particular, because he had queer things alive in his pockets. Sometimes it was even a snake."

"Ted's" predominant trait was his perfect naturalness, and in this, as in other things, the boy was "the father of the man." He did as other boys did — but with greater enthusiasm. Enthusiasm in a boy is seldom misunderstood, but in a man — well, then, it is "playing to the galleries." "Ted" rode a pony until he could "stick on" as if a part of the small beast. In a cranky skiff he battled with the waves of the Bay. He ran races and was beaten, but he ran again, and always from "scratch." He joined vigorously in the play of his fellows. But he could also find companionship in the wild things of the woods, which were his friends. He devoured the "Leatherstocking Tales"; and his dream was of a gun, and of sleeping under the stars, far from the habitation of man. As he grew closer to nature, he found more and more of the treasure of health and strength.

The fight for robustness was far from won at the time he entered Harvard. "When I was introduced to Roosevelt, at the opening of freshman year," said a college friend, "he seemed physically undeveloped, but well developed in other respects. He weighed little more than a hundred and thirty pounds; but his face appeared mature. He wore side-whiskers."

His classmates are frank to say that they did not prophesy great things of Roosevelt. "His love of natural history impressed me most," said one. "He was the sort of chap who keeps snakes and toads and other live things about him. He was one of the last men in the class I would have picked out as a coming great man. If I had prophesied at

THE PRESIDENT AT WORK IN HIS TEMPORARY EXECUTIVE OFFICE IN HIS SUMMER HOME AT OYSTER BAY

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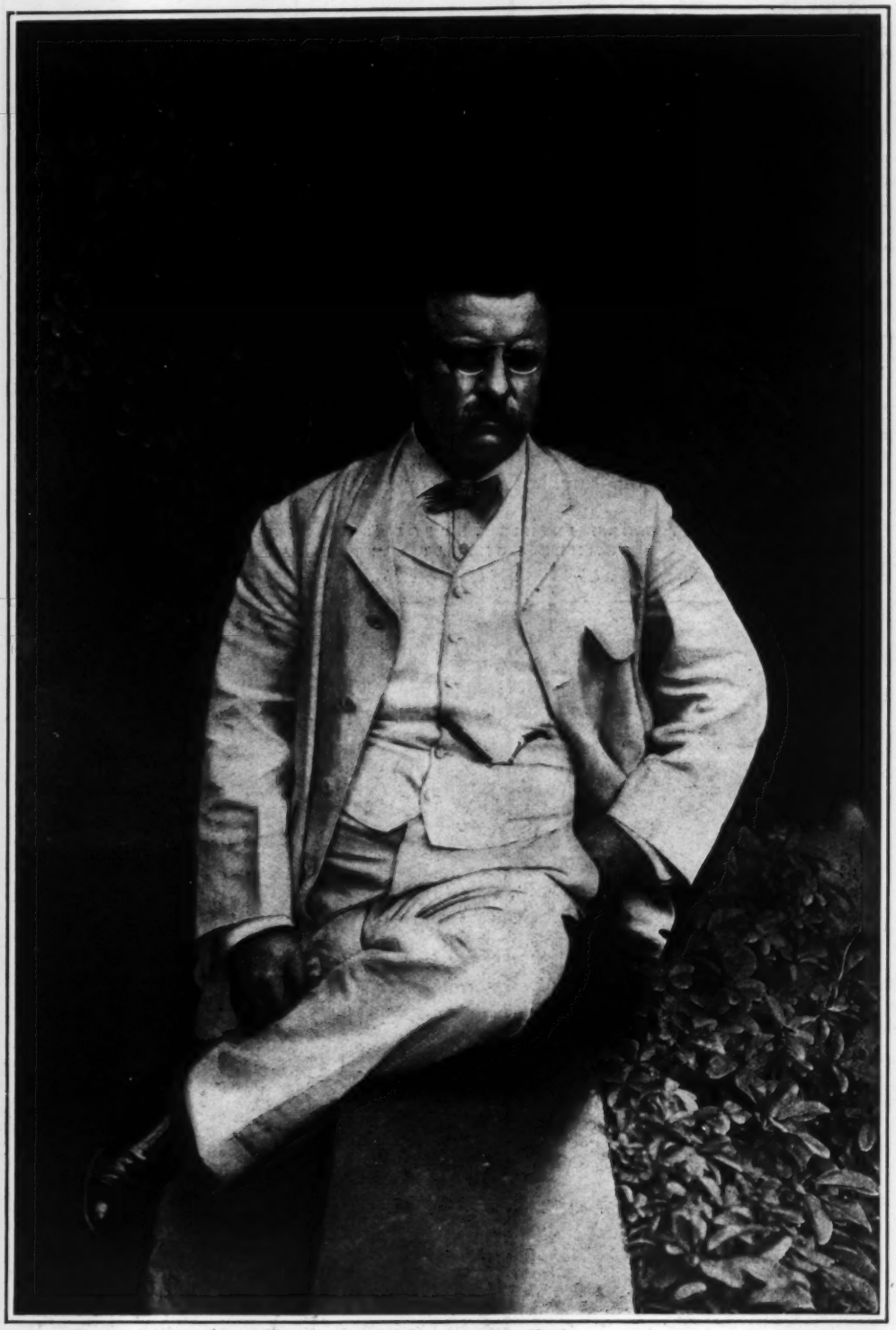

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

ON THE PORCH OF HIS SUMMER HOME AT SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND, IN THE SUMMER OF 1905

all, it would have been that Roosevelt would be the head of the Smithsonian Institution."

He was studious, and was not ashamed of it. Even in his college days he did not waste time. "He did n't seem to care to loaf," said one classmate. "He would enter a roomful of fellows — greet them all heartily — take up a book, preferably one on natural history — and become dead to the world. You could fire off a gun near him and he would n't look up." Said another: "I remember him coming into my room one day, picking up a book, and losing interest in everything else. I fooled around awhile — went out to a recitation — came back — and there was Teddy, still buried in the same book."

Such testimony is proof of the early development of that remarkable concentration of mind which was to be such a factor in his success in after life. When Police Commissioner he has been known to complete his daily correspondence, dispose of routine matters, and then resume the composition of his "Oliver Cromwell." In the midst of the dictation there would be a knock at the door, and at Mr. Roosevelt's "Come in," a police officer would enter. Immediately the commissioner would pass upon some matter relating to the policing of the greatest of American cities. The officer would depart, the door close, and again the commissioner would become the historian, taking up without a moment's delay or hesitation the thread of his early-seventeenth-century writing.

In college, as his classmates testify, Roosevelt's interest was centered in natural history, particularly in zoölogy and ornithology. A naturalist he would be, and by vocation a professor of natural science — that was his ambition as an undergraduate. But because he did not look beyond the university into the world of business or politics for his occupation, let no one suppose that he was a bookworm. "He took plenty of exercise," said a classmate, "probably more exercise than his friends realized. Otherwise I can't explain his ravenous appetite. He liked plain food — in quantity. Although we ate at the same table for four years, I never once heard him kick about his grub, and there were many who did kick."

A true naturalist, he often sought the woods. These long tramps gave him good exercise, and incidentally sharpened the appetite of this growing young man. They also brought him mental relaxation, because he was interested in every living thing he saw. This love of nature in him cannot be over emphasized. It kept him out-o'-doors — kept him alive to his battle for health and strength. And he needed inspiration. The boon companion of his boyhood, his beloved father, was dead. His bodily afflictions were, in reality, a sore trial, although he never complained and was always cheerful. Near-sightedness debarred him absolutely from participation in the leading college sports: baseball and football were out of the question, had he been otherwise qualified, and he was far too light for the crew. He galloped in and out of Cambridge on what his friends called "a wild devil of a horse." But it was boxing, of all forms of sport, to which he devoted most of his attention in college, and in it he became very proficient. Good eyesight is important in sparring, for above everything else a man should be a good judge of distance. And yet Roosevelt excelled in this sport, reaching the first rank in his class.

It was a bout to decide the light-weight championship of Harvard. The heavy-weight and middle-weight championships had been awarded. The contest for the men under 140 pounds was on. Roosevelt, then a junior, had defeated seven men. A senior had as many victories to his credit. They were pitted against each other in the finals. The senior was quite a bit taller than Roosevelt, and his reach was longer. He also weighed more by six pounds, but Roosevelt was the quicker man on his feet, and knew more of the science of boxing. The first round was vigorously contested. Roosevelt closed in at the very outset. Because of his bad eyes he realized that in-fighting gave him his only chance to win. Blows were exchanged with lightning rapidity, and they were hard blows. Roosevelt drew first blood, but soon his own nose was bleeding. At the call of time, however, he got the decision for the round.

The senior had learned his lesson. Thereafter he would not permit Roosevelt to close in on him. With his longer reach, and aided by his antagonist's near-sightedness, he succeeded in landing frequent blows. Roosevelt worked hard but to no avail. The round was awarded to the senior. In the third round the senior endeavored to pursue the same tactics, but with less success. The result of this round was a draw, and an extra round had to be sparred. Here superior

weight and longer reach began to tell, but Roosevelt boxed gamely to the end. Said his antagonist—now known by the pen-name of "Niblick:" "I can see him now as he came in fiercely to the attack. But I kept him off, taking no chances, and landing at long reach. I got the decision; but Roosevelt was far more scientific. Given good eyes, he would have defeated me easily."

The defeated man did not forget his conqueror. Many years after, when Mr. Roosevelt was Governor of New York, the two met on a railroad train. Out went Mr. Roosevelt's hand, as he greeted his old antagonist heartily. After the usual inquiries as to health, the Governor suddenly asked:

"What are you doing for your country?"

"I 'm not doing anything," said "Niblick," who had retired from active business. "I 'm a good deal of a loafer."

"It 's a shame," was Mr. Roosevelt's honest verdict. And "Niblick" says he meant it. He meant it, too, when, as President of the United States, he addressed these words to the Harvard undergraduates last June:

"I shall not be suspected of a tendency unduly to minimize the importance of sport. I believe heartily in sport. I believe in outdoor games, and I do not mind in the least that they are rough games, or that those who take part in them are occasionally injured. I have no sympathy with the overwrought sentimentality which would keep a young man in cotton wool. . . . But it is a bad thing for any college man to grow to regard sport as the serious business of life."

In private conversation he brought out this point even more forcibly. The Attorney-General entered the room, and the President seized on him as an illustration.

"Here is Mr. Moody," he said; "a great athlete in college; played on the Harvard nine. But if he had been satisfied with that do you suppose he would now be Attorney-General of the United States? No indeed. Nothing disgusts me more than to see the way many college athletes drop out of sight after they leave college. For example, there is — " And he named over several former college "stars," famous athletes at one time or another, but now almost forgotten.

This is not a lesson that Mr. Roosevelt learned after leaving college. He did not have to retrieve time lost at Harvard. He graduated among the first of his class. Yet he got much out of college besides the teaching of books. He appreciated even then the true relationship between work and play. He never mistook the means for the end. But he was far from being fully developed physically when he left Cambridge. Life on the plains, rigorous, health-giving, and enchanting — that was yet to come.

III

As Lincoln has been the guiding star of Theodore Roosevelt's political career, so it was the blaze made by Francis Parkman that young Roosevelt followed through the woods in search of enduring health. A hunter and trapper from boyhood, in later years Parkman became a celebrated horticulturist. His books are sweet with the fragrance of the woods. It was natural for young Roosevelt to accept his leadership. And he could have chosen a no more inspiring example. Handicapped as few men are who accomplish anything in life, Parkman gave to our literature the treasure of a brilliant mind, together with the results of painstaking investigation — much of it fraught not only with great hardship, but with grave perils. In view of his successful struggles against misfortune which would have turned back many a man without his titanic will, it is not strange that he appealed so strongly to Roosevelt. They had a bond of sympathy in their bad eyesight. Moreover, Parkman won the admiration of Roosevelt because he is our most intensely American historian.

American — there never was a more loyal one than Roosevelt. Having completed his college course, he went abroad with his family to round out his education. There was a sojourn in Germany, with earnest study and intelligent observation. Much of the time was devoted to the out-o'-doors, to mountain-climbing in Switzerland. The lofty Alps were a never-ending joy to the young naturalist. He scaled the most difficult peaks — not for the exhilaration of it alone, much less to have done it, but to view the grandeur of Alpine scenery in all its varying aspects. He enjoyed this experience to the full, but he returned home willingly and gladly, and prouder of his country than ever. He immediately jumped into politics, and, having received the nomination, he conducted a successful campaign for the Assembly, and was elected in the Congressional district which sent William Waldorf Astor to defeat and to exile. Thus early in his career

— for he was but one year out of college — he was practising what, as Police Commissioner of New York, he came to preach :

"I would teach the young men that he who has not wealth owes his first duty to his family, but he who has means owes his to the state. It is ignoble to go on heaping money on money. I would preach the doctrine of work to all, and to the men of wealth the doctrine of unremunerative work."

He had inherited sufficient means for his support, therefore he answered the call of the state. For three terms he was elected to the state legislature. Then, although enjoying fairly good health, he realized that to play the game successfully he must have, not only health, but a powerful physique. His short experience had taught him that, as a rule, it was the big-chested, hardy men, full of red blood, who were bearing burdens and achieving results worth while. Already he had chosen to be of that band of workers, and again he set his face in the direction whence comes robust, manly strength.

In that day forestry was an unknown profession in America. He chose the next best thing — another marked characteristic — and took up ranching on the banks of the Little Missouri in the Bad Lands of North Dakota — lands which "somehow *look*," to quote his effective description, "just exactly as Poe's tales and poems *sound*." Although of the East, he had the instincts of a Westerner. Nevertheless he was an invader, and he came not only as a tenderfoot, but as a "four-eyed tenderfoot." Manly, courageous, and genuinely human, with a big, kind heart and pleasing cordiality, he quickly won his way without much difficulty. The cowboys soon came to love him with an affection which has lasted through the years — lasted until he issued his call for recruits for the Regiment of Rough Riders ; growing deeper through Las Guasimas and San Juan ; and swelling to a wild chorus of devotion at the reunion in Texas last spring.

On just one occasion when living in the West was Roosevelt in danger of serious molestation. He was threatened when that physical vigor for which he had striven had come in full measure. A big brawler, mistaking him for a tenderfoot, cursed him roundly, and, pointing two revolvers at him, ordered him to buy the drinks. Roosevelt, perfectly composed, made as if to comply with the request. But as he got within reach of his tormentor, with a rush born of his cleverness in boxing, he delivered a blow on the man's jaw that stretched him full length on the floor. Meantime, the pistols had gone off, the bullets penetrating the ceiling and doing no harm to anybody. When the brawler opened his eyes, he was ready to surrender his guns, and to cry for quarter. Wherefore, be it said, that, true to his later-day preachment, Roosevelt was never spoiling for a fight, but would not suffer an insult. A man of his type is not often insulted.

To appreciate what this life on the plains meant to Roosevelt — how much he got out of it, and what he gained by the experience — one has but to read his charming books whose setting is the West in the middle eighties — and to read between the lines. Roosevelt the author, in a style that is as frank and sincere as it is clear and lucid, gives a faithful index to Roosevelt the man. With this proof of his true characteristics many blatant critics of the President are confounded. Because he lived two years on the frontier he must needs be a "broncho buster." He has never claimed to be a dare-devil rider ; others — often his political adversaries — have made the claim for him, and he does not relish it. When he was done with ranching he had the ability to ride a bucking horse, but he has ever had the good sense to prefer a sensible mount. He rides with rare judgment, as he engages in any form of outdoor sport. On a day of the Oklahoma wolf hunt, with the greyhounds in pursuit of a coyote which had a long start, the President calmly took in the situation, concluded that it was to be a hard run, and held in his horse. An eager friend followed hot after the hounds, until finally his horse became played out and settled down into a gait little faster than a walk. Up came the President, his mount comparatively fresh ; soon he drew close to the hounds, and was in at the worry. His friend was struggling along well to the rear.

The President is not what is called a "dead shot." As a ranchman he was not remarkably clever with the rifle. His poor eyesight has always been a serious drawback, and his hand is not over steady. But, as one of his guides remarked, "The President is a mighty good game shot." His success in hunting has been due to three causes : first, common sense and good judgment ; second, perseverence (he believes, with Anthony Trollope, that "It 's dogged as does it"),

which is the only way a hunter can make good his blunders; and third, the fact that he shoots as well at game as he does at a target. This does not enable him to hit difficult shots, but it has prevented him missing easy ones, which a good target shot will often do in the field. For illustration: most of his bears have been killed close up, and the shots were not difficult so long as he did not get rattled — which he never does.

This cool handling of the rifle was shown in his recent bear hunt. He shot a powerful black bear as it was disappearing over a knoll, breaking both of its hips. Although disabled, the bear threatened to do damage to the pack. The hounds were jumping and baying about the quarry — a wild-jumble of excited dogs about a wounded bear — when the President rushed up, fired into the mêlée and broke the bear's neck.

It was when ranching that his steadiness with a gun in the face of a charging bear was proved. It was then that he got his biggest grizzly, whose skin is now prized as one of his best trophies, as well as a souvenir of a very exciting incident of his life. He was camping alone in the foothills of the Rockies, and had wandered off with his rifle in search of game. Coming suddenly on a huge grizzly, he wounded it, and the bear retreated to cover in a near-by thicket. As Roosevelt was endeavoring to locate the quarry from the open, the bear suddenly appeared. He fired, but the bullet did not stop the rush of the maddened animal. Blowing bloody foam from his mouth, the bear charged straight at Roosevelt. "I waited until he came to a fallen tree," wrote the hunter, "raking him as he topped it with a ball which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw, and going into his neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger, and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck, he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself, and made two or three jumps onwards, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine — my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head dropped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound."

The President has well earned the distinction of being a successful hunter. He has killed every kind of North American big game. And yet there is far more discussion of the habits and characteristics of wild animals in his writings than there is record of the killing of game. He talks about the grizzly, for example: "The name of this bear has reference to its character and not to its color, and should, I suppose, be properly spelt grisly — in the sense of horrible, exactly as we speak of a 'grisly spectre' — and not grizzly; but perhaps the latter way of spelling it is too well established to be now changed." He notes his own observation that a bear charged with its mouth open, whereas bears shot by friends charged with their mouths shut. "There are savage and cowardly bears," he says, "just as there are big and little ones; and sometimes these variations are very marked among bears of the same district, and at other times all the bears of one district will seem to have a common code of behavior which differs utterly from that of the bears of another district." He discusses the weight of all the big game he kills, of which he makes careful measurements, the difficulties in skinning it, and the probable age of the animal as judged by teeth and claws. Moreover, his books contain as much talk of bird-life as of animal-life, and there is a familiarity with trees, shrubs and plants that is surprising. He has a trained eye and a trained ear, and his observations are so keen as to be of real value to the faunal or outdoor naturalist.

He has ever been an ardent advocate for the protection of all natural things. No more ill-founded charge was ever brought against a man than that the President delights in slaughtering game. "Such a man," to quote his own severe indictment, "is wholly obnoxious; and, indeed, so is any man who shoots for the purpose of establishing a record of the amount of game killed. To my mind this is one very unfortunate feature of what is otherwise the admirably sportsmanlike English spirit in these matters. The custom of shooting great bags of deer, grouse, partridges. and

pheasants, the keen rivalry in making such bags, and their publication in sporting journals, are symptoms of a spirit which is most unhealthy from every standpoint. . . . True sportsmen, men who shoot only in season and in moderation, do no harm whatever to game."

Besides acquiring skill with horse and gun, what did Roosevelt get out of his ranching experience? The hard, dangerous existence, with its wild fascination, which he enjoyed on the plains, gave him a constitution, rugged and without a blemish, and a physique that is superb. Remembering what a weakling he was as a boy, consider this characterization by one of the President's friends: "His chief weakness has always seemed to me his almost cruel strength."

The freedom of life on the frontier, in the days when a man considered himself the equal of any other man on earth, taught Roosevelt to value associates entirely on their appraisal as men. He became a good "mixer." His humanity was regenerated, and he returned home an Easterner, born and bred, in whom there was the leaven of Western experience and training; in a word, he was essentially and typically American. In him a prominent editor of Texas recognized a rare kind of man when the President visited the state last spring.

"Take that man out of Texas," exclaimed the Southern editor. "He 'll win every vote in the state. It is n't that he 's been elected President of the United States. Any man could be elected President when the people don't see the candidate they 're voting for. But he could be elected constable of any d—— town in this state. That man campaigns next to the ground."

IV

At the beginning of this sketch an attempt was made to picture the activities, physical and intellectual, of President Roosevelt. As no description of Niagara will reveal the Falls in all their tumultuous power, so no portrayal of another "great wonder of nature," the simile of an English statesman, will convey an adequate appreciation of the man's dynamic force, together with his diversified accomplishments. How can the President accomplish so much? — the question was asked before. In summing up his qualities, add to discriminating intellect, broad intelligence; and to intelligence, liberal education; and to education, diversified training (no president has been his equal in this respect); and to training, unflagging industry — and to these add masterful concentration. But he might have all these characteristics and fall far short of the man he is to-day.

Physical prowess — that is the mainspring of his power. Without great strength, together with a constitution of iron, he would have but a small part of the achievements which stand to his credit. When he graduated from college he was classed as a lightweight, in boxing parlance; now he is in the heavy-weight class. As a specimen of physical development the President is good to look upon. He is well-proportioned, with broad, thick shoulders, a splendid arched chest (forty-six inches by the tape), muscular arms (a thirteen-and-a-half inch forearm), and sinewy thighs and calves which can "eat up" distance. If, as a youth, President Roosevelt had been put to manual labor — had been apprenticed as a boiler-maker, or had shipped before the mast — he would have become one of the strongest men in the world. As it is, he has strength above the average man no matter what his walk in life.

Like the West Point cadet, the President is always in training. There is regularity about his sleeping and eating. Above all, there is regularity about his daily exercise; nothing but war or a disabling injury to limb could deprive him of it. Although in a sense a duty, the keen love of the game for its own sake is the striking characteristic of the President's participation in sports of all kinds. He is a temperate man. He is abstemious in the use of wine, and he has never smoked. The only intemperance with which he can be charged relates to his eating. As when a growing boy, so now as an intensely active man, he is a ravenous eater. A professional trainer whom President Roosevelt counts among his friends was dilating on the President's remarkable physique, when, with something of a sigh, he added: "But he 's got on about twenty pounds too much. Dieting would take him down, but he can't diet. You see he goes to dinners and banquets and he will keep nibbling."

The President much prefers exercise out-o'-doors. When he remains in the house it is because he has set his mind on some form of indoor exercise. If a friend is with him who is a good fencer, he may prefer fencing for the occasion; or it may be boxing, or jiu jitsu.

The President became keenly interested in the "muscleless art." He secured the services of one of the best Japanese instructors, and took a course of twenty lessons. The Jap would teach the holds, and then the President would practice them, doing his utmost to get the better of his teacher. He progressed rapidly, and in a short time mastered the science, of which he strongly approves. This investigation of the Japanese art of defense led to its teaching at Annapolis and West Point.

Bad weather does not keep the President indoors. He will ride horseback or walk in a downpour which drives most people to shelter. When Prince Henry of Prussia visited this country he was invited to go horseback riding with President Roosevelt. Soon after the start was made a heavy shower came up. The President did not turn back, and, of course, the Prince did not suggest it. They returned thoroughly drenched, but neither seemed to mind it in the least.

In Washington the President spends his outdoor leisure in riding horseback, playing lawn tennis, and tramping. As a rule, he walks when more spirited outdoor amusements are not possible — when the ground is too hard for a gallop, or when the day is not suitable for tennis; of course, the desire to be with certain friends frequently sends him on tramps with these companions. Being a naturalist, with trained powers of observation, he can get mental relaxation out of a walk in the country where an ordinary city chap would get little but fatigue. He walks rapidly and far, and an invitation to accompany him does not always elicit enthusiasm in the recipient, particularly if he is short-winded. The President loves to explore the delightful country about Washington, and will lead his companions a stiff chase, often up the steep side of rock. On one occasion he went forty feet up an abrupt elevation, and the friend who followed — an athlete in his day — had great difficulty securing a foothold. When he managed to reach the top, the President said:

"Let 's go down."

"And pray, what did you get me up here for?" inquired the friend.

"Just to see if you could make it," the President replied.

Considering the fact that he took up tennis late in life, the President can play a good game. There is a clay court directly back of the Executive Offices and screened from the gaze of the curious. Here he plays with some younger men, members of the administration, who are his intimate friends, or with his older sons, when they are at home. Sometimes a foreign ambassador will be his opponent. He will play until dark, often as many as seven sets. No man may play with him as President. His opponents must play the game up to their skill, or he quickly protests.

The White House stables have good riding horses. There is a horse or pony for each member of the family. There are two mounts for the President. One of them, "Rusty" is a bay, heavy-weight hunter. With him the President frequently jumps fences in the country, just to recall the days when, in his youth, he rode to hounds on Long Island. He could tell, if he would (such incidents one must get from his friends), of an experience in cross-country riding when his horse fell at a fence, and young Roosevelt came a cropper. It was a serious fall, as one of the bones in his forearm was broken. Nevertheless, he caught his horse, mounted again, and rode to the end of the hunt. He never spares himself, neither does he humor his mount, although he always treats it kindly. But he does not regard a horse as a piece of bric-a-brac, to be taken out for a quiet canter once a day. He rides fifteen or twenty miles of an afternoon, and he rides hard.

At Sagamore Hill, the Roosevelt country-home, perched high above Oyster Bay and Long Island Sound, with a fine water frontage on Cold Spring Harbor, the President lives out-o'-doors practically all of the time. There is horseback riding, tennis, and tramping — but much more of it, for it is vacation time, theoretically. In addition, however, there is tree chopping. The President has an excellent knowledge of forestry, although he is not a trained forester. He is not only familiar with all the trees and wild vegetation, but he has a discriminating love for the growing things of the woods. The lindens are his favorite trees, but he has admiration for the stately tulip trees, a good word for the locusts, which abound at Oyster Bay, and will point out to you a magnificent spreading beech, a particular favorite with him. There are ninety-five acres in the Roosevelt estate, only twenty of which are under cultivation, a large part of the remainder being woodland. The President cleans up his own woods, liking nothing better than to see the chips fly and to hear the sharp ring of the ax.

He is fond of boating, particularly of rowing, which most people consider hard work without proportionate compensations. He likes it especially because it is something he and Mrs. Roosevelt can do together. They take their lunch and two or three books. The President rows down to Lloyd's Neck, where there is a portage, and they spend the day in Lloyd's Harbor. In all it gives the President a fifteen-mile row and some good exercise.

He takes equal delight in the camping expeditions with his boys. The party generally includes the Roosevelt lads, their boy cousins, and some boy friends. The President puts the small youngsters in his boat, and then the flotilla proceeds down the Sound some five or six miles to a secluded spot on the wooded shore near Huntington Harbor. The President cooks for the camp and the children believe that the chicken or beefsteak he fries in bacon fat have a flavor impossible elsewhere to be obtained — not even in the White House. When the fire casts black shadows, the lads gather about it and listen to the President as he tells them exciting stories of the hunting trail. Then, wrapping themselves in their blankets, they sleep the restful sleep of the woods beneath the stars. Once a season the women folk are taken along on the expedition and are housed for the night in a wrecked schooner. This is called a "squaw party."

"These expeditions," said the President, "represent the kind of things I like to do. Instead of rowing it may be riding, or chopping, or walking, or playing tennis, or shooting at a target. But it is always a pastime which any healthy, middle-aged man, fond of out-door life, but not in the least an athlete, can indulge in if he chooses."

"If he chooses," — again that limiting word which represents the difference between activity and sloth, between success and failure.

Although President Roosevelt cuts loose from the never-ending ceremony of the White House when he returns to his home — to Sagamore Hill — he is never out of touch with affairs of State. The Executive Offices are packed up, so to speak, and transported with the personnel to Oyster Bay, where they are temporarily established over a grocery store. Every day the Secretary to the President waits on his chief with mail and official documents. Office-seekers have no difficulty in locating Oyster Bay on the map, and thither travel obliging statesmen, just to keep the President advised of pending matters of importance. His interruptions, therefore, are continual, and they are enough to wear a man out, certainly to try his patience. But with his other marked characteristics, the President has a wonderful amiability, or he would not devote so much of his vacation to business. On one day last summer, for illustration, he had as his guests at luncheon, the Panama Canal Commission, including the newly-appointed Chief Engineer; the Auditor of Porto Rico, and the Japanese Minister. An isthmian canal, a fiscal system for our insular possessions, and peace between Japan and Russia — these were the subjects of world-wide importance discussed.

It is not strange, therefore, that once a year the President desires to get entirely away from office and from office-seekers. Considering his two years on the frontier, it would be strange if there did not now come to him a longing for the limitless plains, for the rest of the great silent places. And away he goes, to breathe again the air of freedom, and to live, even for a short time, next to nature. The hunting side of these trips has been colored in the press. Compare the newspaper reports with his own delightful description of these journeys into nature. In the one there is relentless pursuit of animals; in the other interest in and love for all living things.

In April of 1903, the President, with an eminent naturalist as one of his companions, spent two weeks in Yellowstone Park. Not a gun was fired during that trip. The President was content to observe the rules of the Park, although he said casually, "I do feel that I ought to keep the camp in meat. I always have." The naturalist was surprised at the President's knowledge of ornithology. He knew most of the birds by sight and by their calls, and could even enlighten the naturalist as to certain rare species. On one occasion he returned from a ride and told of a sweet bird singer. The naturalist thought it must be a Townsend's fly-catching thrush or solitaire, although he had only seen the West India solitaire. They set out together, located the bird, and to the President's delight the naturalist pronounced it to be the rare solitaire.

As they were driving to change their camp, the President was seated with the driver — a boyhood pleasure which still clings to him. Suddenly he jumped out while the wagon was in motion, and jerking off his hat, shot it

to the ground. Reaching under he pulled out a field mouse. "It may be a new variety," he said. The President skinned it as skilfully as any taxidermist, and the skin was sent to Dr. Hart Merriman of the Biological Survey. In 1893 Mr. Roosevelt sent from the Yellowstone the skin of a hopping mouse which proved to be a new sub-species. As a result of his collection of skins and skulls of the panther, or mountain lion, made in Colorado in 1901, Dr. Merriman revised the official report on the cougars. The President seeks at all times to contribute to natural science.

They were camping at the Yellowstone cañon, with the river four or five hundred feet below them. On the opposite side were some mountain sheep. Between the sheep and the river-bed was a precipice, relieved only in part by a steep ascent. It did not seem possible that a four-footed creature could pass down this steep declivity.

"Do you suppose they could get down that sheer cliff in order to drink?" asked the naturalist.

"They certainly could," asserted the President. Then he went into his tent to shave. The operation was just half completed when the naturalist shouted that the sheep were going down. The President rushed out, a towel at his throat, and one side of his face white with lather. The sheep easily went down the almost perpendicular cliff. Occasionally they stopped to graze, but down the steepest places they went at great bounds. Not one but reached the bed of the river without a fall. It was a wonderful exhibition of sure-footedness, and the President stood, deeply interested, until he had seen it through. Then he said: "I *knew* they could do it."

The next day some of the party decided to go fishing. "Count me out," said the President, who is not a disciple of Isaak Walton, although he subscribes to some of his piscatorial philosophy. He never fishes unless driven to it by hunger. So the President had a lunch prepared, and tramped off alone into the wilderness. He was gone all day, and returned at night, tired, but voluble and happy. He had covered eighteen miles, it turned out, and had located a band of elk, which he had seen the day before. He had been able to creep up very near to them, and ate his lunch in their company, observing the elk with the eye of a hunter and the instincts of a naturalist. That was keen sport for him; and it helps to explain — for the benefit of those who misrepresent the President — a little incident of last season's bear hunt.

"I heard a Bullock's oriole to-day," the President remarked to one of his companions.

"Perhaps you may have heard one," politely interposed a man familiar with the country, "but I doubt it. It will be two weeks before those birds come."

"I caught two bird notes which could not be those of any bird except an oriole," the President insisted.

"Think you 've got the song twisted, Mr. President," said his companion.

Not long after, as the party were seated in the cabin at dinner, the President suddenly exclaimed:

"Look! Look!"

On a shrub before the window was perched a Bullock's oriole. The President was delighted. As an intimate friend remarked: "Nothing happened on the whole trip that pleased him more."

Of President Roosevelt it can truly be said: Not an athlete but thoroughly athletic. A naturalist before he was a hunter. To him the intimate association with birds, trees, and plants of the forest is as much the joy of hunting as the clever stalking of game and the chance of a difficult shot. A perfectly natural man, whose physique, through persistent effort, has been remarkably developed, enabling him to play to the limit of human endurance the arduous game of life.

And how he does love to play the game. In Theodore Roosevelt is personified Browning's grand lines:

Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock.
The strong rending of bows from the fir-trees, the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.

. . . . . .

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!

THE HEART OF ERIC

BY

ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

AUTHOR OF "THE DARLINGTONS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

TUBERCULOSIS of the hip, the doctor said, was the little fellow's trouble. One of his legs was shrunken and useless. Yet he got about between a pair of crutches with astonishing speed and surefootedness. He could play nearly all the games that the other boys played. In fact, he was a ringleader in the matter of sports; and the Ashley House, the shabby, third-rate hotel of which his father was proprietor and his mother cook, was headquarters for the youth of that end of the village — to the distress of more than one careful mother.

But he did not always choose to play with the boys, even when he was well; and he was very, very often not well. Sometimes he chose instead to bask in the sun on the steps of the porch, with his prematurely aged face sunk between his high, crutch-warped shoulders. At such times his pale blue eyes, steeped in revery, seemed filled with the garnered wisdom and experiences of a hoary past. His own father — a sad, silent Dane — would look at the child with dull wonder and shake his puzzled head. Even the irrepressible boys had learned to shun the neighborhood when Eric had one of his "spells."

What thoughts went trooping through his queer little brain as he sat there so still, hour after hour, with his thin, wasted hand on the back of his faithful dog? The young Congregational minister, looking out of his study window, across the street, often asked himself the question. Sad thoughts, surely, for often a sigh would shake the flat, narrow chest, his teeth would press a trembling lower lip, and slow tears would roll down his cheek. If no one was near, he would let them roll unheeded; but if any one approached, even his mother, he would fiercely dash the tell-tale drops away, call his dog, and hobble swiftly down the street. But in a few minutes he would again be seated on the favorite spot, with Watch stretched at his side as before, and his eyes filmed with day-dreams.

It was difficult, of course, to offer him sympathy. Indeed, no one but Mr. Barnes, the young minister, had ever attempted it; and he only after a long, patient and cautious approach, like a besieging army's, to the citadel of Eric's confidence.

"Won't you tell me what the trouble is, Eric?" pleadingly asked the minister one day, after watching the touching little figure from his desk until the sermon under his hand had become as dead bones. It was the first time he had ventured so far with his kindly offices.

The child's face was still streaked with dried tears, but he answered in a cold little voice: "I ain't in no trouble."

"to bask in the sun on the steps"

"I fear you are," said Mr. Barnes, gently. "You seem to have been crying. Trouble is nothing to be ashamed of. It comes to all of us, and it usually brings tears with it. I should n't care much for the man or boy who did n't cry sometimes. The very greatest men that I know of have their troubles. And they cry, too."

"Not the President of the United States," said Eric, fixing a pair of incredulous eyes upon the speaker.

"Yes, even the President of the United States. So won't you please tell me what your trouble is?"

Eric sat very still for a moment. But his mind was anything but still, and he was plainly nerving himself up to something, for his fingers gradually tightened over the hair on Watch's back.

"You 'd laugh!" said he, with sudden suspicion.

"My dear little boy, I never laughed at any one in trouble in my life," said the other, earnestly. "On the contrary, I have consecrated my life to helping those who are in trouble — and that means you just as much as any one else."

"'I want to take him along, Swan'"

"Mine ain't real trouble, I guess," said Eric, slowly, very slowly. "But I — I git to thinkin' about the birds — and the sunshine — and the trees. I wonder where the wind comes from — and where the flowers go when they die — and if God kin hear prayers that ain't said in churches — and if dogs go to heaven — and if crippled boys kin fly as fast, when they git to be angels, as if — as if their legs was straight."

He lifted a still half-suspicious face to the minister; but the lines which pain had engraved upon it, and the hope which gleamed from his eyes in spite of his outward skepticism, gave him an infinite pathos, and raised a lump in Mr. Barnes's throat. As best he could, he cleared away the unconscious little philosopher's perplexities — which, after all, were but the eternal problems of humanity stated in their simplest form. His explanations may not have been very clear to the boy, but his sympathy certainly was; and that was really the important thing.

Eric loved to sit in the dingy hotel office and hear the boarders — mostly rough laborers — tell stories over their evening pipes. He joyed above all, though, in the tales of Swan Swanson, who for half a lifetime had sailed before the mast and seen strange sights in many lands. Breathlessly, with shining eyes and flushed cheeks, Eric would listen by the hour as the old Swede wove his glowing web of fact and fiction; and when Mrs. Ericson, as the hour grew late, would appear at the door and say pleadingly, "Won't you come now, Eric?" the spoiled little autocrat would silently shake his head and never take his eyes from the story-teller. No bed for him until Swan arose and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

The fair-haired mother, still beautiful after her kind, would turn anxiously away. For these tales were not good for her boy. Often, after a long sitting, he would toss for half the night, babbling sea-jargon in his sleep; and in the morning his cheeks would be wanner than ever.

One night, after Swan had fairly outdone himself, Eric could not sleep at all. At last, with hot face and throbbing pulse, he reached for his crutches, slipped to the floor, and lit a candle. Watch, who always slept across

the foot of the bed, needed no invitation to follow, for the two were inseparable. Stealthily they climbed the stairs and traversed the bare hall above as far as Swan Swanson's door, which they entered. The torpid Swede was not easily aroused, but at last he rose to his elbow and asked what was wanted.

"Say, Swan," began Eric, in a repressed, excited voice, "could a crippled man that was handy on his crutches git a job on one of them whalin' ships?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Swan, willing, like everybody else, to humor the child. "It seems to me, if I remember right, that our second cook on the 'Climax' had a club-foot."

"I would n't cook," said Eric, decidedly. "That 's a woman's work."

"Not on a ship it ain't," returned the Swede, sturdily. "I 've cooked myself."

This put cooking in a new light, certainly, and Eric thought for a moment, with his feverish eyes scintillating in the flare of the candle.

"Do they allow dogs on them ships, Swan?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"Yes — a good dog. But you was n't thinkin' of taking Watch, was you? By the time you are a man, lad, Watch will be plumb played out with old age."

The child gave the man a quick, startled glance.

"Why, don't dogs live as long as people?" he asked, shrilly.

"Well, come to think of it, they do — sometimes — as long as some people," answered Swan, with a pitying glance at the frail little figure.

"What made you say they did n't, then?"

"*Cats* is what I was thinkin' of, Eric — cut my hawser if it was n't. Cats ain't got no life at all to speak of. But dogs! Pshaw! Did n't you ever hear people say they had n't seen somebody for a dog's age? If you did, you know they meant a mighty long time."

"And you think Watch will live as long as me?" asked Eric, dropping his right hand into its favorite place on the dog's back.

"I should n't be surprised if he did," answered the Swede, with enough sincerity to tinge his words with regret. "No, I should n't be at all surprised. Now run back to bed, lad, or you 'll ketch cold."

The boy turned obediently, but paused at the door.

"I want to take him along, Swan," he said, in a voice trembling with pride and affection, "because him and me understand each other so good. And if a whale should smash a boat with his tail, and throw me into the water, like it did you, Watch would swim out and git me, and fight the sharks off."

When Eric, on the morning of his ninth birthday, awoke and reached for his crutches, his hand paused in mid air. For there in the corner stood, in place of the old ones, a brand-new, brightly-varnished, nickle-mounted pair. Nothing else in the dull room could compare with their glittering splendor, and the boy gazed at them long and lovingly. Even Watch, after stretching himself, sniffed at the rubber tips, and ran an inquiring tongue over the varnish.

"Watch," cried Eric, ecstatically, "them 's new crutches and they cost a lot of money, you can bet! You and me 'll go down to the post-office the first thing to show 'em off. But you must n't lick 'em that way, 'cause you 'll take all the varnish off, and I want to keep 'em nice and shiny till you and me go on that whalin' ship.

"'Would I have to set with a girl?'"

"the other boys, sternly excluded"

Mebbe the captain will think we 're rich, when he sees these, and give us a job quicker!"

He was still further pleased to learn at breakfast that the crutches were a birthday gift from Mr. Barnes. Eric liked the young minister, in spite of his good clothes and soft, white hands. He could n't measure up with Swan Swanson, of course; no one could; but Eric was almost daily discovering resemblances between the two men that he had not suspected before. Some day, when he knew the minister a little better, he intended to make him and Swan acquainted; for he was confident that an intimacy would follow.

After breakfast he crossed the street to the parsonage, with his new crutches, to thank the donor. Pretty young Mrs. Barnes smilingly showed him into her husband's study, where Eric stood for one awkward, embarrassed moment, revolving his hat between his hands, and furtively eyeing the books, pictures, and statuary. For some reason, he felt as if he were in a church; and a church was a place where Eric was never at ease.

"A happy birthday to you, Eric!" called the minister, cheerily, from behind his table. "Won't you sit down?"

"I ain't got time — Watch is waitin' for me outside. I jist stopped to thank you for these here crutches, Mr. Barnes. You could n't 'a' give me anything I 'd like better and — and they fit me fine. Mebbe I kin do something for you sometime," he added, with a blush at the improbability of such an emergency arising "If I kin, I want you to call on me."

"You can do something for me now, Eric, if you will. If you will only promise to come to Sunday-school, I shall feel a thousand times repaid for what those crutches cost me."

He had made the same request many times before, and Eric had as many times refused, point-blank. But now the boy, laboring under a sense of obligation, and committed by his words of the moment before, dropped his eyes and picked irresolutely at his battered hat. Warped in mind as well as in body, capricious, and full of prejudices, Eric had conceived an unreasoning hostility for the smug little boys and girls who trooped to the church each Sunday morning; and he had boasted more than once to his playmates that he would never be caught in such snobbish company.

"Would I have to set with a girl?" he asked, finally.

"No, I 'll put you in a boys' class, and my wife shall be your teacher. You will like her, I am sure."

"How much money do they bring?"

"You need n't bring any unless you feel like it."

"Oh, I kin pay my way," said Eric, with bitter pride.

"A few pennies, then, will do. That is what the boys of your age usually bring."

"I 'll bring a nickel. Good-day."

He clapped his hat on his head and with long, swinging strides — first of body, then of crutches — passed swiftly through the door. Mr Barnes, half regretting the advantage he had taken of the occasion, followed him.

"You understand, do you, Eric," he called from the front door, "that I did n't invite you for the sake of your nickel?"

"Oh, I know that," answered Eric, with prompt magnanimity. "If you was that kind, you would n't have give me these crutches."

He started for the post-office, but vanished for a moment in the narrow opening between two buildings, where he hastily drew a little white rag from his pocket and wiped the dust from the tips of his crutches. Then, carefully putting the rag back, so that no boy by any chance should spy it, he resumed his way.

He had soon collected a train of admiring youth, whom he led to their favorite rendezvous — the back yard of the hotel. Here, among ash-heaps and garbage-barrels, they were allowed to handle the new crutches, and in some instances to try them, after being warned not to scratch the varnish.

"What do you suppose they cost?" asked one boy, enviously.

"Oh, ten dollars," said Eric, with an offhand air that was vastly impressive.

"Whew! Do you suppose them plates is solid silver?"

Eric gave him a withering look.

"Do you suppose they would put anything but solid silver on *crutches*?" he demanded, scornfully.

The doubting Thomas subsided, but another boy said: "Just the same, I 'd sooner have a good pair of legs."

Eric winced, for he was very sensitive about his deformity; but he had not become captain of this wild crew by chance, and he well knew how to quell any mutiny.

"That shows *your* sense," said he, quickly. "Anybody kin have a good pair of legs. I could myself. I could have my leg fixed for five dollars by a doctor — and I 've got the five, too," he added, with unblushing mendacity. "But I would n't do it. I 'd sooner have crutches. I kin do more things on 'em. I kin go up-stairs six different ways. Besides," he added, conclusively, "the greatest general that ever lived used to have crutches, and he had a million soldiers in his army, and none of 'em was as good a fighter as he was."

"What was his name, Eric?" asked Reddy Maginnis, in a hushed voice.

"I 'll tell you some time, Red, when we 're alone," answered Eric, darkly.

That afternoon "Red" might have been seen in the same back yard with one leg tied up and Eric's old crutches under his arm, going through certain manoeuvers under the eye of the little cripple. Meanwhile, the other boys, sternly excluded by Eric's edict, peeped enviously through the cracks and knot-holes in the board fence.

On the first Sunday following his promise to Mr. Barnes, it happened that Eric was sick. Sickness was nothing unusual with him. He spent, perhaps, a fourth of his days in bed; so that often, when the boys came whistling and trilling around the old hotel for their chieftain, of a morning, Mr. Ericson would step to the door and say, "Eric ees sick to-day, boys." But this time, weak and trembling as he was, and unable to eat even a bit of toast, he insisted on getting up and going to Sunday-school.

"But Mr. Barnes won't expect you, if you are sick, dear," said his mother, in distress. "I 'll send word over to him so that he will be sure to know."

"Don't you, mother," said the boy, earnestly. "He 'll think I 'm playin' off on him, and that I 'm a liar. 'Cause he knows I don't *want* to go."

So he went, in spite of mother. He would have been nervous, doubtless, under any circumstances; but in his weak condition, as he hobbled up the aisle, the room swam before his eyes and the buzz of the school became a roar in his ears. Growing still fainter, he stopped — just before a class of girls, he dimly saw. Rather than drop there, he would die; and with set teeth he moved on a few paces toward where Mrs. Barnes, unconscious of his trouble, smilingly awaited him. Just as he reached her pew, he quietly sank to the floor.

When he came to his senses again, he found himself in Mr. Barnes's arms, in the vestibule of the church, with water on his face, and several people standing around. He knew, from their talk, that they were taking him home.

"Wait!" he whispered, weakly. "I want to leave my nickel. It 's in my vest pocket."

So one of the ladies, with tears in her eyes, fumbled with her gloved fingers in the little ragged pocket, among buttons and exploded cartridges and a buckeye and a fish-hook stuck in a cork and the stub of a lead-pencil, until she found the nickel, and promised to have it credited to his class.

"found himself in Mr. Barnes's arms"

The insidious disease did not release Eric as soon as usual this time. It was a week before his wan face and limp body appeared in the sunshine on the porch steps again. In the meantime some one had sent him a wagon — a little beauty, painted bright red, with steel spokes and rubber tires and real shafts to fit a dog or goat. It was a sight to gladden any boy's heart, and for two or three days, while still too weak to play, Eric would sit and look at it by the hour. Sometimes one of the boys would get between the shafts and play horse, with strings tied to his arms for reins, and give the little invalid a ride.

But Eric craved a four-footed steed — one more like a real horse — and of course the lot fell to Watch. Watch was not an amiable animal. He kept the cats of the neighborhood in a state of terror; he fought every passing dog; he nipped at pedestrians' heels; and he had been accused of killing chickens. But he undoubtedly loved Eric with all his canine soul. At Eric he had never even growled, from puppyhood; and he now stood as docile as a lamb while the boy, with infinite pains, harnessed him with odds and ends of rope into the new wagon.

Nevertheless, Watch had no mind to learn new tricks, even for Eric's sake; and when he grew tired of the sport he wriggled out of the flimsy harness. At the same time he quite unintentionally overturned the wagon bringing his driver into rough contact with the cinder path. Eric, still weak and irritable, lost his temper; and then it was that, for the first time in his little boy's life, he raised his crutch and struck his beloved dog.

Watch, yelping more from astonishment than from pain, went flying through the gate and down the street. Eric, overwhelmed by the enormity of his act, stood rooted to the spot, with bloodless cheeks. Then, with an inarticulate cry of remorse, he too hurried through the gate.

The dog was not in sight. With crutches sharply thumping the board sidewalks and his little twisted body projecting itself forward with a vigor born of desperation, Eric hastened from one of the dog's haunts to another — to the alley back of the post-office, to Hunt's lumber-yard, to the creamery, to Jackson's meat market — while his shrill, anxious "*Hyuh, Watch! hyuh, Watch!*" was lifted at every corner and lane. But no Watch with wagging tail and glad eyes came

"harnessed him with odds and ends of rope"

bounding toward him. For the twentieth time the boy's lip quivered, tears stood in his eyes, and his little breast ached with the pain which is as old as humanity itself.

He was now in the outskirts of the village. Some boys — among whom he recognized Reddy Maginnis — were playing ball in a field near by. Forgetful of his new crutches and of the path by which he might have gained the ball ground, Eric plunged into the tall, dusty weeds and brambles and fiercely fought his way through. A few minutes later he emerged on the other side, panting, his hands and cheeks bleeding from scratches, and his eyes smarting cruelly from the dog's-fennel with which he had come in contact.

"Boys, Watch is lost!" said he, huskily. "Help me find him."

Few things so delight the heart of a boy as a hunt, no matter what its object; and after a hasty and noisy consultation, the erstwhile ball players were off with a shout. But fast as they ran, the little cripple kept up with them, although his heart felt as if it would burst. Not even a barbed-wire fence on which he tore his clothes and lacerated his hand and dug a deep gash in one of his beautiful crutches, detained him much longer than it did the others.

At last, however, the band concluded that it would be better for them to separate and take different routes. Thus left alone, and sick in body as well as soul, Eric dragged himself homeward. Watch had not yet returned, or he would have been lying on the steps waiting for his little master. For a moment the child lost heart; then, struck with a new thought, he quickly crossed the street and rang the parsonage bell.

"Mr. Barnes, Watch is lost. Do you think you could help me find him? I hate to ast you, but Swan Swanson is at work in the brick-yard, and I don't know what else to do."

The dusty, drooping little figure, with its flushed face and weary eyes, and the tremulous, appealing voice, went straight to the young man's heart.

"Indeed I will help you. But you must go home and rest. You are all tired out now. Don't worry any more. Even if we don't find Watch at once, I have n't a doubt he will come back all right. He loves you too much to stay away from you long."

"Mr. Barnes, he 'll never come back!" the child burst out, tragically. "I struck him! And he loved me the best of any body on earth. Oh, I wisht I was dead!"

His heart poured out its long-repressed grief in pitiful, wrenching sobs. But they brought relief after a little; and, leaving Eric on the hotel steps, the minister hastened off on his search. For an hour he tramped about the village, making inquiries here and there. He met several of Eric's scouts, but learned nothing from them until, on one of the outlying streets, Reddy Maginnis came flying down the dusty road, with his hat in his hand and his red hair streaming wildly

out behind. Something about him made Barnes halt, with a sense of uneasiness

"Mr. Barnes," shouted the lad, as loudly as his breathless condition would permit, "Watch is dead! That man that just moved into Hitchcock's house — from the country — caught him suckin' eggs, and — and shot him."

"Dead!" said Barnes, with a sickness creeping over him.

"Yes, sir — and layin' right in the road, with his head full of buck-shot."

It was true. When Barnes reached the scene a group of eager little boys had gathered round the dead dog and were looking, half in fear, half in fascination, at his glassy eyes.

"Boys," said the minister gravely, "this will be a sad day for Eric, and I don't want any of you to tell him of this. I want to tell him myself. If you see him before I do, send him to me at my study."

"Oh, say, Mr. Barnes — *look!*" excitedly cried one of the boys.

Barnes turned with the others. Minister of the gospel that he was, familiar with grief and death, he felt for the moment like shirking his duty and flying. For, far down the street, a grotesque little figure between crutches was coming rapidly toward them.

Barnes did not attempt to stop and prepare Eric, for it was plain from his agitated manner that he already knew all. As he came up, gasping for breath and reeling from fatigue, the circle sympathetically opened for him, and the next moment he stood in the presence of his beloved dead. He did not speak or move. His eyes simply glazed in inexpressible horror; a deadly pallor spread over his face; his little scrawny throat worked spasmodically; the fingers on the cross-pieces of the crutches twitched and relaxed their hold; and then he fell, senseless, across the dog's body.

Sorrowfully, they carried him home and put him to bed. But he did not rally as he should have. For days he lay in a stupor — a merciful stupor. Some spring within him had snapped; the incentive to live was gone. Watch's death, the doctor said, had merely hastened the inevitable.

Mr. Barnes, whom the little sufferer seemed to prefer to his own parents, spent a portion of each day at the bedside. One afternoon when he was brighter than usual Eric said:

"Do you remember, Mr. Barnes, what you said oncet about dogs goin' to heaven?"

"Yes."

"Are you still sure that they go?"

"Yes."

Eric gazed at the ceiling with an illuminated face, as if he were even then looking into heaven and saw his dear dog.

"Do you think Watch knows now, sir, how sorry I am that I struck him?"

"I have n't a doubt of it, my boy."

"Oh, I 'm so glad, so glad!" exclaimed the little fellow with a seraphic smile, while tears of joy welled up in his eyes. He lay still for several minutes, in a kind of ecstatic trance.

"Will it be long, do you think, before I go?" he asked.

"To heaven, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"I hope it will be. You are too young to die. You don't want to go yet, do you?"

"Yes. I want to see Watch."

"But do you want to leave the rest of us behind — your playmates, and father and mother, and me?"

"No. I wisht you could all go 'long. Me and Watch would like it better with you all there. Mebbe I 'd stay here longer," he added, apologetically, "but Watch might git tired of waitin' for me, and think that I was n't sorry that I hit him." He closed his eyes for a moment, for even talking wearied him. Then he went on: "If a boy had told some lies just a little while before he died, do you think the angels would let him into heaven?"

"What ones have you told?"

"I told the boys i could git my leg fixed for five dollars, and that I 'd sooner be lame than to have good legs. And I told 'em I knew a general that was lame, and had a million soldiers — but I don't."

"I don't think that will keep you out of heaven, especially if you are sorry," answered Mr. Barnes, with moist eyes.

"I am sorry," said Eric, dreamily.

He soon fell asleep and the minister slipped away. The next morning as he crossed the street to make his usual inquiry, he saw a pale-haired, weeping woman fastening some white crêpe to the front door of the hotel.

QUARANTINED RIVALS

BY

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "THE STRIKE BREAKER," "SKEEZICKS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. GARDNER-SOPER

"IN the future, then, we shall meet as strangers," announced the young man, pausing in the doorway and folding his arms.

There is only one set of conditions under which a man may be forgiven a remark so florid as that. He must be young and very much in love. Melodrama then comes as naturally as milk to a baby. Bruce Farney was young and very much in love. He had a right to melodrama.

"It would perhaps be ever so much more agreeable and less awkward if we should not meet at all," the young woman blandly replied.

Neither age nor any given condition of the affections are necessary to make a woman talk like that. A two-edged remark with a spiral blade comes easily to her under any needed circumstances, from the cradle to the grave. Consequently it must be plainly stated, if you are to know it, that Miss Peyson was charming, young, and quite well disposed toward Mr. Farney.

The whole affair was very simple. Mr. Howard's card had been sent in while Mr. Farney was making an afternoon call on Miss Peyson. Mr. Howard and Mr. Farney had permitted themselves a dispute the evening before, ostensibly about billiards but really on account of Miss Peyson, though her name had not been even so much as hinted. Mr. Farney requested Miss Peyson to say "Not at home." She would not establish such an uncomfortable precedent. Mr. Farney insisted. Miss Peyson noticed that the maid was trying, with some difficulty, to conceal a smile, and she peremptorily ordered that Mr. Howard be shown in. And there you are!

The maid liked Mr. Farney the better of the two young men. There was no particular reason for it. No reason is necessary in affairs of this sort. She simply liked him the better, that was all. Consequently she allowed Mr. Howard to wait while she went into the library to open a window with much ostentation, thereby giving Mr. Farney one more chance.

"It is n't too late, Elsie," he pleaded. "Kitty has n't gone to the door yet. Please have her tell Howard that you 're not in."

Kitty came slowly from the library, and so evidently paused for a reversal of orders that the thing was impossible.

"Kitty," said Miss Peyson icily, "tell Mr. Howard to come right back."

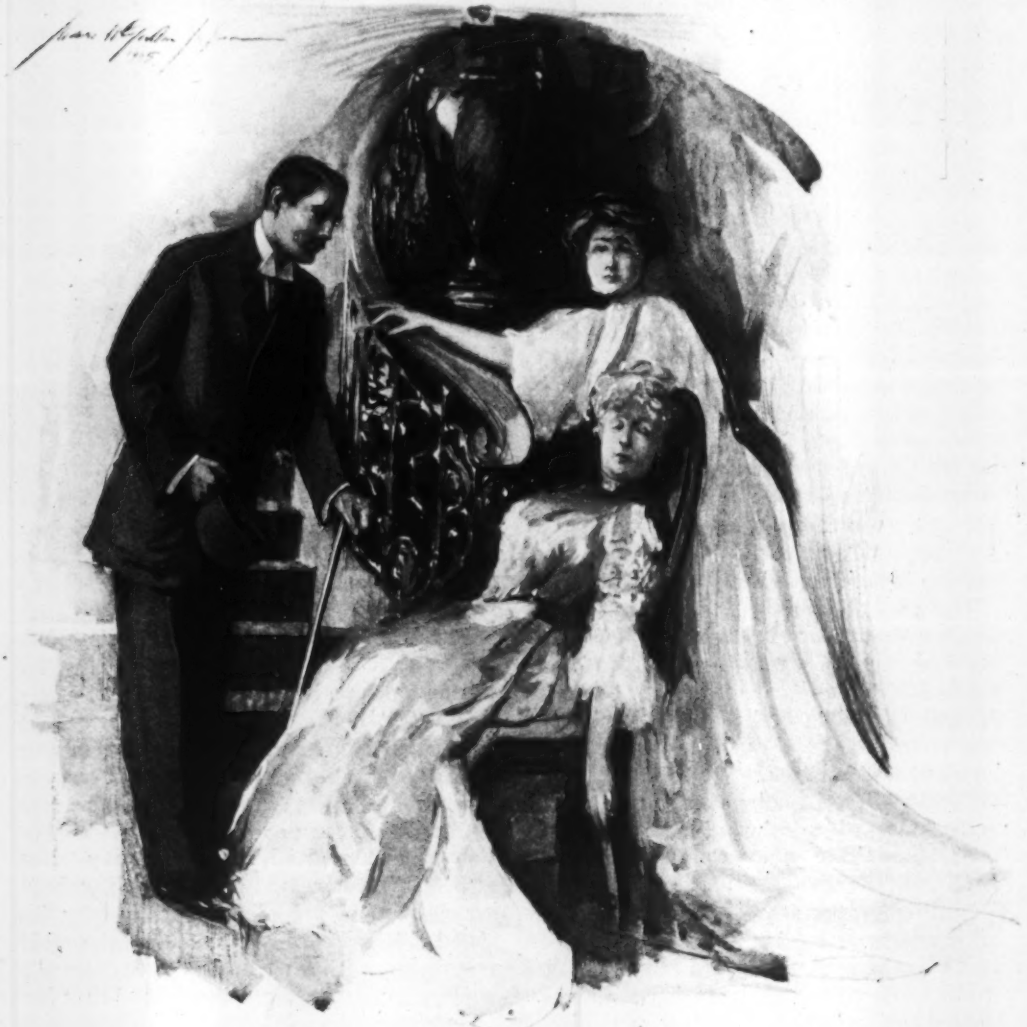
Kitty disappeared.

"I shall never darken your door again," declared Bruce, and whirled on his heel.

Miss Peyson listened to his receding footsteps for a moment, then she suddenly repented and rushed to the door.

"Bruce!" she softly called, but he stalked straight on. If it had not been for the other caller out in the hall, she would have run after him in a panic of contrition, and have led him back by the ear to take a delightful scolding, but — it was impossible. Oh, well, he would soon call again. If he did not, she could write him a non-committal little note that would bring him in a hurry. There are ways, and no girl has to be taught them. The

"'You might let the gentleman take Dick's room,' suggested Miss Peyson to her unconscious mother"



"he did n't care much how long his enforced vacation lasted"

knowledge came with the apple that was eaten by mother Eve.

Mr. Farney and Mr. Howard did not meet in the hall. Far from it. They simply passed by each other. Mr. Howard, however, was smiling. Mr. Farney was not. One, remember, was coming in, the other going out. Even the divine Venus, no doubt, had her off days, when ambrosia disagreed with her, and nectar, if there was a difference, made her hunt up her pepsin tablets. And this was an off day for Miss Peyson. Let him, or her, who never had an off day, cast the first stone.

Mr. Howard was still smiling when he entered the drawing-room.

"Farney must have some bad news," he gloated. "I just met him in the hall looking as cheerful as a hearse."

The remark was in very bad taste. Miss Peyson resented it. Anyhow, Howard was a meddler. If he had not called at just the moment he did — That aggravating smile of his must be removed. It was unbearably presumptuous.

"Always talking shop," she said with gay raillery.

There are exasperating moments when even the flawlessly bred are goaded into brutality. Howard winced. He felt the spiteful claws under the velvety touch. His father had been an undertaker in those early days before he had formed the coffin combine. Of course it was n't nice for the irritated Miss Peyson to remind him of this, and if she had been of the really exclusives she would n't have been so direct about it. The Peysons and the Howards and the Farneys were really not *the* people. They were merely folks. Hardly that, though they all attended grand opera in their own carriages, and the women folk of the families were jealous of each other's diamonds and gowns, and never-endingly miserable over their social affairs ; so you can see that they were all "comfortably" fixed.

It was n't very far to a quarrel from this delightful start, and they took the shortest road, a further proof that they were not of the socially elect. The genuine article has no such thing as temper or emotion. You could n't say that about Howard, especially if you had seen his face as he stamped down the hall about ten minutes after Farney had slammed the door. Kitty was quite delighted. He looked even more ferociously glum than Farney had been.

Miss Peyson was appalled. Neither of the boys would ever come back again, and it would serve her right. She liked both of them so well, too, though she had a choice.

"'I guess you 'll get the coal now, and like it, won't you?'"

Her tearful eyes roved to the mantel where a plaster Cupid sat eternally mending a broken arrow, and she swiftly removed that urchin to her secretary and locked him in. It was all his fault.

In the meantime Mr. Farney had found a surprise. As he went down the walk he met a big policeman, with a pitted face, coming up to the house with a big red card in his hand.

"Ye can't lave th' house; sir," said the policeman.

"But I did," corrected Mr. Farney.

"Ye 'll have to go back," insisted the officer.

"I can't do it," protested Bruce. "I 've sworn never to darken the door again."

"Then ye 'll have to go in t'rough th' wihndy, young man, f'r th' house is undher quarantine. Mr. Peyson's cook's sister was took away to th' pest house an hour ago wid th' smallpox. Th' cook was over this mornin' t' see 'er. Th' wagon 's dhrivin' down th' alley now t' git th' cook."

The minion of the law was a little bit surprised. He had seen people turn faint, dumb, or profane at an announcement like this, but never before had he seen any one seem actually pleased at the prospect of being shut up two weeks under a smallpox quarantine. But then how was he to know the conditions under which Mr. Farney had left Miss Peyson?

Mr. Farney, cheerfully smiling, walked around to the side of the house, examining the openings. Under the bay window a wide and deep cellar casement was open and, stooping down, he saw a roaring blue flame within.

"It 's all right," he called to the officer. "There 's a plumber down there. I 'll drop in and scare him stiff."

Mr. Farney swung himself down through the window with athletic ease.

"If he 's right in th' belfry, I dunno," commented the officer, "but that lad cud git on th' foorce dead easy. He 's a grand build of a boy."

The plumber was just turning out his brazier when the young man descended into the dry and airy basement room and broke the news with fine dramatic effect. The man was not to be agitated. He quietly rolled up his tools in a black looking rag, buckled two straps around the bundle, lit his pipe and sat comfortably down on a bench.

"My time goes on just the same," said he in huge content.

"You might plumb a little while you 're here, just for amusement, you know," suggested Bruce, pausing at the bottom of the kitchen-stairs.

"Not a tap," the plumber assured him. "I was just a-starting to the shop for tools when you come."

The young man regarded the complacent plumber with admiration not unmixed with awe, and went on up into the kitchen. He had scarcely opened the door when a scrimmage broke loose in four Irish dialects. Three burly policemen were removing the cook and reflecting that the chief should have sent six of them. When they were gone the kitchen looked like a laundry. In the dining-room Farney met Kitty and explained, then he went up by the back stairway, to Dick Peyson's room to wash up. Dick and he were great chums.

It was about this time that Mr. Howard, having been stopped on the door-step and turned back by the pitted-faced policeman, rang the bell for re-admission. Miss Peyson, who had joined her mother in the library, answered the bell. She held the door open with a haughty question in the poise of her head. That was as far as the question got, however, and Mr. Howard felt himself impelled to answer in the same mute expressiveness. The result would have been extremely awkward for any but youthful persons supported by aggressively hurt feelings, and, as it was, the moments lagged, There is no telling how long they might have remained there, glaring, had not Mrs. Peyson at that moment emerged from the library, and the policeman pushed his way into the vestibule behind Mr. Howard.

The policeman made his formal announcement of the quarantine, then withdrew, leaving Mr. Howard inside to make a welcome for himself under rather an awkward handicap.

"'Only a little,' he half-whispered, and followed this up with another artistic groan"

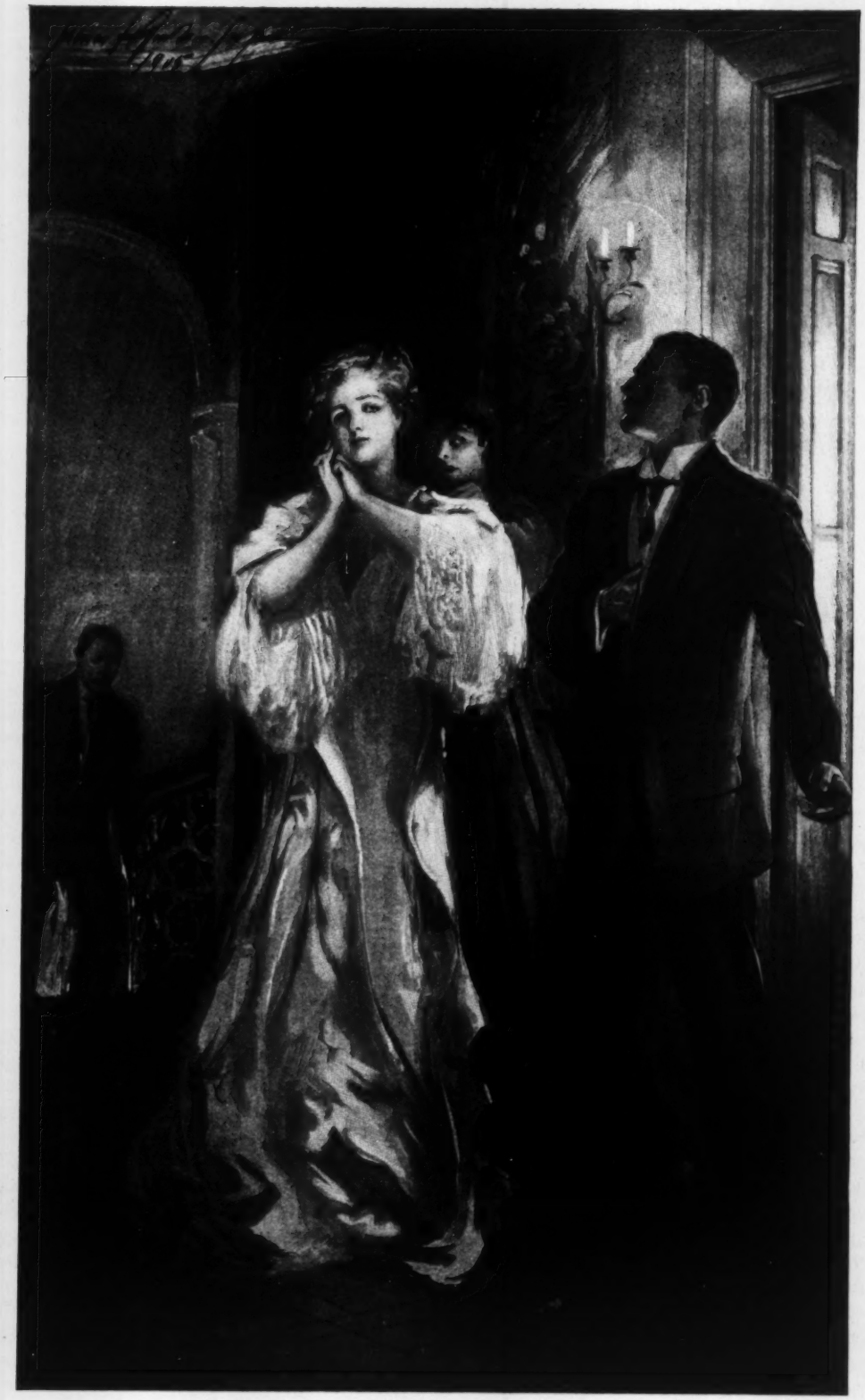
"I 'm afraid you'll have to give a house-party, with myself as the only guest, for a couple of weeks, Mrs. Peyson," he said with a laugh that was intended to be light and airy.

Mrs. Peyson returned no answer, for the simple reason that she had sat down on a chair and quietly fainted. It was a little way she had when anything annoyed her, and neither of the young people was at all frightened. They had both seen her faint so often before. The family physician always winked to himself and charged ten dollars when he was consulted about the ailment, and the family had rather quit bothering him about it.

"You might let the gentleman take Dick's room," suggested Miss Peyson to her unconscious mother. "He knows where it is, I believe."

"I can find the way quite easily, thank you, Mrs. Peyson," he suavely replied, addressing the speechless elder lady. "I beg of you not to put yourself out at all," and he went up-stairs.

Miss Peyson then revived her mother, with the most gentle consideration. The matron had been so convenient. Without her presence conversation would have been extremely difficult.



"'NOTHING SHALL DISTURB YOU WHILE I AM NEAR'"

Mr. Howard grinned to himself as he went down the hall to Dick's well-known den, where the boys played poker every time the family was out of town. A week or two as the house guest of the Peysons would not be so bad, after all. In that time he would guarantee to make her forget Farney, absolutely and forever. He was half-whistling when he turned into Dick's room. The door of young Peyson's bath-room stood open, and a young man was in plain sight, in his shirt-sleeves, washing his hands and face. At first Howard though that Dick must be at home, and was just congratulating himself on that circumstance when the young man turned and came out, drying his hands on a towel. It was Bruce Farney, and he was smiling cheerfully.

There was but one thing left for Mr. Howard to do, and that was to retreat as gracefully as he might. Picking up Dick's golf-bag with a businesslike air, he strode from the room, and Mr. Farney hastened to close the door after him, very, very gently. Had there been a cat in the hall Mr. Howard would have kicked it with intense satisfaction. Failing to find a cat he kept his eyes open for the next best thing and found it. A heavy young man in one of the front rooms was measuring the apartment for a new carpet and whistling Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." Mr. Howard stood in the door and watched him measuring and recording, awaiting in gleeful malice the moment when the pink-cheeked young man should look up.

"'Kitty . . . Can you be brave?'"

"Kicked up his heels in glee"

"Smallpox!" he exclaimed, when he caught the young fellow's eye.

"Eh?" said the young man, pausing to wipe his perspiring brow.

Mr. Howard hugged the golf-bag in joy. The young man was a German, and dumb wonder was in his blue eye. Howard had been possessed of an unholy desire to inflict pain on a fellow creature, but he had not even dared to hope that a raw foreigner would fall into his clutches.

"Smallpox!" he repeated, with an awe-inspiring flourish.

The blonde-haired young man nervously grabbed his yardstick.

"Eh?" he again inquired, willing to give the possible madman the benefit of the doubt.

"Smallpox," solemnly reiterated Mr. Howard. "The cook's sister has it, and the cook has just been taken to the detention hospital. We can't leave this house for two weeks."

"Ach Gott, you are choking, iss it not?" piteously begged the young man. "I should be married to-morrow efening!"

Mr. Howard was enjoying himself like a vivisectionist who has just found a new torture.

"Smallpox is no joke," he replied in his best bass, and turned to go down-stairs. The young German brushed by him on the top landing and went down three steps at a time. Out of the front door he clattered, and found himself confronted by the big policeman.

"Iss it?" he gasped, but the policeman pointed to the red card on the door post, and the other wrung his hands in a paroxysm of misery. "I should get away mit quickness,"

he protested wildly. "I should be married to-morrow efening!"

"It 's a shame, Dutchy, but ye 'll have to go back in an' starve," the officer heartlessly informed him. "It 's no cook they have now."

"My name is Einsinger, and I work by Spellmeier and Rothschuen," said the carpetman, beginning the formula that had more than once helped him out of scrapes since he had come to America, but the other cut him short.

"I don't care a tinker's cuss if ye 're name 's Hock de Kaiser, ye can't lave this house f'r two weeks. Them 's me ordhers," and the miserable Mr. Einsinger was forced back into the hall where he found Mr. Howard on the steps, being icily assigned, through Kitty, to the drearily luxurious front guest-chamber.

"I should be married to-morrow efening!" explained Mr. Einsinger briefly, and plunged into the front drawing-room. From there he dashed into the rear drawing-room and then into the library, where at last he found a telephone and had a number as quickly as an excited mixture of two broken languages would allow him to make known his wants.

"Ach mein schoenes liebschen!" he wailed into the telephone presently, and then followed a torrent of beautiful and passionate Berliner Deutsch to which the puzzled listeners in the front hall politely paid no further attention. There are certain emotions of the human heart that are sacred, and, besides, none of them knew German well enough to keep up with the flow.

Miss Peyson had intended putting Mr. Einsinger in the coachman's enforcedly vacant room, but the touch of romance saved him from that humiliation. She told Kitty to prepare the second guest-chamber for him, and then swept into the drawing-room leaving Mr. Howard to his own devices. That young man suddenly discovered that he was still holding Dick's golf-bag, and he gravely eyed it as he allowed Kitty to show him to his room. Left alone he stood the golf-bag on a chair, and softly but fluently cursed it until his mind was relieved. The situation was not turning out quite as he had expected. If it had not been for Farney— Confound Farney!

"They had not known that he was there"

Mr. Farney was far from being confounded. With one of Dick's good cigars in his mouth, one of Dick's new novels in his hand, Dick's slippers on his feet, Dick's lounging-robe wrapped comfortably around him and his feet cocked up on Dick's divan while he sat in Dick's favorite easy-chair, he did n't care much how long his enforced vacation lasted. In blissful ease he passed the time, until he happened to look at his watch and noted that it was five o'clock. He began to have thoughts of dinner.

Dinner? Great Scott, there was no cook! He sprang to his feet, hastily exchanged his lounging-robe for his coat and hurried down to the kitchen, passing through clouds of horrible fumes on the way. Kitty, in despair, had straightened up the kitchen after the visit of the health officers, and had a tea-kettle simmering on the range. It was the best she could do toward a dinner, but it looked like a start, and she stood back surveying it thoughtfully between gasps and coughs when Bruce came in.

"They 've been here fumigating, eh?" remarked Bruce, referring to the odors. "I believe I 'd rather have the smallpox. What are you going to give us for dinner, Kitty?"

"I don't know, sir," she wailed. "The missus took hystericks, and Miss Peyson has to stay up-stairs with her. She don't know much about cooking, and I don't know anything. How would soft-boiled eggs do?"

"For two weeks?" asked Bruce. "What 's in the refrigerator?" He made an examination, and gave a sigh of relief. "Here 's some fine steak," he said. "We 'll broil that steak to the queen's taste. We 'll make some French fried potatoes that will be a dream, and you may slice these tomatoes. Maybe we can find some canned goods to help out, and in the morning we can order any supplies we want by 'phone and the police will bring them to the steps for us. Just you show me where to find things, and help, and we 'll give the Peyson family a treat. I 'm the greatest camp cook that ever, and this is a good deal like camping out."

Kitty could have almost wept on his bosom.

"The first thing we need is a hot fire," he went on. "Where is the coal?"

"In the back cellar, right under the kitchen here, sir," said Kitty. "Oh, I 'm *so* glad you could n't get out of the house!"

Bruce made no reply. Grabbing two coal-pails he ran down into the cellar, just as Miss Peyson came into the kitchen doubtfully to suggest soft-boiled eggs as a desperate dinner expedient. The plumber was lying comfortably on his bench, still smoking.

"The cook's been taken away and we 'll all have to help with the dinner," began Bruce cordially. "Suppose you go into the back cellar and get these two buckets of coal while I go up and look after the other stuff."

The plumber arose to his feet, and gravely pulled a greasy card from his pocket.

"Plumbers' and Gas Fitters' Union. Local No. 69. James E. Scrubbs," read Bruce. "Well, what about it?"

"I ain't no coal carrier," said Mr. Scrubbs, taking the card and seating himself comfortably on the bench. "I 'm a plumber, I am, and my time goes on just the same."

"I see," said Bruce admiringly. "Do you mean to tell me that your employer will charge Mr. Peyson for all the time that you are here?"

"Ten dollars a day," replied the plumber with dignity. "My time goes on just the same."

"Then you plumb!" commanded Bruce sternly. "Your board will cost you just ten dollars a day."

"I got to have some tools — " began Mr. Scrubbs, but Bruce cut him short. He had lost his patience.

"I know. You need a tallow candle and a match, and you charge a dollar's worth of time for going after them."

"I don't. I have to have a monkey-wrench."

"And it would n't be regular to use one they might happen to have here, eh? Well, it will this time. You get to work and earn your board."

"You go to ——"

He had n't time to finish it. Bruce grabbed him by the collar and drew him up standing, then backed him firmly against the wall at the foot of the stairway, where he held him with an iron grip.

"I guess you 'll get the coal, won't you?" he asked gently.

Mr. Scrubbs gave a sudden jerk. There was a clattering, heaving struggle, and then the plumber once more bumped against the wall at the foot of the stairs, with a force that drove the breath out of him with a sharp "huh!"

"I guess you 'll get the coal now, and like it, won't you?" asked Bruce, twisting his hold on the collar.

Mr. Scrubbs interestedly surveyed Bruce from his broad shoulders to his sturdy limbs.

"Yessir," said he, and went to get the coal.

A giggle caused Bruce to look up. Kitty and Miss Peyson were at the top of the stairs, eagerly peering down.

"Is n't he perfectly splendid?" whispered Miss Peyson, but she was not there when he came up-stairs. Kitty told him what she had said, however, and he sang and whistled until he got dinner ready. He was so happy that he even forgave Mr. Scrubbs. When that humbled gentleman came up with the coal Bruce had the monkey-wrench ready for him, but handed it over with a pleasant smile.

"Yessir," said Mr. Scrubbs deferentially, and went straight down-stairs to plumb. Also to open another bottle of beer. He had found the supplies in the cool wine-cellar, and he liked the basement very well. He proposed to spend the night there.

It was a magnificent effort, that dinner, but the eating of it would have been deadly dull without Mr. Einsinger. Miss Peyson had invited him down to their table in desperation. Her mother could not come down, and there had to be somebody at the table to talk through, since the three others were not on speaking terms.

Poor Einsinger. He was easily the lion of the gathering. Never in all his career in America had he been paid such flattering attention. Everything that was said by the other three was addressed to him, and the answers were also addressed to him. He was quite bewildered by the immense amount of conversation in which he took part without having said a word. Jest and keen retort passed through him and over his head until he was fairly dizzy with it all.

Really, he was quite presentable, too, Miss Peyson complacently noted. He had excellent manners and seemed profoundly miserable. What more could be asked to make a model guest? But at last their kindness and attention proved too much for him. His sudden and inexplicable popularity overcame the lonesome wanderer. He choked with emotion and laid down his knife and fork.

"I am a Von," he explained, half-tearfully. "Von Einsinger. Rudolph von Einsinger. I am — what you call hochgeborn? — high born — eh? Nefer since I came by this America haf I been so — what you call like-it-should-be-treated, and it makes me tearful in the heart. I should be married to-morrow efening!"

Rudolph von Einsinger could go no farther. His Adam's apple felt the size of a football. Poor, poor fellow. Miss Peyson invited him into the music-room after dinner. He should be made to forget his sorrows if possible. He was a housefurnisher's clerk, but he was of the nobility!

Mr. Howard and Mr. Farney helplessly watched him trail after her, and the occasion called for peace. In the face of a common enemy it behooved them to join forces.

"Well, *what* do you think of that?" exclaimed Mr. Howard.

"I forget the answer," said Mr. Farney in disgust. "Come up to Dick's room and have a cigar."

On the way they dropped into the library to call up Dick at his club and ask him if they had overlooked any of the comforts of his den. Dick and his father were having the time of their lives. Two solid weeks in which they could not come home, and of which they had to make no explanation whatever! It was a dream, Dick informed them, then gave them his blessing and told them where to find the cigars and cigarettes, pipes and tobacco, cards and chips, the Scotch, rye and bourbon, the linen and pajamas.

Strains of music came floating into the library. As the two young men passed out they glanced through the door of the music-room. Miss Peyson was at the piano, playing a nocturne, and Rudolph von Einsinger was gracefully turning the music for her.

In the silence of humiliation they tiptoed away.

"We may still enjoy ourselves," pathetically remarked Farney. "We may play casino or old maid. Cheer up, comrade."

"If we can only grab Von Sauerkraut as he comes up-stairs and teach him poker!" exclaimed Howard softly as he turned to follow up-stairs, and Farney reached down gravely to shake hands with him. Poor Einsinger.

A scream from the kitchen startled them. Running back they met Kitty in the dining-room. Mr. Scrubbs, disdaining steak and French fried potatoes had attempted to kiss her.

"Never mind," said Farney, soothingly. "I 'll thrash the fellow."

"Let me," begged Howard. "It 's my turn."

Kitty had boastfully told him how Farney had mastered Scrubbs.

Farney was generous about the matter. He allowed Howard to have the plumber, and went back to witness the job. It was well that he did. After Howard had an eye closed and an arm wrenched temporarily out of commission, Farney himself put the obstreperous Mr. Scrubbs down in the cellar.

"Now you behave yourself until it 's time for you to get up in the morning and plumb," charged Farney, throwing down some bedding that Kitty brought him.

"Yessir," meekly observed Mr. Scrubbs, and Farney locked the door on him. He turned to find Miss Peyson in the kitchen.

"It 's simply dreadful, Mr. Howard," she cried, paying no attention whatever to the gallant Farney. "I can't tell you how sorry I am for you. Does your eye hurt you much?"

There was a world of tender pity in her voice, and Farney remembered with terror that she had taken lessons in nursing in a training school. He looked around for something inexpensive to break if he should be tempted too much. Mr. Howard seized upon his opportunity. The same hurts upon the gridiron, a year ago, would not have kept him out of the game. Now, however, he groaned and tried to smile heroically.

"Only a little," he half-whispered, and followed this up with another artistic groan.

Farney was compelled to stand aside and see her bind up Howard's eye, press her cool hand upon his fevered brow and fuss over him in a motherly, ministering angel sort of way, that fairly set a fellow's teeth on edge. Bruce should not have felt that way about it. Miss Peyson had so little chance to put her nursing into practice. Nevertheless, Bruce felt like shaking her. First, a German carpet-layer had come along, and she had nearly wept over him because he had a "Von" to his name and wanted to get married. Now she was coddling Howard because he had got a black eye in a fight with a drunken plumber. Farney had half a notion to fall down and break a leg, but gave up the idea because he could n't bring himself to decide which leg.

Miss Peyson invited Howard and Von Einsinger into the music-room and the cruelly ostracized Farney stalked up to Dick's den, where he boiled and bubbled and smoked four cigars until the two favored guests came contentedly up to join him.

"We 've had a delightful evening," Howard aggravatingly assured him. "By the way, it must have been rather lonesome up here."

It was n't right for him to gloat in that way, and Farney took it out of him.

"Oh, no, not at all," he replied easily. "I quite enjoyed the music. The program consisted entirely of my favorite airs. That last selection, Schubert's 'Serenade,' is always my request as a good night bit."

"Let 's play poker," said Howard, abruptly changing the subject. He was one of the unfortunates who could never think of the crushing rejoinder until the next day. "Do you play, Mr. Von Pumpernickel?"

"Einsinger, Ich heis," gravely corrected the German, not noticing the rudeness. "Von Einsinger. Rudolph von Einsinger. Ja, I should play your American poker mit some slightness. I have play him in the army. Now I get married. Then I play no more. To-morrow efening it should be," and Von Einsinger rarely escaped melting into tears again.

Howard cheered up sufficiently to wink at Farney. It seemed a shame to take their revenge on the fellow through his pocket, but it was the only way. Von Einsinger laid his money on the table and announced that he never gave I. O. U.'s in a card game — any more — and they began.

They were delighted to have met Einsinger. When he had won the hundred and thirty dollars that they carried, between them, they let him retire and, amid a tense and strained silence that fell upon them like a pall when the door closed, began to play cribbage.

They were still moodily pegging lazy scores when Kitty, dressed in a kimona, came whimpering to the door at about midnight.

"The bell rang a moment ago," she told Farney. "I went down to answer it, and saw two men through the glass. One of them was a policeman. I' m — I 'm so afraid."

"I 'll go down," said Farney. "Go back to your room, child. You 're nervous."

He trotted down-stairs and opened the door.

"Here 's yer Dutchman," said the policeman, shoving a disheveled man into the vestibule. "He 's a husky mut, and it took me two blocks to hand him the worst of it. If he gits out again, I 'll beat his head off."

The disheveled man was found to be Von Einsinger, after careful identification by detail. His hat was gone, his hair stuck out like frost-bitten celery, his collar was broken loose and the sleeve of his coat torn loose.

Farney dragged him into Dick's room, where he and Howard surveyed him with grim satisfaction, though they kindly and carefully patched him up.

"From the porch I chump down," explained the miserable Von Einsinger. "I should be married to-morrow efening." And he insisted on going to bed.

Howard and Farney had also about decided to separate for the night, when, half an hour later, Kitty again came to the door.

"It 's the bell again," she explained. "I — I 'm getting so scared with everything that I want to holler!"

"If it 's that confounded Von Smierkase again we 'll chloroform him and tie him to the bed," grumbled Howard as Farney started down-stairs.

It was the policeman and a disheveled man at the door.

"I t'ought it was th' Dutchman again, an' I near made a Hamburger steak of him before I found out it was yer plumber," explained the night watchman, shoving Mr. Scrubbs into the vestibule. "Handle him easy or he 'll drop to pieces. I hammered him nice and tender."

Mr. Scrubbs was maudlin and contrite. He had climbed out through the cellar window and tried to escape by the alley, and he got a bloody face by it, which sobered him somewhat. He went meekly, though noisy with his feet, back to the cellar with Farney. When the latter came back up-stairs he found Miss Peyson and Kitty huddled together in terror, and Howard, with his head thrown grandly back and his hand in his vest, comforting them. Miss Peyson's hair hung in a long braid down her back. She had on a drapy silk boudoir wrapper with a lot of white lace on it. She looked good enough to eat, and she was listening with rapt attention to Howard.

"That 's an excellent idea, Miss Peyson," he was saying. "You just take Kitty to your room with you for the balance of the night, and I 'll sleep on the couch in the hall right opposite your door. Nothing shall disturb you while I am near."

"It is so kind of you!" she murmured. "I really don't know what we should have done without some one, strong and fearless, to protect us."

A tear glistened on her pretty lashes as she turned a look of gratitude upon Howard. Farney went back to Dick's room and slammed all the cushions of the divan into the far end of the bath-room. Howard came in presently with a most harrowing grin.

"I shall just take this lounging-robe and a blanket out with me," he said. "There are enough cushions on the couch. By George! it makes a man feel like somebody to be called on to protect the ladies! It 's an honor!"

"You 'll be all right if the plumber don't get loose," Farney cruelly reminded him. "Your eye is getting an awful color."

Howard was out in the hall on the couch, with the blanket tucked up comfortably under his chin, before he could think of a suitable answer to this taunt, and then he was too lazy to get up and fling it back at Farney. It occurred to him to remind Farney that it was well worth getting a black eye to have it bound up by Miss Peyson.

"Pity," he murmured just as he dropped off to sleep — "pity is akin to love."

Miss Peyson had pitied him for that black eye. It was the first thing he thought of when he awoke in the morning. The night had passed without further incident than Mr. Scrubbs getting hilariously drunk in the basement, but this disturbed no one but the police. The others were too far away to hear him singing, or later, just before daybreak, fighting with a bag of potatoes that had wantonly insulted him.

While Miss Peyson and Kitty were getting a breakfast — of soft-boiled eggs — Howard slipped into the library, where he read up on the symptoms of smallpox. He had an idea. It was about eleven o'clock when he met Miss Peyson in the upper hall and dramatically held out his hand to ward off her approach, while she was yet twenty feet away from him.

"Stop!" he declaimed. "Don't, I beg of you, come any nearer to me! I have a high fever, with pains in my back and limbs. I feel that the scourge has fastened upon me!"

Miss Peyson wrung her hands and he staggered into Dick's room, where he lay down on the divan and kicked up his heels in glee. He knew Miss Peyson. She had quite advanced ideas about nursing and duty. No power on earth would keep her from his side. He had been given a hint, in the care with which she had bound up his eye, of how gentle and tender a nurse she could be. At the most gentle and tender point he would propose, be accepted and get well.

"Pity is akin to love," he once more murmured to himself with a grin appreciative of his own cleverness, then covered himself and

prepared to run up his temperature by pure will power and cussedness.

Miss Peyson, in the meantime, had taken prompt measures. Straight down the stairs she flew to where she knew Kitty was sweeping the front hall.

"Kitty," she said in the solemn tones of a martyr, "you must be a brave girl, now! Can you be brave?"

"Y-y-y-yes ma'am." The girl was scared into a chill by the new development foreshadowed in Miss Peyson's grim determination.

"Mr. Howard is taken with smallpox. Above all things you must not tell mother. I am going to telephone to the doctor, and then I shall go up-stairs and you must not see me again. You must not come to the upper floor, any of you. I shall care for our guest."

"You shall do nothing of the sort, Elsie," broke in the commanding voice of Mr. Farney, from the library door. "I shall nurse Howard myself."

"No, Bruce," she said, forgetting their petty quarrel in the face of this grave danger. "It is my duty. He is not only my guest, but my friend. I should be a coward to desert him in his hour of need."

It never occurred to Bruce, nor to any of them for that matter, in the flurry of the moment, that she would not be allowed to nurse him; that the patient would be promptly whisked off in the ambulance the moment he was pronounced infected. It did occur to him, however, that if there was any danger to be incurred it was his business to shield her from it, whether she was willing or not. Moreover, he did n't like this nursing idea. There is scarcely any power on earth, he reflected, to keep a woman from falling in love with the man she nurses through a dangerous illness. So he put his foot down sharply.

"You shall not!" he declared.

"I must!" she insisted, not without a thrill of unexpected pleasure at the masterful tone he was taking with her.

"Elsie!" he exclaimed, his heart in his voice, as he gripped her by the arms and held her off from him to compel obedience by his eyes.

Von Einsinger had come restlessly down, and now stood on the bottom landing of the stairs, sympathetically smitten by the tableau, but no one noticed him. Howard, up in Dick's room, had worked up a very fair fever, but was beginning to fret a little. Miss Peyson, he complained to himself, was taking plenty of time to fly to his bedside. Kitty was affected to tears, but whether of fright or sentiment she could not have told under cross-examination.

There was a sharp ring at the door-bell. Kitty, trembling, flew to open it. The pitted-faced policeman was back on duty, and he held the red card in his hand.

"It 's all off, th' quarantine is," he gruffly announced. "Th' cook's sister had no smallpox at all. It was some other triflin' thing she has, wid a name like a Rooshian roll-call, an' th' cook 'll be back in time f'r loonch. Good-day to ye."

Kitty did a jig step, half-laughing and half-crying, as she closed the door after him.

Bruce was still holding Miss Peyson off from him by the arms, and now, as they looked deep into each other's eyes, a slow smile, tender and glad and mischievous at once, stole upon their lips. Both acknowledged, by that smile, that their quarrel had been a mere pretense. Bruce made a movement to draw her gently to him, but Miss Peyson remembered the inquisitive little maid.

"Kitty," she said, "you may run up to Dick's room and tell Mr. Howard that he is not getting the smallpox."

Kitty was delighted with the message. She did n't like Howard very well, anyhow. She tripped lightly up-stairs with a roguish backward glance at Von Einsinger, who had collapsed on the steps. Bruce looked up at the top flight where the hem of her skirt was just disappearing, and then drew Miss Peyson, unresisting, to him.

A queer sound broke upon their happiness, and, looking around, they saw with confusion that Von Einsinger had been a witness. They had not known that he was there. They need not have felt so cheap about it, however, for Von Einsinger, affected to tears, was blubbering like a child.

"Ach Gott!" he happily wept. "Such choyousness gifs me to weeping from mein heart! It is to-night — to-night, yess — that I should be married!"

ELLIS JOHNSON'S BOOK

BY

MYRA WILLIAMS JARRELL

ELLIS JOHNSON pushed open the door leading into the private office of William Bradley, head of the Bradley Book Publishing Company, and entered. There was no light of expectancy upon his face, no eagerness or hope; nothing but a dull apathy which denoted that he was certain of failure.

He stood, awkwardly turning his hat in his bony hands, waiting to be noticed by the man who sat with his back turned to him, bending over a desk strewn with papers.

He was a pathetic figure as he stood there, with his shabby clothes neatly brushed, but there was a certain dignity in his poise and in the outlines of his honest face, with its large nose and mouth, its high cheek bones, and unswerving gray eyes, which commended this man to men.

His manner was so dejected that when the publisher finally glanced up at him sharply through his glasses, he felt an unusual pang of pity.

"See here," he said brusquely. "You look like you had sense enough to know you can't write, and yet I 'll be hanged if I know why you left this stuff here to be examined."

Johnson moistened his lips before he replied, with a feeble attempt at a smile — "It was to please her, my wife, that I wrote that."

"But surely you know it is not acceptable; I don't wish to hurt your feelings, Mr. Johnson, but I advise you to give up all idea of a literary career — have you no further business?"

"Not now. You see," dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, "I was bookkeeper for Blanke & Son, and was doing very well, but my wife always thought I was wasting my talents" — he coughed apologetically — "so she kept at me till I gave up my position to devote my time to writing. I did n't think I could, but she did," he ended simply.

The publisher stared at him in sheer amazement, then blurted out, "But I don't understand how a woman's whim could make such a fool of you — you don't look like a weak chap, if you 'll pardon my saying it."

"Well, you see," Ellis continued, "my wife is an invalid, in fact she has consumption" — his voice faltered — "and some heart trouble besides, and the doctor says any disappointment would kill her. I have been putting her off about this story, telling her it was being considered. And so it has been, several times, and rejected, and I guess now I 'll have to tell her the truth."

"Don't do that," suggested the kindly publisher. "Lie to her, say it 's been accepted. I wish you could honestly say that it had been, but you know how impossible this thing is," he said, handing a bulky package to Ellis.

For answer, Ellis dropped the labor of months into a huge waste basket, and then, in a few words thanking the publisher for his advice, he left the office.

He threaded his way through the crowded street, stopping only once to buy a bunch of grapes for his wife — unconscious of the passers-by, the hour of day, everything but the fact that he had failed, miserably failed.

As he dragged himself up the three flights of stairs to the place he called home, his thoughts were not pleasant or profitable ones.

He recalled the early days of his married life, with his modest little cottage in one of the suburbs, his daily work which now, in the light of subsequent idleness and failure, seemed so satisfying and congenial, and the quiet, pleasant evenings at home with the dear wife; that was before she became ambitious for him.

Now, reduced to living in one room in a miserable apartment house, with his scanty income, saved during his industrious working days for the proverbial "rainy day," rapidly diminishing, and with the sense of his failure, complete, unquestionable and unalterable, before him, he felt himself upon the verge of an abyss.

At the door of the room he paused, straightened himself, forced a cheerful look and entered.

The room was meagerly furnished; a gasoline stove and a small cupboard containing a few dishes and cooking utensils in one corner; a cane-seated rocking-chair, with the seat sagging and ready to succumb; and, beside the bed, a marble-topped table containing some fruit, a magazine and a few carnations standing in a cheap vase.

In the bed, propped up with pillows, was a woman. One who, in spite of the unmistakable waxen pallor betokening consumption, was the type of woman who holds a man's heart through eternity.

In the face of the man who entered was a look of idolatry. In spite of the fact that she had used her influence to his undoing, he worshipped her.

She looked at him anxiously as he approached the bed and drew up the dilapidated rocker and sat down upon it, softly taking and caressing one of her little waxen hands as he did so.

"Well, dear," she finally asked him — "what luck have you had?"

Without meeting her eyes he said bravely — "Good luck, little girl; the story has been accepted. You will ride in your carriage yet, and have a coachman in livery."

On top of the pain which the deception cost him, was the pang his own words caused as he realized that there would be but one more ride for her, and that over the long, dreary stretch of road to the cemetery. He could not repress a groan at the thought, and buried his face in the bed-clothes, passionately hanging onto the little hand he held.

"Why, what is the matter, Ellis?" his wife asked anxiously.

"Nothing, nothing, dear. I am a little tired, that's all — I have walked a long ways to-day."

"Why did n't you ride?" she questioned.

"Because I thought the exercise would be good for me," he answered cheerfully — for in his unselfishness he did not want her to know that he would not spend the money on himself even for carfare.

"But tell me about the book," she insisted — "When will it come out?"

He glanced at her face, and saw that there was a bright red spot on either cheek — and answered quickly — "Let me cook some supper first, sweetheart — for I am hungry, and I know you are" — and rising he went to the small box which served as refrigerator, and said: "Guess what I have for your supper?"

"I can't imagine," she said languidly, and then, with more animation, "Oh, Ellis, won't it be fun when I can just ring a bell, and say to the housemaid haughtily — 'Tell cook to fry the terrapin a little harder than she did the last time.' By the way, Ellis, what *is* terrapin?"

"I don't know," he answered, "but I know its dead swell to eat it."

"Oh, yes, and frightfully expensive — that 's why I shall want to have it every day," she responded gaily.

"In the meantime, will you deign to eat some oyster stew?" queried her husband anxiously.

She became languid again instantly, for it was one of the symptoms of her disease, that, though she had no conception of the seriousness of her sickness, she had no desire to eat. She reveled in the thought of feasts, but the real fact of eating had no charms for her.

Seeing this, and regretting her lapse from imaginary joys, which had almost made him forget the reality, he strove gently to inspire her again.

"Will you insist upon dressing for dinner?" he asked.

"Oh, of course — you must dress just as the swells do that we used to see dining in the café's when we would come in for the theater," she replied gaily.

Her light reference to those happy days smote him, and he said half sadly — "Don't you wish, dear, that we could slip back to the old life?"

"Oh, no, no," — she cried excitedly, while the flush in her cheeks burned more brightly, and her eyes were brilliant — "for then we were so poor, and had to sit in the balcony. Hereafter when we go, we will have a box, and go in our own carriage, and I will wear a dress cut way down" — she stopped, and laughed a little hysterically. "I will have to get some flesh on me before I

can dress that way, won't I?" — Then, with a catch in her gay little voice — "I must hurry up and get well — I don't seem to make much progress, do I, dear?"

Ellis walked to the window and looked out, keeping his back to her, as he answered — "All in good time, Liebschen — we must n't worry about it."

His face was working convulsively, but his voice was calm and natural; so, too, was his face when, after a few moments he returned to his task, dished up the oyster stew, and took it over to the little table.

With heart-breaking anxiety he watched her sip it — trying to eat to please him, and plainly forcing every mouthful. Finally, meeting his eyes, she said laughingly — "It is n't that the soup is n't good, Ellis, but it 's the thought of all that terrapin that has satisfied my appetite, till I really can't eat any more."

After he had swallowed his own portion, and had neatly washed and put away the dishes, he drew his chair up by the window, put out the lamp, and with playful peremptoriness told his wife that she must stop talking and go to sleep so that she could gain strength enough to go to a fine dressmaker and be measured for some of those new clothes she had been talking about.

He sat for a long time, with the moonlight streaming in at the window, sunk in deep, sad thought. He knew that he must keep up the sham, and that he must invent new lies all the time to satisfy her natural curiosity about the publication of his book.

As he sat there, miserably communing with himself, he fancied he heard a little sigh, and turning asked quickly — "What is it, dear?"

"Oh, Ellis, what 's the use of pretending? I know — I 'm so afraid, that is — that I 'm never going to get well? Tell me the truth dear — for I 'd rather know it — do I have to die?"

He gave one agonized cry, as he knelt by the bed, and put both his strong arms about the little frail figure, and drew her close, close to him.

"Never mind" — she whispered brokenly — "I understand — let's not talk any more now about it — to-morrow — to-morrow" — her voice broke, and she leaned her head with its weight of soft hair against his cheek for a moment, then pushed him from her, and sank among the pillows. He knelt there by her bed for a long time, for hours, it seemed to him, until he thought she had gone to sleep, and then he wearily lay down and found blessed respite in slumber.

The next few weeks were filled with sad sweetness for them both, and with desperation for him, for there was almost nothing left of his money, and he could not leave her long enough now to earn more, even if he had had the chance.

She would talk about his book, and the success it would bring to him, and her happiness that her judgment was sound in advising him as she had. At such times he was glad of the deception which was making her last days sweet to her.

Again she would try to be gay and pretend that she was going to enjoy the wealth which his book would certainly bring — but her efforts in this line were pathetic failures — "Play you 're my butler," she said one day. "I am not quite certain in my own mind either, just what a butler's duties are. I know I should be dreadfully afraid of one, and would n't know whether to say 'Good-morning' and bow to him when I passed him or not. But, of course, I 'm not afraid of you, you dear old goose! Butler, bring me — bring me — oh bring me back my health!" she finished sobbingly.

He had her in his arms instantly, soothing her as he would a child, but her grief, like his own, was past all healing.

Every day she asked him with feverish excitement when the book would be out — "I do hope I will live to see it," she said pitifully — "I could die happy then — 'An Ideal Lost,' by Ellis Johnson — I hope people won't think it means your poor little wife — for I may not — may not —— "

She did not finish it, and there was no need; with his head bowed with grief, her husband read the end of the sentence.

As the days went slowly by, and her little figure shrank visibly, and the stamp of death became more fixed upon her face, Ellis Johnson nearly lost his reason.

In addition to the task of answering her pitiful little enquiries concerning the book, he was obliged to solve the problem of converting bread out of stone, and conjuring fish out of nothing.

When the day came that he had been dreading, and he realized that his dying wife could have neither food nor medicine unless

he could raise some money, he was in a mood for anything.

Carefully brushing his clothes, he told his wife that he was going out to his publishers, and would probably receive the first installment of the money his book was to bring.

As he passed down the stairs and into the street he had no clear idea as to what he should do — he only knew that he was going to do something.

He wandered up and down the streets for a while, vaguely wondering how he was going to raise some money to tide matters over until — until *she* should leave him — after that, nothing mattered.

He finally plunged into a store, and went up to the owner, who was a red-faced, jolly, fat man, and timidly said, without prelude, "I am a stranger to you, but if you have a heart lend me $5.00, and I will pay you back when I can get work."

"Well, listen to his nerve," ejaculated the fat man — "Get out of my store, or I 'll have you put out."

He met with the same success at several different places, and when he hesitatingly tried to explain about his wife, was jeered at. "Same old sickly wife story," laughed one man he appealed to, "I should think you fellows would try a new dodge."

Only the thought of the sick little woman at home, kept him from knocking the fellow down — and gritting his teeth, he left the place, angry and disheartened.

He started back in the direction of his home, when he saw a woman ahead of him, richly dressed and young, and he decided to make one more effort — "She is a woman, and will understand," he argued to himself.

So, hastening his steps, he lifted his hat and spoke to her. "Madam, forgive this intrusion; my wife is dying near here, and I have n't one penny to buy nourishment for her. If you will lend me $5.00 and give me your address I will pay you back, some day."

The woman turned cold, light eyes upon him and said, — "You must be drunk. Say another word to me, and I 'll call a policeman." He uttered a groan of utter despair as he dropped back, and then his despair gave way to a blind, unreasoning fury. He felt that he could murder this woman, so pitiless and cold and cruel, while his own wife — "My God!" he thought, "she may be dying now — alone!"

Just then he noted two things — that the woman ahead of him wore her purse suspended from her belt, and that he was near his own stairway. With a quick movement, he wrenched the purse loose, and darted up the stairs before the woman had time to discover her loss. But before he had gone up many steps, a hand was placed on his shoulder, and, turning, he glared into the face of a big, strong policeman.

"No use resisting, old man," said the policeman soothingly — "I 've got you, so come along with me."

"I can't," Ellis panted, struggling to free himself.

"Hold on," said the policeman good-naturedly — "You better not make any resistance — I saw you take it."

"Here, take the purse," said the desperate man — but let me go. I tell you man, I must go."

"I 'm sorry," said the policeman, "but you 'll have to come with me."

"Listen," said Ellis in a quick, jerky whisper — "upstairs here a woman lies dying, the woman I love, my wife. It was for her I stole the purse. For God's sake, man, don't take me from her — let me stay with her till the last, then I 'll go with you."

The policeman's face, from being incredulous, softened somewhat, and relaxing his hold, he said — "Well, lead on, but no tricks, mind you. If what you say is true, I 'll wait outside the door till — till you come. Give me the purse."

Ellis ran up the stairs two steps at a time, and opened the door of his room fearfully, and left it slightly ajar, and the policeman who had followed, stationed himself in the shadow to wait.

When Ellis entered the room his wife opened her eyes, and asked faintly, but eagerly — "When will it be, Ellis? Soon, I hope, or I — won't — see — it —— "

"Oh, soon, sweetheart," he cried, sinking on his knees by the bed, and forgetting the policeman and everything in the sorrow which was coming swiftly, surely.

Her little hands were cold, her lips were blue and pinched — and there was a strained unnatural expression in her wide eyes.

"Come closer, dear, so I can see you. Has the sun gone down? It is growing so dark that I don't see your face."

He drew her close to him, and kissed her reverently on the lips — then she smiled and

said dreamily, her voice growing a little weaker with every word — "'An Ideal Lost' — by — Ellis Johnson."

After that her mind seemed to wander, and she said more faintly still, "I 'm — glad — I — lived — to — see — it." She gave a little gasp, her head fell back, and it was over.

He never knew how long he stayed by the bed, caressing the lifeless fingers, and whispering sweet babbling tendernesses to the unresponding lips. With a sudden shock, he came to a realization of his position, and, straightening himself, and giving one long look at the body on the bed, he stepped to the door and out into the hall. There was no one there. He stood a few moments, waiting, but no one came, so he stepped back into the room, and softly closed the door upon himself and his beloved.

THE OULD TUNES

BY

MOIRA O'NEILL

A BOY we had belongin' us, an' och, but he was gay,
An' we 'd sooner hear him singin' than we 'd hear the birds in May;
For a bullfinch was a fool to him, an' all ye had to do,
Only name the song ye wanted an' he 'd sing it for ye through
Wid his "*Up* now there!" an' his "Look about an' thry for it,"
Faith, he had the quarest songs of any ye could find —
"Poppies in the Corn" too, an' "Mollie, never cry for it!"
"The pretty girl I courted," an' "There 's trouble in the wind."

Music is deludherin', ye 'll hear the people say,
The more they be deludhered then the better is their case;
I would sooner miss my dhrink than never hear a fiddle play
An' since Hughie up an' left us this has been another place.
Arrah, *Come* back, lad! an' we 'll love you when you sing for us —
Sure we 're gettin' oulder an' ye 'll maybe come too late —
Sing "Girl Dear!" an' "The Bees among the Ling" for us,
Still I 'd shake a foot to hear "The Pigeon on the Gate."

Oh Hughie had the music, but there come on him a change,
He should ha' stayed the boy he was an' never grown a man;
I seen the shadow on his face before his time to range,
An' I knew he sung for sorrow as a winter robin can.
But *that 's* not the way! — oh, I 'd feel my heart grow light again,
Hughie, if I 'd hear you at the "Pleasant Summer Rain."
Ould sweet tunes, sure my wrong 'ud all come right again,
Listenin' for an hour, I 'd forget the feel o' pain.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE

BY

CARL SCHURZ

III

UNIVERSITY-DAYS IN BONN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

It is much to be regretted that the limitations of magazine publication compel the omission of the interesting account Mr. Schurz gives of his classical studies and of the value he attaches to them, as well as of the details of his passing from the Gymnasium to the University, and his first experiences of University life. The omitted paragraphs will, of course, appear in the book. To connect the interrupted narrative — when Carl Schurz was nearing the end of his gymnasium course, his father became involved in business troubles and was obliged to remove his family to Bonn. Young Schurz, unable to continue his studies at Cologne, joined the family in Bonn, and entered the University there — first as an irregular student. But in due time he passed the graduation examinations at Cologne and was then regularly matriculated at the University. He became a welcome member of the Burschenschaft Franconia, one of that class of students' associations which had been organized at various universities after the wars of liberation of 1813, 1814, *and* 1815. — THE EDITOR.

IT was at the beginning of the winter-semester of 1847–48, at Bonn, that I made the acquaintance of Prof. Gottfried Kinkel —an acquaintance which for my later years became one of fateful consequence. Kinkel delivered lectures on literature and art history, some of which I attended. I also participated in his course of rhetorical exercises. This brought me into close personal contact with him. He was, at the time when I first knew him, thirty-two years of age, the son of an evangelical minister stationed in a village on the Rhine, and he himself was also educated for the church. To this end he visited the Universities of Bonn and Berlin. In the year 1836 he settled down at the University of Bonn as teacher of church history, but on account of his health made a journey to Italy in 1837, where he began the study of the history of art. After his return he became assistant preacher of an evangelical church in Cologne, where he attracted large congregations by the eloquence of his sermons. In the meantime his poetical gifts, which by personal intercourse with Simrock, Wolfgang Müller, Freiligrath and others, had been constantly stimulated, had attracted wide attention. Especially his romantic epic, "Otto der Schütz," won for him a prominent name in literature. In Cologne he became acquainted with the divorced wife of a bookseller, a woman of extraordinary mental brilliancy. While rowing on the Rhine one day Kinkel saved her from drowning, the boat having capsized, and soon after, in the year 1843, they were married. This union with a divorced Roman Catholic woman would alone have sufficed to make his position as an evangelical clergyman untenable, had it not already been undermined by his outspoken liberal opinions. For this reason he abandoned theology and accepted a position of professor-extraordinary of art history at the University of Bonn.

As a lecturer he proved himself exceedingly attractive by his command of the subject as well as by his interesting personality and the charm of his delivery. Kinkel was a very handsome man, of regular features and herculean stature, being over

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six feet in height, and a picture of strength. He had a wonderful voice, both strong and soft, high and low, powerful and touching in its tone, gentle as a flute and thundering like a trombone — a voice which seemed to command all the registers of the church organ. To listen to him was at the same time a musical and an intellectual joy. Gesticulation as natural as it was expressive and graceful, accompanied his speech, which flowed on in well-ordered and not seldom highly poetic sentences.

When Kinkel offered to introduce his hearers in a special course to the art of speech, I was one eagerly to seize the opportunity. He did not deliver theoretical instruction in rhetoric, but he began at once to produce before us eminent models and to exercise our faculties by means of them. As such models he selected some of the great rhetorical passages in the dramas of Shakspere, and for me he chose the task to explain the famous funeral oration of Mark Antony, to point out the intended effects and the means by which these effects were to be accomplished, and finally to recite the whole speech. I accomplished this task to his satisfaction and then Kinkel invited me to visit him at his house. I soon followed this invitation and the result was the development between teacher and student of a most agreeable personal intercourse. It was indeed not difficult to feel oneself at home with Kinkel. He possessed in a high degree the genial unconventionality and the gay temper of the Rhinelander. He delighted to put the professor aside and to let himself go when in the circle of his family and friends in unrestrained hilarity. He drank his glass of wine — with moderation to be sure — laughed heartily at a good joke, and even at a poor one, drew from all circumstances of life as much enjoyment as there was in them, and grumbled little when fate was unkind. Thus one soon felt easy in his company. He had, indeed, also his detractors, who accused him of being what they called "vain." But who is not, vain, each one in his way? Vanity is the most common and the most natural of all weaknesses of character — and at the same time the most harmless and the most pardonable if it stands under the influence of a sound ambition. Whenever it is carried too far it becomes ridiculous and thus punishes itself.

Mrs. Kinkel was not at all handsome. Her stature was low, her features large and somewhat masculine, and her complexion sallow. Nor did she understand the art of dressing. Her gowns were ill-fitting and usually so short that they brought her flat feet, clad in white stockings and black slippers with crossed ribbons, into undue prominence. But the impression made by her lack of beauty vanished at once when one looked into her blue expressive eyes, and when she began to speak. Even then she seemed at first to be neglected by nature, for her voice was somewhat hoarse and dry. But what she said almost instantly fascinated the hearer. She not only spoke upon many subjects of high significance with understanding, sagacity and striking clearness, but she also knew how to endow by picturesque presentation commonplace things and every-day events, with a peculiar interest. In conversing with her one always felt that behind what she said there was still a great wealth of knowledge and of thought. She also possessed that sparkling Rhenish humor that loves to look at things from their comical side, and under all circumstances appreciates whatever there is enjoyable in life. She had received an exceptionally thorough musical education, and played the piano with a master hand. I have hardly ever heard Beethoven and Chopin compositions performed with more perfection than by her. In fact, she had passed far beyond the line that separates the dilettante from the artist. She had also written charming compositions, and among them some which are now sung like folk-songs by many people who never knew the name of the composer. Although her voice possessed no resonance and in singing she could only indicate the tones, still she sang with thrilling effect. Indeed, she understood the art of singing without a voice.

Whoever observed these two externally so different human beings in their domestic life could not but receive the impression that they found hearty joy in one another and that they fought the struggles of life together with a sort of defiant buoyancy of spirit. This impression became even stronger when one witnessed their happiness in their four children. No wonder that Kinkel's house became the gathering-place of a circle of congenial people whose hours of social intercourse left nothing to desire in animation, intellectual vivacity and cheerfulness. This circle called itself the "Maikäfer Club," the May-bug Club. It was

composed throughout of men and women of liberal ways of thinking on the religious as well as the political field, men and women who liked to utter their opinions and sentiments with outspoken frankness. And there was no lack of interesting topics in those days.

The revolt among the Roman Catholics occasioned by the exhibition and adoration of the "holy coat" in Trier had brought forth the so-called "German Catholic" movement, and had also given a vigorous impulse to free-thinking and free-teaching among Protestants. Upon the political field, too, there was a mighty stir. The tendency of political discouragement and of national self-depreciation in Germany had given place to a desire to strive for real and well-defined goals, and also to the belief that such goals were attainable. Everybody felt the coming of great changes, although most people did not anticipate how soon they would arrive. Among the guests of Kinkel's house I heard many things clearly uttered which until then were only more or less nebulous in my mind. A short review of the origin and development of the feelings with regard to political conditions which at that time prevailed with the class of Germans to which I belonged may serve to make intelligible their conduct in the movements which preceded and attended the revolutionary upheavals of the year 1848.

The patriotic heart loved to dwell on the memories of the "holy Roman Empire of the German nation," which once, at the zenith of its greatness, had held leadership in the civilized world. From these memories sprang the Kyffhäuser romanticism with its dreams of the new birth of German power and magnificence which had such poetic charm for German youth — the legend telling how the old Kaiser Friedrich Barbarossa was sitting in a cave of the Kyffhäuser mountain in Thuringia, in a sleep centuries long, his elbows resting on a stone table and his head in his hand, while a pair of ravens were circling around the mountain top; and how one day the ravens would fly away and the old Kaiser would awaken and issue from the mountain, sword in hand, to restore the German Empire to its ancient glory. While cherishing such dreams we remembered with shame the time of the national disintegration and of the dreary despotisms after the Thirty Years' War, when German princes, devoid of all national feeling, always stood ready to serve the interests and the ambitions of foreign potentates — even to sell their own subjects in order to maintain with the proceeds the luxuries of their dissolute courts — and with equal shame we thought of the period of the "Rheinbund," when a number of German princes became mere vassals of Napoleon; when one part of Germany served to keep the other part at the feet of the hated conqueror, and when Francis of Austria, Emperor of the hopelessly decayed Empire of Germany, laid down in 1806 his crown as German Emperor, and the German Empire ceased even to exist in name.

Then came in 1813, after long suffering and debasement, the great popular uprising against Napoleonic despotism, and with it a period of a new German national consciousness. To this feeling appealed the famous manifesto, issued from the town of Kalisch, in which the King of Prussia allied with the Russian Czar, called the German people to arms, promising at the same time a new national union and participation of the people in the business of government under constitutional forms. The new birth of a united German nation, the abolition of arbitrary government by the introduction of free political institutions — that was the solemn promise of the Prussian king as the people understood it — that was the hope which led the people into the struggle against Napoleonic rule with enthusiastic heroism and a self-sacrifice without limit, and with which they won a final victory. It was one of the periods in human history where a people showed itself ready to sacrifice all for the attainment of an ideal.

But after the victories of Leipzig and Waterloo followed another time of bitter disappointment. Against the formation of a united Germany arose not only the jealous opposition of non-German Europe, but also the selfish ambitions of the smaller German princes, especially of those who, as members of the "Rheinbund," such as Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Baden, etc., had been raised in their rank. And this opposition was strengthened by the intriguing policy of Austria, which with her possessions outside of Germany had also un-German interests and designs. And this Austrian policy was conducted by Prince Metternich, the Chancellor and Prime Minister of Austria, to whom every emotion of German patriotism was foreign, and who hated and feared

every free aspiration among the people. Thus the peace brought to the Germans not nearly the reward of their sacrifices which they had deserved and expected. From the Congress of Vienna in 1814 and 1815, which disposed of peoples as of herds of cattle in order to establish a permanent balance of power in Europe, nothing issued for the German nation but a treaty of alliance between German states, the famous "Deutsche Bund," the executive organ of which was to be the "Bundestag"; and this organ was to be composed of the representatives of the various German kings and princes, without the slightest vestige of popular representation. There was no mention of any guarantee of civic rights, of a popular vote, of a free press, of the freedom of assembly, of a trial by jury. On the contrary, the Bundestag, impotent as an organ of the German nation in its relations to the outside world, developed itself only as a mutual insurance society of despotic rulers within — as a central police-board for the suppression of all national and liberal aspirations. The King of Prussia, Frederick William III, the same King who made the promise to the people contained in the proclamation of Kalisch, had probably in the days of distress and of the national uprising honestly meant to redeem his pledge. But his mind was narrow and easily disposed to consider autocratic authority on his part as necessary for the well-being of the world. Every effort among the people in favor of free institutions of government appeared to him as an attack on that absolute authority and therefore as a revolutionary transgression; and the mere reminder on the part of the people of his own promises made to them in 1813, was resented by him as an arrogant self-assertion of subjects, and as such to be repelled. Thus he became, perhaps unconsciously, a mere tool of Prince Metternich, the evil genius of Germany. The outcome was a period of stupid reaction, a period of conferences of ministers for the concoction of despotic measures, of cruel persecutions of patriotic men whom they called demagogues, of barbarous press-gagging, of brutal police excesses. In a few of the small German states some advance was made towards liberal institutions which, however, was usually followed by more odious measures of repression on the part of the Bundestag. Such were the returns for the sacrifices and the heroism of the German people in the struggle for national independence; such was the fulfilment of the fair promises made by the princes. It was a time of deepest humiliation. Even the Frenchman, who had felt the edge of the German sword, derided, not without reason, the pitiable degradation of the victor.

Hope revived when Frederick William III's son and successor, Frederick William IV, ascended the Prussian throne in 1840. Having been known as a man of high intelligence, and having as crown prince excited fair expectations, he was considered incapable of continuing the stupid and sterile policy of his father. Indeed, the first utterances of the new King and the employment of capable men in high positions encouraged the hope that he was a man of national heart, in sympathy with the patriotic aspirations of the German people, and that the liberal currents of the time would find in him appreciative understanding. But fresh disappointments followed. As soon as the demand was publicly made that now at last the old promise of a representative government should be fulfilled, the King's attitude changed. Such demands were bluntly repelled and the censorship of the press was enforced with renewed severity. Frederick William IV was possessed by a mystical faith in the absolute power of kings "by the grace of God." He indulged himself in romantic imaginings about the political and social institutions of the Middle Ages, which appeared to him more desirable than those befitting the nineteenth century. He had sudden conceits but no convictions, whims but no genuine force of will, wit but no wisdom. He possessed the ambition to do something great and thus to engrave his name upon the history of the world. But he wished at heart to leave everything substantially as it had been. He thought he could offer to the people an appearance of popular participation in the government, without, however in the least limiting the omnipotence of the crown. But these attempts ended like others made by other monarchs in other times. The merely ostensible and insufficient things he offered served only to strengthen and inflame the popular demand for something substantial and effective. Revolutions often begin with apparent but unreal reforms. He called "provincial diets" — assemblies of locally prominent men — with the expectation that they would modestly content themselves with the narrow functions he prescribed for them. But

they petitioned vehemently for a great deal more. The experiment of appearing to give and of really withholding everything was bound to fail miserably. The petitions of the provincial diets for freedom of the press, for trial by jury, and a liberal constitution became more and more pressing. The discontent gradually grew so general, the storm of petitions so violent, the repugnance of the people to police despotism so menacing, that the old parade of the absolute kingly power would no longer suffice and some new step in the direction of liberal innovations seemed imperatively necessary.

At last Frederick William IV decided to convoke the so-called "United Diet," an assembly consisting of the members of all the provincial diets, to meet on the 11th of April, 1847, in Berlin. But it was the old game over again. This assembly was to have the look of a parliament and yet not to be one. Its convocation was always to depend upon the pleasure of the King. Its powers were circumscribed within the narrowest limits. It was not to make laws nor to pass binding resolutions. It was to serve only as a sort of advisory council to the King, to assist him in forming his decisions, and its wishes were substantially to be presented to him only by way of petition. In the speech with which the King opened the United Diet, he declared with emphasis that this was now the utmost concession to which he would ever consent; he would never, never permit "a piece of paper," meaning a written constitution, to be put between the monarch and his people; the people themselves, he claimed, did not desire a participation of their representatives in the government; the absolute power of the King must not be touched; "the crown must reign and govern according to the laws of God and of the country and according to the King's own resolutions;" he could not, and must not, govern according to the will of majorities; "and he, the King, would never have called this assembly," had he ever suspected in the slightest degree that its members would try to play the part of "so-called representatives of the people." This was now, he said, the fulfilment, and "more than the fulfilment" of the promises made in the time of distress in 1813, before the expulsion of the French.'

General disappointment and increasing discontent followed this pronouncement. But the concession made by the King, in fact, signified more than he had anticipated. A king who wishes to govern with absolute power must not permit a public discussion of the policy and of the acts of the government by men who stand nearer to the people than he does. The United Diet could, indeed, not resolve but only debate and petition. But that it could debate and that its debates passed through faithful newspaper reports into the intelligence of the country, that was an innovation of incalculable consequence. The bearing of the United Diet, on the benches of which sat many men of uncommon capacity and liberal principles, was throughout dignified, discreet and moderate. But the struggle against absolutism began instantly and the people followed it with constantly increasing interest. What has happened in the history of the world more than once, happened again; every step forward brought to the consciousness of the people the necessity of farther steps forward. And now when the King endeavored to stem the growing commotion, repelled the moderate demands made by the United Diet with sharp words, and dismissed that assembly "ungraciously," then the public mind was, by the government itself, dragged into that channel of thought in which revolutionary sentiments grow.

Revolutionary agitators had so far in their isolation passed for dreamers and could win but a slim following. But now the feeling began to spread in large circles that the real thunderstorm was coming, although hardly anybody anticipated how near it was. In former days people had excited themselves about what Thiers and Guizot said in the French Chambers, or Palmerston and Derby in the English Parliament, or even what Hecker, Rotteck and Welker said in the little Diet of the Grand Duchy of Baden. But now everybody listened with nervous eagerness to every word that, in the United Diet of the most important of German States, fell from the lips of Camphausen, Vincke, von Beckerath, Hansemann and other liberal leaders. There was a feeling in the air as if this United Diet, in its position and the task to be performed by it, was not at all unlike the French National Assembly of 1789.

We university students watched these events with perhaps a less clear understanding, but with no less ardent interest, than our elders. As I have already mentioned,

the "Burschenschaft" had its political traditions. Immediately after the wars of liberation — 1813 to 1815 — it had been among the first in line to raise the cry for the fulfilment of the pledges given by the princes. It had cultivated the national spirit with zeal which occasionally ran into exaggerated and fantastic demonstrations. It had furnished many victims to the persecutions of so-called demagogues. The political activity of the old Burschenschaft had indeed not been continued by the younger associations; but "God, Liberty, Fatherland" had still remained the common watchword; we still wore the prohibited black-red-gold ribbon under our coats, and very many members of the new Burschenschaft societies still recognized it as their duty to keep themselves well informed of what happened in the political world and to devote to it as active an interest as possible. Thus the liberal currents of our time found among us enthusiastic partizans, although we young people could not give a very definite account of the practical steps to be taken.

In the prosecution of my studies I had taken up with ardor the history of Europe at the period of the great Reformation. I expected to make this my specialty as a professor of history. The great characters of that period attracted me strongly, and I could not resist the temptation to clothe some of them in dramatic form. So I planned a tragedy, the main figure of which was to be Ulrich von Hutten, and I began to elaborate some scenes in detail. At the beginning of the winter-semester of 1847–48 I had made the acquaintance of a young student from Detmold, who became not, indeed, a member, but a guest of the Franconia. His name was Friedrich Althaus. More than any other young man of my acquaintance he responded to the ideal of German youth. He was a thoroughly pure and noble nature and richly endowed with mental gifts. As we pursued similar studies we easily became intimates, and this friendship lasted with undiminished warmth long beyond the university years. To him I confided my Hutten secret and he encouraged me to carry out my plan. Happy were the hours when I read to him what I had written, and he gave me his judgment, which usually was altogether too favorable. Thus passed the larger part of the winter in useful and enjoyable occupation, then fate broke in with the force of a mighty hurricane which swept me as well as many others with irresistible power out of all life plans previously designed and cherished.

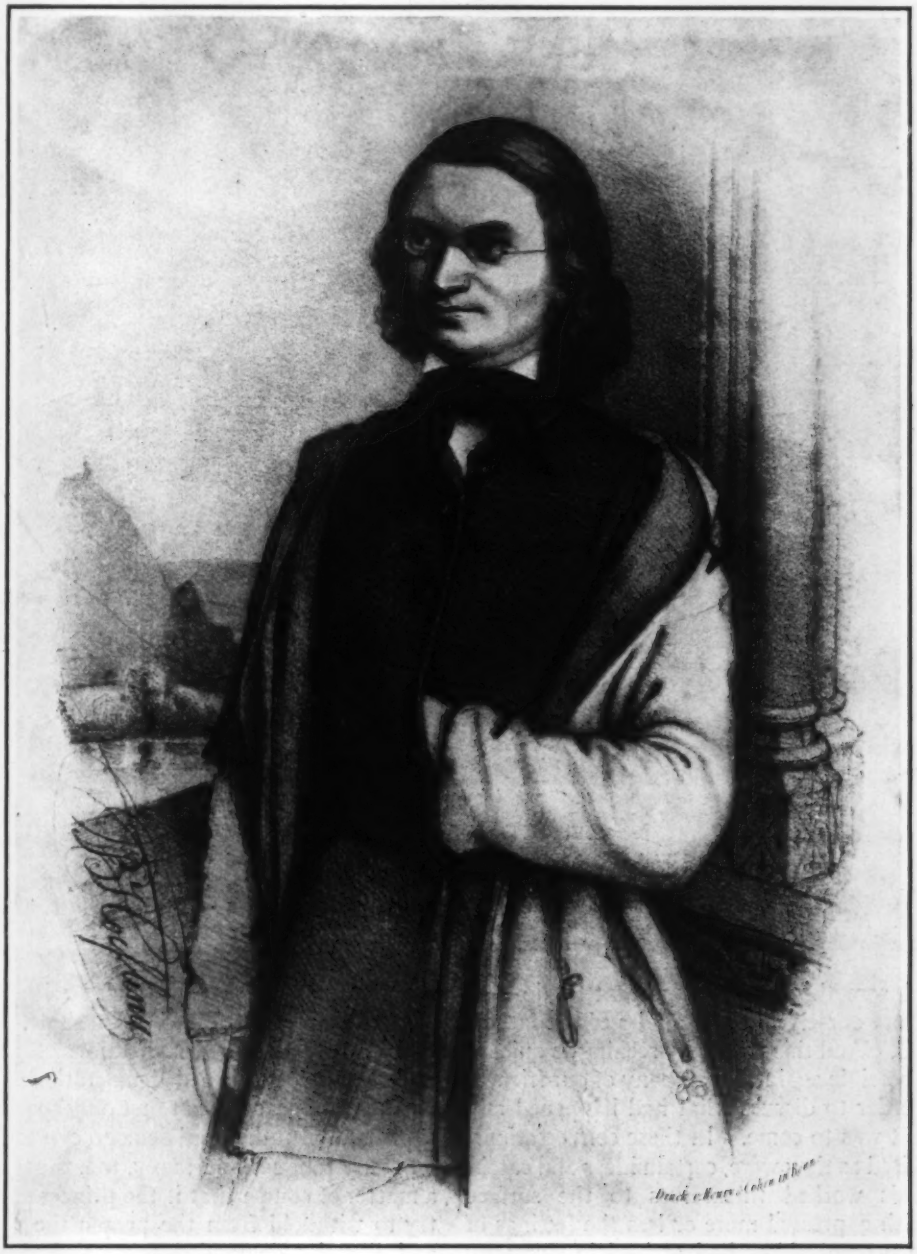
One morning toward the end of February, 1848, I sat quietly in my attic chamber working hard at my tragedy of Ulrich von Hutten, when suddenly a friend rushed breathlessly into the room, exclaiming: "What, you sitting here! Do you not know what has happened?"

"No, what?"

"The French have driven away Louis Philippe and proclaimed the Republic."

I threw down my pen — and that was the end of my Ulrich von Hutten. I never touched the manuscript again. We tore down the stairs into the street to the market square, the accustomed meeting place for all the student societies after their midday dinner. Although it was still forenoon, the market was already crowded with young men talking excitedly. There was no shouting, no noise, only agitated conversation. What did we want there? This probably no one knew. But since the French had driven away Louis Philippe and proclaimed the Republic, something of course must happen here, too. Some of the students had brought their rapiers along, as if it were necessary at once to make an attack or to defend ourselves. We were dominated by a vague feeling that a great outbreak of elemental forces had begun, as if an earthquake was impending of which we had felt the first shock, and we instinctively crowded together. Thus we wandered about in numerous bands to the "Kneipe," where our restlessness, however, would not suffer us long to stay; then to other pleasure resorts, where we fell into conversation with all manner of strangers, to find in them the same confused, astonished and expectant state of mind; then back to the market square to see what might be going on there; then again somewhere else, and so on without aim and end, until finally late in the night fatigue compelled us to find the way home.

The next morning there were the usual lectures to be attended. But how profitless! The voice of the professor sounded like a monotonous drone coming from far away. What he had to say did not seem to concern us. The pen that should have taken notes remained idle. At last we closed with a sigh the note-book and went away, impelled by a feeling that now we



CARL SCHURZ AT NINETEEN

SUDDENLY STIRRED OUT OF THE PLEASANT PATHS OF STUDENT-LIFE INTO THE GERMAN REVOLUTION OF 1848, QUICKENED UNTIL, AS MR. SCHURZ SAYS: "THE VOICE OF THE PROFESSOR SOUNDED LIKE A MONOTONOUS DRONE COMING FROM A DISTANCE. THE PEN THAT SHOULD HAVE TAKEN NOTES REMAINED IDLE. AT LAST WE CLOSED WITH A SIGH THE NOTE-BOOK AND WENT AWAY, IMPELLED BY A FEELING THAT NOW WE HAD SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT TO DO, TO DEVOTE OURSELVES TO THE AFFAIRS OF THE FATHERLAND."

From the steel engraving after the life drawing by F. Lieder, made in 1830

PRINCE METTERNICH

CHANCELLOR AND PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRIA

Metternich, leader of the reactionary party in Europe 1815–1848, was overthrown by the disturbances of 1848. He was "the evil genius of Germany — to whom every emotion of German patriotism was foreign, and who hated and feared every free aspiration among the people.

had something more important to do — to devote ourselves to the affairs of the fatherland. And this we did by seeking as quickly as possible again the company of our friends, in order to discuss what had happened and what was to come. In these conversations, excited as they were, certain ideas and catchwords worked themselves to the surface which expressed more or less the feelings of the people. Now had arrived in Germany the day for the establishment of "German unity" and the founding of a great powerful national German Empire. In the first line the convocation of a national Parliament. Then the demands for civil rights and liberties, free speech, free press, the right of free assembly, equality before the law, a freely elected representation of the people with legislative power, responsibility of ministers, self-government of the communes, the right of the people to carry arms, the formation of a civic guard with self-elected officers, etc., etc. — in short, that which was called a "constitutional form of government on a broad democratic basis." Republican ideas were at first only sparingly expressed. But the word democracy was soon on many tongues and many, too, thought it a matter of course that if the princes should try to withhold from the people the rights and liberties demanded, force should take the place of mere petition. Of course the regeneration of the fatherland must, if possible, be accomplished by peaceable means, but it must be accomplished at all events.

A few days after the outbreak of this commotion I reached my nineteenth birthday. I remember to have been so entirely absorbed by what was happening that I could hardly turn my thoughts to anything else. I, like all my friends, was dominated by the feeling that at last the great

From the lithograph by Franz Leopold

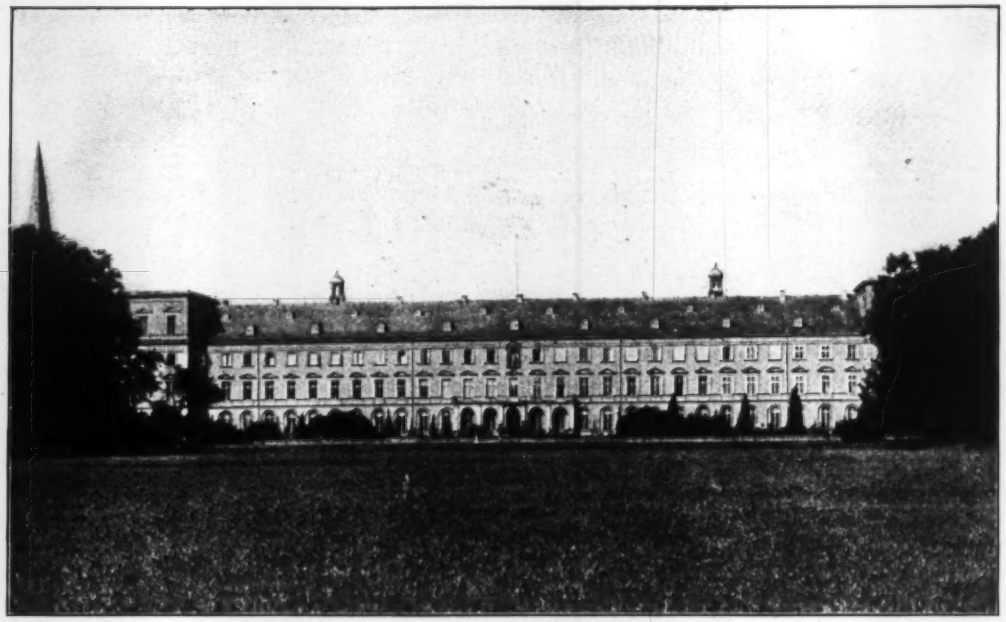
FREDERICK WILLIAM III

FOR FORTY-THREE YEARS KING OF PRUSSIA

In 1813 Frederick William III, promised sympathy with his people in their aspiration for national unity and some measure of liberty. But his promises were not fulfilled. He became a mere tool of Prince Metternich. He was easily led to consider autocratic authority necessary for the well-being of the world.

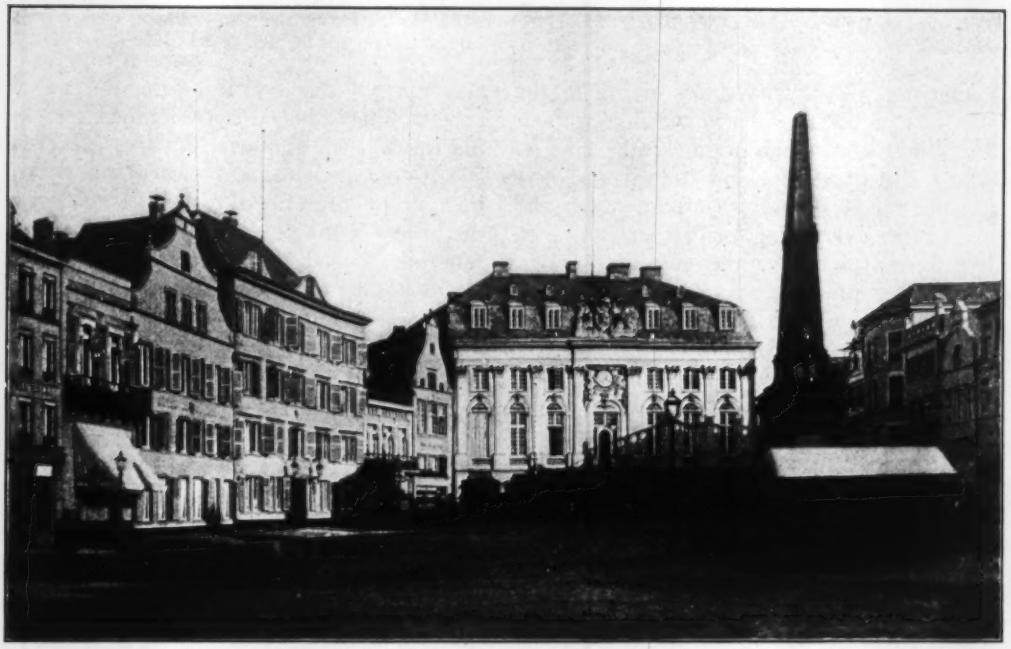
opportunity had arrived for giving to the German people the liberty which was their birthright, and to the German fatherland its unity and greatness, and that it was now the first duty of every German to do and to sacrifice everything for this sacred object. We were profoundly, solemnly in earnest.

The first practical service we had to perform turned out to be a very merry one. Shortly after the arrival of the tidings from France the Burgomaster of Bonn, a somewhat timid official, believed the public safety in his town to be in imminent danger. In point of fact, in spite of the general excitement, there were really no serious disturbances of the public order, but the Burgomaster insisted that a civic guard must at once be organized to patrol the city and the surrounding country during the night. The students, too, were called upon to join it, and as the forming of such a guard was also part of our political program, we at once willingly obeyed the summons, and we did this in such numbers that soon the civic guard consisted in great part of university men. Our prescribed task was to arrest disturbers of the public order and suspicious individuals, and to conduct them to the guard house; to induce gatherings of a suspicious nature to disperse; to protect property; and generally to watch over the public safety. But the public safety being really in no manner threatened and the patrolling of the city and neighborhood meeting no serious needs, the university men found in the whole proceeding an opportunity for harmless amusement. Armed with our rapiers, the iron sheaths of which were made to rattle upon the pavement to the best of our ability, we marched through the streets. Every solitary citizen whom we met during the night was summoned with pompous



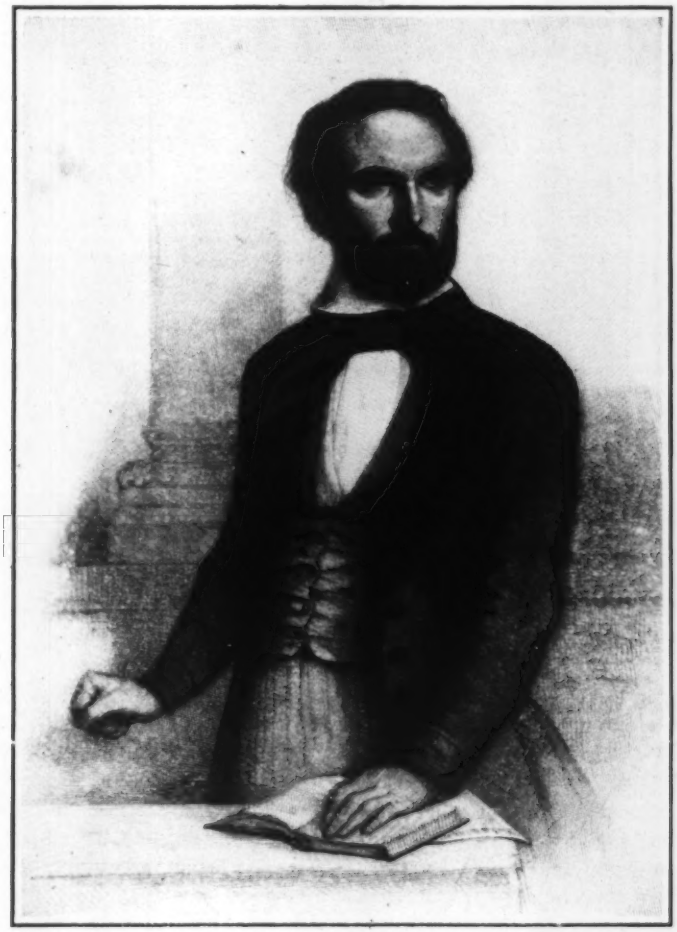
THE UNIVERSITY AT BONN

phrase to "disperse" and to betake himself to his "respective habitations," or if it pleased him better, to follow us to the guard house and have a glass of wine with us. Whenever we happened to run across a patrol not composed of students but of citizens, we at once denounced them as a dangerous mob, arrested them and took them to the guard house, where with cheers for the new free Germany, we drank as many glasses together as there were points of reform in the political program. The good burghers of Bonn fully appreciated the humor of the situation and entered heartily into the fun.



THE RATHHAUS AT BONN

While all this looked merry enough, affairs elsewhere were taking a serious turn — as serious as we, too, felt at the bottom of our hearts. Exciting news came from all sides. In Cologne a threatening fermentation prevailed. the military drum-beat; the soldiery marched upon the popular gatherings, and Willich as well as another ex-artillery officer, Fritz Anneke, were arrested. Thereupon increasing excitement.



PROFESSOR GOTTFRIED KINKEL

POET, ART HISTORIAN, AND REVOLUTIONIST

Schurz's teacher at the University of Bonn in 1848 — "an acquaintance which (as we shall see) for later years became one of fateful consequence."

In the taverns and on the streets resounded the "Marseillaise," which at that time still passed in all Europe for the "hymn of liberty." On the public places great meetings were held to consult about the demands to be made by the people. A large deputation headed by a late lieutenant of artillery, August von Willich, forced its way into the hall of the city council, vehemently insisting that the municipality present as its own the demands of the people of Cologne to the King. The streets resounded with

The Rhenish members of the prorogued United Diet implored the president of the province to recommend to the King an immediate acceptance of the demands of the people as the only thing that could prevent bloody conflicts. In Coblenz, Düsseldorf, Aachen, Krefeld, Cleves and other cities on the Rhine similar demonstrations took place. In South Germany — in Baden, Hessen-on-the-Rhine, Nassau, Würtemberg, Bavaria — the same revolutionary spirit burst forth like a prairie fire. In Baden the Grand

From the lithograph by W. Mannheim

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV

KING OF PRUSSIA 1840–1861

Frederick William IV succeeded Frederick William III. He was a brother of William I, who later became the much loved German Kaiser. Frederick William IV at first seemed like a man of national heart. The stirring events during his reign, however, revealed his mystical faith in the absolute power of kings "by the grace of God."

Duke acceded almost at once to what was asked of him, and so did the rulers of Würtemberg, Nassau, and Hessen-Darmstadt. In Bavaria, where even before the outbreak of the French February revolution the notorious Lola Montez, mistress of King Ludwig, had had to yield her place near the throne to the wrath of the people, uproar followed uproar to drive the King to liberal concessions. In Hesse-Cassel the Elector succumbed to the pressure when the people had armed themselves for an uprising. The students of the university of Giessen sent word to the insurgent Hessians that they stood ready to help them. In Saxony the defiant attitude of the citizens of Leipzig under the leadership of Robert Blum quickly brought the King to terms.

Great news came from Vienna. There the students of the university were the first to assail the Emperor of Austria with the cry for liberty and citizens' rights. Blood flowed in the streets, and the downfall of Prince Metternich was the result. The students organized themselves as the armed guard of liberty. In the great cities of Prussia there was a mighty commotion. Not only Cologne, Coblenz and Treves, but also Breslau, Königsberg and Frankfort-on-the-Oder sent deputations to Berlin to entreat the King. In the Prussian capital the masses surged upon the streets and everybody looked for events of great import.

While these tidings rushed in upon us from all sides like a roaring tornado, we in the little university town of Bonn were also busy preparing addresses to the sovereign, to circulate them for signature and to send them to Berlin. On the 18th of March we, too, had our mass demonstration. A great multitude gathered for a solemn procession through the streets of the town. Many of the most respectable citizens, not a

Lithographed by Leon Noël after the painting by Winterhalter

LOUIS PHILIPPE

KING OF THE FRENCH

Carl Schurz, expecting to become a professor of history, was in his attic chamber at the University of Bonn working at a tragedy when word came that the French had driven away Louis Philippe and proclaimed a Republic. He threw down the tragedy and never touched it again. Fate now swept him out of all life plans previously designed and cherished.

few professors, and a great number of students and people of all grades marched in close ranks. At the head of the procession Professor Kinkel bore the tricolor, black, red and gold, which so long had been prohibited as the revolutionary flag. Arrived on the market square, he mounted the steps of the city hall and spoke to the assembled throng. He spoke with wonderful eloquence, his voice ringing out in its most powerful tones as he depicted a resurrection of German unity and greatness and of the liberties and rights of the German people, which now must be conceded by the princes or won by force by the people. And when at last he waved the black-red-gold banner and predicted to a free German nation a magnificent future, enthusiasm without bounds broke forth. People clapped their hands, they shouted, they embraced one another, they shed tears. The city was soon covered with tricolored flags, and not only the Burschenschaft, but almost everybody, wore a black-red-gold cockade on hat or cap. While on that 18th of March we were parading through the streets, suddenly sinister rumors flew from mouth to mouth. It had been reported that the King of Prussia after long hesitation was finally, like the other German princes, yielding to the popular demands that were pouring upon him from all sides, but that the soldiery had fired upon the people and that a bloody struggle was raging in the streets of Berlin. Nobody seemed to know whence the rumor had come.

The enthusiastic elation was followed by a short time of anxious expectancy. At last the tidings arrived of the awful events that had taken place in the capital.

(To be continued)

'''A SLATHER OF ROCKS AND STONES COME OUT OF THE MOUTH AND BEGAN TO DUMP DOWN PROMISCUOUS ON THE SCENERY'''

ARIZONA NIGHTS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE RAWHIDE," "THE FOREST," ETC.

I

UNCLE JIM'S YARN: THE INDIAN STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES M. RUSSELL

THE ring around the sun had thickened all day long, and the turquoise blue of the Arizona sky had filmed. Storms in the dry countries are infrequent, but heavy; and this surely meant storm. We had ridden since sun-up over broad mesas, down and out of deep cañons, along the base of the mountains in the wildest parts of the territory. The cattle were winding leisurely toward the high country; the jack rabbits had disappeared; the quail lacked; we did not see a single antelope in the open.

"It's a case of hole up," the Cattleman ventured his opinion. "I have a ranch over in the Double R. Charley and Windy Bill hold it down. We'll tackle it. What do you think?"

The four cow-boys agreed. We dropped into a low, broad watercourse, ascended it to big cottonwoods and flowing water, followed it into box cañons between rim-rock carved fantastically and painted like a Moorish façade, until at last in a widening below a rounded hill, we came upon an adobe house, a fruit tree, and a round corral. This was the Double R.

Charley and Windy Bill welcomed us with soda biscuits. We turned our horses out, spread our beds on the floor, filled our pipes, and squatted on our heels. Various dogs of various breeds investigated us. It was very pleasant, and we did not mind the ring around the sun.

"Somebody else coming," announced the Cattleman finally.

"Uncle Jim," said Charley after a glance.

A hawk-faced old man, with a long, white beard and long, white hair rode out from the cottonwoods. He had on a battered, broad hat abnormally high of crown, carried across his saddle a heavy "eight square" rifle, and was followed by a half-dozen lolloping hounds.

The largest and fiercest of the latter, catching sight of our group, launched himself with lightning rapidity at the biggest of the ranch dogs, promptly nailed that canine by the back of the neck, shook him violently a score of times, flung him aside, and pounced on the next. During the ensuing few moments that hound was the busiest thing in the West. He satisfactorily whipped four dogs, pursued two cats up a tree, upset the Dutch oven and the rest of the soda biscuits, stampeded the horses and raised a cloud of dust adequate to represent the smoke of battle. We others were too paralyzed to move. Uncle Jim sat placidly on his white horse, his thin knees bent to the ox-bow stirrups, smoking.

In ten seconds the trouble was over, principally because there was no more trouble to make. The hound returned leisurely, licking from his chops the hair of his victims. Uncle Jim shook his head.

"Trailer," said he sadly, "is a little severe."

We agreed heartily, and turned in to welcome Uncle Jim with a fresh batch of soda biscuits.

The old man was one of the typical "long hairs." He had come to the Galiuro Mountains in sixty-nine, and since sixty-nine he had remained in the Galiuro Mountains spite of man or the devil. At present he possessed some hundreds of cattle which he

was reputed to water, in a dry season, from an ordinary dish-pan. In times past he had prospected. That evening, the severe Trailer having dropped to slumber, he held forth on big game hunting and dogs, quartz claims and Apaches.

"Did you ever have any very close calls?" I asked.

He ruminated a few moments, refilled his pipe with some awful tobacco, and told the following experience.

In the time of Geronimo I was living just about where I do now; and that was just about in line with the raiding. You see, Geronimo, and Ju,* and old Loco used to pile out of the reservation at Camp Apache, raid south to the line, slip over into Mexico when the soldiers got too promiscuous, and raid there until they got ready to come back. Then there was always a big medicine talk. Says Geronimo:

"I am tired of the war-path. I will come back from Mexico with all my warriors, if you will escort me with soldiers and protect my people."

"All right," says the General, being only too glad to get him back at all.

So, then, in ten minutes there would n't be a buck in camp, but next morning they shows up again, each with about fifty head of horses.

"Where 'd you get those horses?" asks the General suspicious.

"Had 'em pastured in the hills," answers Geronimo.

"I can't take all those horses with me; I believe they 're stolen!" says the General.

"My people cannot go without their horses," says Geronimo.

So, across the line they goes, and back to the reservation. In about a week there's fifty-two frantic Greasers wanting to know where 's their horses? The army is nothing but an importer of stolen stock, and knows it, and can't help it.

Well, as I says, I 'm between Camp Apache and the Mexican line, so that every raiding party goes right on past me. The point is that I 'm a thousand feet or so above the valley, and the renegades is in such a devil of a hurry about that time that they never stops to climb up and collect me. Often I've watched them trailing down the valley in a cloud of dust. Then, in a day or two, a squad of soldiers would come up and camp at my spring for a while. They used to send soldiers to guard every water-hole in the country so the renegades could n't get water. After a while, from not being bothered none, I got to thinking I was n't worth while with them.

Me and Johnny Hooper were pecking away at the Ole Virginia mine then. We 'd got down about sixty feet, all timbered, and was thinking of cross-cutting. One day Johnny went to town, and that same day I got in a hurry and left my gun at camp.

I worked all the morning down at the bottom of the shaft, and when I see by the sun it was getting along towards noon, I put in three good shots, tamped 'em down, lit the fuses, and started to climb out.

It ain't noways pleasant to light a fuse in a shaft, and then have to climb out a fifty-foot ladder, with it burning behind you. I never did get used to it. You keep thinking, "now, suppose there 's a flaw in that fuse, or something, and she goes off in six seconds instead of two minutes? where 'll you be then?" It would give you a good boost towards your home on high, anyway.

So I climbed fast, and stuck my head out the top without looking — and then I froze solid enough. There, about fifty feet away, climbing up the hill on mighty tired hosses, was a dozen of the ugliest Chiricahuas you ever don't want to meet, and in addition a Mexican renegade named Maria, who was worse than any of 'em. I see at once their hosses was tired out, and they had a notion of camping at my water-hole, not knowing nothing about the Ole Virginia mine.

For two bits I 'd have let go all holts and dropped backwards, trusting to my thick head for easy lighting. Then I heard a little fizz and sputter from below. At that my hair riz right up so I could feel the breeze blow under my hat. For about six seconds I stood there like an imbecile, grinning amiably. Then one of the Chiricahuas made a sort of grunt, and I sabed that they 'd seen the original exhibit your Uncle Jim was making of himself.

Then that fuse gave another sputter, and one of the Apaches said "un dah." That means "white man." It was harder to turn my head than if I 'd had a stiff-neck; but I managed to do it, and I see that my ore dump was n't more than ten foot away. I mighty near overjumped it; and the next I knew I was on one side of it and those

*Pronounced "Who."

Apaches on the other. Probably I flew; leastways I don't seem to remember jumping.

That didn't seem to do me much good. The renegades were grinning and laughing to think how easy a thing they had; and I couldn't rightly think up any arguments against that notion — at least from their standpoint. They were chattering away to each other in Mexican for the benefit of Maria. Oh, they had me all distributed, down to my suspender-buttons! And me squatting behind that ore dump about as formidable as a brush rabbit!

Then, all at once, one of my shots went off down in the shaft.

"Boom!" say she, plenty big; and a slather of rocks and stones come out of the mouth and began to dump down promiscuous on the scenery. I got one little one in the shoulder-blade, and found time to wish my ore dump had a roof. But those renegades caught it square in the thick of trouble. One got knocked out entirely for a minute, by a nice piece of country rock in the head

"Otra vez!" yells I, which means 'again.'

"Boom!" goes the Ole Virginia prompt as an answer.

I put in my time dodging, but when I gets a chance to look, the Apaches has all got to cover, and is looking scared.

"Otra vez!" yells I again.

"Boom!" says the Ole Virginia.

This was the biggest shot of the lot, and she surely cut loose. I ought to have been half-way up the hill watching things from a safe distance, but I was n't. Lucky for me the shaft was a little on the drift, so she didn't quite shoot my way. But she distributed about a ton over those renegades. They sort of half got to their feet, uncertain.

"Otra vez!" yells I once more, as bold as if I could keep her shooting all day.

It was just a cold, raw blazer; and if it didn't go through I could see me as an Apache parlor ornament. But it did. Those Chiricahuas give one yell and skipped. It was surely a funny sight, after they got aboard their war ponies, to see them trying to dig out on horses too tired to trot.

I didn't stop to get all the laughs though. In fact, I give one jump off that ledge, and I lit a-running. A quarter-hoss couldn't have beat me to that shack. There I grabbed old Meat-in-the-pot and made a climb for the tall country, aiming to wait around until dark, and then to pull out for Benson. Johnny Hooper was n't expected till next day, which was lucky. From where I lay I could see the Apaches camped out beyond my draw, and I did n't doubt they 'd visited the place. Along about sunset they all left their camp, and went into the draw, so there, I thinks, I sees a good chance to make a start before dark. I dropped down from the mesa, skirted the butte, and angled down across the country. After I 'd gone a half mile from the cliffs, I ran across Johnny Hooper's fresh trail headed towards camp!

My heart jumped right up into my mouth at that. Here was poor old Johnny, a day too early, with a pack-mule of grub, walking innocent as a yearling, right into the hands of those hostiles. The trail looked pretty fresh, and Benson 's a good long day with a pack animal, so I thought perhaps I might catch him before he runs into trouble. So I ran back on the trail as fast as I could make it. The sun was down by now, and it was getting dusk.

I didn't overtake him, and when I got to the top of the cañon I crawled along very cautious and took a look. Of course, I expected to see everything up in smoke, but I nearly got up and yelled when I see everything all right, and old Sukey, the pack-mule, and Johnny's hoss hitched up as peaceful as babies to the corral.

"*That's* all right!" thinks I, "they 're back in their camp, and have n't discovered Johnny yet. I 'll snail him out of there."

So I ran down the hill and into the shack. Johnny sat in his chair — what there was of him. He must have got in about two hours before sundown, for they 'd had lots of time to put in on him. That 's the reason they 'd stayed so long up the draw. Poor old Johnny! I was glad it was night, and he was dead. Apaches are the worst Injins there is for tortures. They cut off the bottoms of old man Wilkins's feet, and stood him on an ant-hill ——

In a minute or so, though, my wits gets to work.

"Why 'ain't the shack burned?" I asks myself, "and why is the hoss and the mule tied all so peaceful to the corral?"

It didn't take long for a man who knows Injins to answer *those* conundrums. The whole thing was a trap — for me — and I 'd walked into it, chuckle-headed as a prairie-dog!

With that I makes a run outside — by now it was dark — and listens. Sure enough, I hears hosses. So I makes a rapid sneak back over the trail.

Everything seemed all right till I got up to the rim-rock. Then I heard more hosses — ahead of me. And when I looked back, I could see some Injuns already at the shack, and starting to build a fire outside.

In a tight fix, a man is pretty apt to get scared till all hope is gone. Then he is pretty apt to get cool and calm. That was my case. I could n't go ahead — there was those hosses coming along the trail. I could n't go back — there was those Injuns building the fire. So I skirmished around till I got a bright star right over the trail ahead, and I trained old Meat-in-the-pot to bear on that star, and I made up my mind that when the star was darkened I 'd turn loose. So I lay there a while listening. By and by the star was blotted out, and I cut loose, and old Meat-in-the-pot missed fire — she never did it before nor since — I think that cartridge ——

Well, I don't know where the Injins came from, but it seemed as if the hammer had hardly clicked before three or four of them had piled on me. I put up the best fight I could, for I wasn't figuring to be caught alive, and this miss-fire deal had fooled me all along the line. They surely had a lively time. I expected every minute to feel a knife in my back, but when I did n't get it, then I knew they wanted to bring me in alive, and that made me fight harder. First and last we rolled and plunged all the way from the rim-rock down to the cañon-bed. Then one of the Injins sung out:

"Maria!"

And I thought of that renegade Mexican, and what I 'd heard about him, and that made me fight harder yet.

But after we 'd fought down to the cañon-bed, and had lost most of our skin, a half-dozen more fell on me, and in less than no time they had me tied. Then they picked me up and carried me over to where they 'd built a big fire by the corral.

Uncle Jim stopped with an air of finality, and began lazily to refill his pipe. From the open, mud fireplace he picked a coal. Outside the rain, faithful to the prophecy of the wide-ringed sun, beat fitfully against the roof.

"That was the closest call I ever had," said he at last.

"But, Uncle Jim," we cried in a confused chorus, "how did you get away? What did the Indians do to you? Who rescued you?"

Uncle Jim chuckled.

"The first man I saw sitting at that fire," said he, "was Lieutenant Price of the United States Army, and by him was Tom Horn.

"'What 's this?' he asks, and Horn talks to the Injins in Apache.

"'They say they 've caught Maria,' translates Horn back again.

"'Maria nothing!' says Lieutenant Price. 'This is Jim Fox. I know him.'

"So they turned me loose. It seems the troops had driven off the rengades an hour before."

"And the Indians who caught you, Uncle Jim? You said they were Indians."

"Were Tonto Basin Apaches," explained the old man — "government scouts under Tom Horn."

THE NEXT STORY IN THIS SERIES WILL BE "WINDY BILL'S YARN, THE EMIGRANT STORY."

A SERVANT OF GOD AND THE PEOPLE

THE STORY OF MARK FAGAN, MAYOR OF JERSEY CITY

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PORTRAIT (FRONTISPIECE)

THAT Jersey City, should have produced Mark Fagan, is strange enough. But that Mark Fagan, grave, kind, and very brave, should have been able, as Mayor, to make Jersey City what it is: a beginning of better things all over this land of ours, that is stranger still. And no man there pretends to understand it. Yet it is a simple story.

Mark — as they call him, the men, the women, and the children — was born September 29, 1869, in the fifth ward where he lives now. His parents were poor Irish, very poor. They moved over to New York when Mark was a child, and the father died. Mark sold newspapers. The newsboy dreamed dreams and fought fights. He claimed a corner, Twelfth Street and Avenue A, developed a good trade, and when competition came, he appealed to the man in the store to say if he was n't there first. The man in the store would n't decide; he told the boys they must fight it out among themselves, so they laid down their papers and they fought it out. Mark held his corner. "Life is one long fight for right," he says now, this very gentle man, who fights and — holds his corner.

The newsboy's dreams, like his fights, were very simple affairs. When I pried into them, I expected to hear of driving a locomotive or the Presidency, at least. But no, it seems that some men said roughly that they did n't want to buy a paper, others said it kindly. Mark made up his mind that when he became a man he would be like the kind men. Sometimes the nights were cold and the newsboy felt hungry and lonely; passing houses where the family sat in the basement room, all lighted up and warm, with plenty of smoking hot food before them, Mark stopped to look in and he dreamed that when he grew up, he also would have a home. He could n't go to school; he had only six months of it all told. But he did n't like school; it was indoors, and he has dreamed that he would like to have in Jersey City, schools on large plots of ground so that part of the teaching might be done in the open. But this dream came later.

When he was twelve or fourteen, Mark became a helper on a wagon. Then he learned the trade of a frame-gilder with Wm. B. Short, a Scotchman who made a deep impression on the boy. Short was a "genuine man." He was a Republican in politics. The boy was a Democrat by birth, breeding, and environment. But the man pointed out to the little Tammany Democrat on election days the Tammany line-up of men from the street into the saloon and out again, with foam on their lips and something in their hands, to the ballot-box. Mark had a painful time, talking to people on both sides, but what he saw with his own staring eyes, with the honest gilder pointing at the living facts, made the Democrat a Republican.

The next period made the boy a man. His uncle, an undertaker in Jersey City, offered Mark a job, and he moved with his mother and sister back there to take it. Now this business often has a demoralizing effect upon men. They see dreadful sights, and they harden or take to drink. Mark saw dreadful sights; you can see that he sees them now when he recalls those days. But they

softened, they sweetened Mark Fagan. He saw homes where the dead mother left nothing but a helpless child — nothing, you understand, but the child. He saw that the poor suffered greatly from the wrongs of others, not alone of those above, but of those who also were about them, and yet, the poor were great in charity for the poor. "I came," he says, in his quiet, level tone, "I came to have pity for the poor and — admiration." You hear that Mark, the undertaker, cared for the living child as well as the dead mother; he stayed with his job after the funeral, and by and by people came to the undertaker with the business of life. His explanation is that he "could write and fix up insurance and things like that." Others could write and fix up insurance; the point was that they trusted Mark to do it, all his neighbors, all nationalities, all ages; and he did it. One of the odd branches of this odd undertaking business was to fix up marriages. It seems that, among the poor also, there comes a time soon after the wedding when husband and wife fall out; love turns to what looks like hate, and sometimes becomes hate. In Jersey City, young married people used, when the crisis arrived, to go to Mark; they 'd "tell him on each other"; and he listened and seemed to judge. But what he really did was to get everything said and done with, and then when they were tired and satisfied and sorry, he "fixed 'em up."

So far there is nothing so very extraordinary about Mark Fagan. He is a type of the men who, winning the faith and affection of their neighbors, become political leaders. "Popularity" makes them "available" as candidates or "ward bosses." Nothing was further from Mark's mind, but it was inevitable that he should go into politics, and the way he went in was natural and commonplace. One Sunday morning as he was leaving church several young fellows stopped him to propose that he run for the board of freeholders. He was "not adapted," he said; why did n't one of them run? They explained that "Bob" Davis, the Democratic boss, would n't let them run; would n't let anybody run in their party who would n't knuckle under to him. But Mark was a Republican. The ward, like the city and county, was heavily Democratic, and since there was so little chance of winning, the Republican ring would let anybody have the nomination. If Mark would let them, they would arrange it, fight with him, and he might be elected. They could n't persuade Mark himself, but they knew how to get him. They went to his mother. They explained it to her, and she bade Mark run. He asked her if she understood it all, and she said she did n't, except that it seemed to be a chance to do some good in the ward.

Thus Mark Fagan was started in politics. When he took the Republican nomination and his popularity showed, the fellows that got him into the fight got out. They had to; they were called off by the bosses who ran the two parties as one. That made Mark fight the harder. Left high and dry by "the organization," he went to the people of his district. "I was bound to win," he says, "and I felt that if I was beaten it would be because I was n't known to enough of the voters. And, anyhow, I wanted to know my people in my ward." So he started at 5.45 one morning at one corner of his ward, and he went systematically through it, knocking at every door, seeing every man, woman, and child; he climbed 3,700 flights of stairs in seventeen nights; and he promised to "serve the people of his ward faithfully and honestly." Mark was elected, and dirty Jersey City was amazed.

Now comes the first remarkable thing about this remarkable man. The corruption, political and financial, of the United States is built up on the betrayal of the people by the leaders, big and little, whom they trust, and the treason begins in the ward. The ward leader, having the full, fine, personal faith of his neighbors, takes their confidence and their votes, and he delivers these things and his own soul to the party bosses who sell out the interests of the city, state, and nation to the business leaders, who — as we know now — use the money we entrust to them to rob us and corrupt our political, commercial, and our higher life. When Mark Fagan had taken his oath — the other, older freeholders came to him, and they invited him into "the combine." There was no mystery about it. There was a combine and this was graft; of course a man wants his share of the graft, and though Fagan was a Republican, party made no difference; both parties were in on it, and Fagan had a right to what was coming to him. Something — the man does n't

know exactly what it was — something which he thinks is religious, made him decline to go in. He is a quiet man and he made no outcry. He did n't perfectly understand anyhow, then, just what it all meant. It simply "did n't look right" to Mark, so he did not sell out the people of his ward who trusted him to serve them. And the worst of it was, he could n't serve them. If he would n't "stand in," the combine would n't let him have anything for his ward, not even the needed, rightful improvements. All he got were three political jobs, and they were a gift to him. The combine having distributed all the offices, had three left over. Since these were not enough to go around again, they wrangled till somebody, to save the combine, suggested giving them all to Mark. They "kind o' liked" Mark, so this bit of patronage went to him with a whoop.

Mark was not re-elected freeholder. He says that his inability to do things for the ward did not hurt him with his people; more of them voted for him than before. But the state and city rings had had a gerrymander about that time, and they so arranged the lines of Mark's ward that he was beaten. He served his neighbors privately till the next year the Republicans nominated him for the state senate. Hopeless, anyway, the candidacy fell upon a presidential year, Bryan's first, and the Democratic County of Hudson was wild with party enthusiasm. But the moment Mark was nominated he left the convention and, fifty feet from the door, began his campaign; he met two men; he told them he had just been nominated, that if he was elected he would serve them "honestly and faithfully," and they promised to vote for him. In this fashion, man to man, he canvassed his county and, though it went against him, he ran 'way ahead of his ticket. And he carried the city.

A Republican who can carry a Democratic city is the logical candidate of his party for Mayor, and in 1901, Mark Fagan was nominated. Some of the little bosses warned the big bosses that they could n't handle him, but the big bosses pooh-poohed the fears of the little bosses. In the first place he would n't be elected. The railroads, the public service companies, and some of the greatest corporations in the world have offices and properties in Jersey City and their agents there had used money so extensively that they ruled absolutely a people supposed to be utterly corrupted. Bribery at the polls, election frauds, ballot-box stuffing — all sorts of gross political crimes had made this home of "common people" and corporations notorious. "Bob" Davis was the Democratic boss, politically speaking; but E. F. C. Young, banker, leading citizen, public utility magnate, was the business boss who, backing Davis, was the real power. Colonel Sam Dickinson, the Republican boss, was a corporation man, and one might expect that his party, which was in power in the state, would help him. But no. General Sewell, U. S. Senator, Pennsylvania railroad official, and Republican state boss, dispensed Republican patronage in Hudson County, through the Democratic boss, Mr. E. F. C. Young. Sewell was dead now, but the custom survived him, and in 1901 the Democrats nominated against Fagan, George T. Smith, Young's son-in-law, an employee of the Pennsylvania. So Fagan had against him the money, the "best citizens," the "solid conservative business interests" of the state and city and — both rings. Hence, the certainty that Fagan would be defeated. But even if he should win the big bosses believed they could "handle him." They had sized up the man. And if you could size up Mark Fagan — feel his humility and see the pleading, almost dependent look of his honest, trustful eyes — you would understand how ridiculous to the big bosses the worry of the little bosses must have seemed.

An astonished city elected Mark. His quiet campaign from house to house, his earnest, simple promise to "serve you honestly and faithfully" had beaten bribery. His kind of people believed Mark Fagan, and so, though the Republican ticket as a whole was beaten, Mark was Mayor. Being Mayor, Mark assumed that he was the head of the city government. He did n't understand that his election meant simply that his boss had come into his own. He saw Governor Murphy appoint Colonel Dickinson secretary of state, and he heard that the Colonel was to have some of the local patronage of the Republican state government. Mark might have assumed that he had "made Dickinson." But he was told that it was the other way around. They walked in upon Mark — the Colonel who "made" him; the editor of the paper that "elected him;" and General Wanser who was ready to help "unmake him," these and the other big Republican

bosses who expected, as a matter of course, to give Jersey City a "good business government," called on the Mayor-elect. Mark, who has no humor, tried to tell me how he felt when they came and took charge of him and his office. Putting one fist to his forehead, and pressing the other hand on the back of his head (a characteristic gesture), he said that he looked up to those men; he felt his own deficiencies of education and experience; he had a heavy sense of his tremendous responsibility; and he wanted help and advice, for he wished to do right. But, you see, he was mayor. The people looked to him. He might make mistakes, but since he must answer for them to those people, man to man, you understand, and man by man, when he knocked again at their doors, why, Mark Fagan thought he ought to listen to "his party," yes, and be "true to it," yes, but after all, the whole people would expect him to decide all questions, all. Mayor Fagan did n't realize, at that time, that our constitutional governments were changed, that this was a business nation and that the government represented not the people, but business; not men, but business men. So he sat silent, apart and perplexed — not indignant, mind you; not quarreling and arguing; no, the others did that; — the Mayor only listened perplexed while Colonel Dickinson and General Wanser and the rest discussed "his" policy and "his" appointments, discussed them and disagreed, quarreled, all among themselves, but finally agreed among themselves. And then, when they had settled it all and turned to him, a party in harmony, he "got off something about being mayor and reserving the right to change some items of the slate and policy." It was their turn to be perplexed. Perplexed? They left him in a rage to "go to the devil."

The Mayor, abandoned, proceeded with a quiet study he was making all by himself of the city. He went about, visiting the departments, meeting officials, and asking questions. People wrote complaints to him, and some of them were as perplexed as the bosses when Mayor Fagan answered their letters in person, looked into their troubles and went off to "fix 'em up." There were lots of things for a mayor to do: Parents could n't get their children into school; no room. Families could n't get water above the second floor; no force. Cellars were flooded; pipes leaked. Jersey City, corrupt, neglected, robbed, needed everything. And Mayor Fagan took its needs seriously. He must have more schools, more and better sewers, more water; and he did want to add a public bath and parks and music in the parks. "I wanted," he says, "to make Jersey City a pleasant place to live in; I 'd like to make it pretty." Jersey City pretty! Were you ever in Jersey City? I suppose when your train was coming through Jersey City you were gathering up your things and being brushed by the porter; you probably never looked out of the window. Well, look next time and you will see that what the railroad attorneys say is true: "It 's nothing but a railroad terminal. They talk about the railroads owning it; the railroads ought to own it. It 's the terminal of the traffic of a continent."

Nevertheless Mark Fagan, who lived there and who knew personally so many families that lived and must always live there, he, their mayor, dreamed of making it a pleasant city to live in. How? Money, lots of money, was needed and how was money to be raised for such a purpose? When he had broached his idea to the bosses it seemed to fill them with disgust and now that they were gone, he did n't know what to do. He needed help, and help came.

Among the appointments recommended to him by Colonel Dickinson was that of George L. Record to be Corporation Counsel. Record, an able lawyer, had been the principal orator in the campaign, and the Mayor "took to him." But it was whispered that Record was interested in a contracting company which was building waterworks for the city, and the Mayor, suspicious by this time of everybody, hesitated. Record was resentful, but he had had dreams of his own once; he had read Henry George and his dreams were of economic reforms — taxation. But he had fought the bosses in vain and was about ready to give up when, reflecting upon the rock they all had struck at the bottom of this mild mayor's character, he saw that "by Jove, here was an honest man who could make people believe in his honesty." He went to see him. The water business was explained; Record had been engaged only as a broker and he was out of it. He was free to take Mark's pledge to be "loyal to the Mayor and the people of Jersey City." They had a long, warm talk. The Mayor's mind ran to the betterment of the physical

conditions of life; Record's to more fundamental reforms, but taxation was the way to raise money to make the city pleasant.

They outlined a policy. They took in others to form a cabinet: Edgar B. Bacon, Frank J. Higgins, Edward Fry, and Robert Carey — all these, and Record and Fagan, are Mark Fagan. They discuss questions as they arise, and the Mayor decides; they agree, but Mark is the Mayor. Some people say Record is the boss, but he laughs.

"The big grafters know better," he says. "They failed to handle Mark, and when they found that I was 'next' they asked me to sell him out. I did n't tell them that I would n't; I told them I could n't. And I can't and they know I can't. I can advise, I can instruct, and the man will try, actually try hard to see things as I do. For he trusts me and he wants to be shown. He wants to know. But he decides; and there 's something in him — I don't know what it is — something that tells him what is right. No. I 've been a help, a great help, to him, but so have the others of us, and we have helped him to decide to do things no one of us alone would have had the nerve to do. And there 's where he is great. It all comes down to this: We all agree on the right thing to do, and we do it, but when the howl goes up and the pull begins to draw, we put it all up to Mark. 'Blame him,' we say, 'we can't help it,' and they blame him. But that eases us, and, you see, Mark prefers it that way. He wants to stand for everything; everything. Oh, he should, yes, but don't you see, he wants to."

The policy the Mayor and his corporation counsel outlined was to equalize taxation. They could n't raise the rates; the city was overburdened with taxes already, but the corporations probably dodged their share. Record did n't know that they did; the Mayor was to see, and while he went about with the tax lists and an expert, Record had a talk with the boss, Dickinson. The Mayor had consented to let the Colonel have most of the patronage if "the party" would let him carry out his policy, and Record argued with Dickinson, that having made all the money he needed, it was time for him to play the big game of straight politics, take his ease and the credit of a good administration. Dickinson liked the idea.

The Mayor and his expert reported that the poor paid taxes on about seventy per cent of the value of their property; privileged persons on about fifty per cent; the corporations on all the way from thirty per cent to nothing. Mark Fagan had a new purpose in life. The others laughed at the old, old story; it was new to Mark and he raised rates on the tax dodgers. There was an awful clamor, of course, and there were pulls, but all complaints were referred to the little Mayor, who, seeing complex business problems in a simple way, was a rock.

Then there were the trolleys. These were valuable privileges. Why should n't they pay a fair tax? There was a reason why they should n't: Republican, as well as Democratic bosses were in on them. This did n't deter the Mayor, and when Record sounded Colonel Dickinson, the Republican boss winked the other eye. He was n't in trolleys, and he had had a bit of a row with E. F. C. Young, the Democratic boss who was. As for the other Republican bosses who were in with Young, they might "see the Mayor" for themselves. They did. When it was noised about that the sacred private property of the street car company in the middle of the public streets was to be assessed somewhat as ordinary property, General Wanser, for instance, called on the Mayor.

"What are you going to do with the trolleys, Mark?" he asked.

"Whatever is right," said Mark. "I understand they are undervalued; if they are, we will raise them."

"Well, now, I 'm a good friend of yours, Mark, and I don't want you to do anything of that sort."

"If you 're a good friend of mine," said Mark, "you should n't ask me to do anything wrong."

"Don't you know" said Wanser, "that every dollar I have in the world is in this thing?"

Mark Fagan, could n't see the relevancy of this; he talked about other people having every dollar that they had in houses and lots, and yet paying taxes. As General Wanser remarked when he left in high dudgeon, Mark Fagan had "damn queer ideas about things."

He had, and he has. One of his queer ideas is what may be called a sense of public property. All men know that private property is sacred; for centuries that sense has been borne in upon us till even thieves know it is wrong to steal private property. But highly civilized men lack all sense of the

sacredness of public property; from timber lands to city streets that is a private graft. And when one day the Mayor received an anonymous note advising him to have the underlying franchise of the trolley company looked up, he was interested. He had the note copied in typewriting, then he scrupulously destroyed the original. The copy he gave to Corporation Counsel Record. Mr. Record discovered to his amazement that the franchise had expired. We need not go into details. The Mayor and his cabinet decided to take the matter into the courts; if the court decided that the franchise belonged to the city, the Mayor meant to take it. To some of the Mayor's advisers this looked like a dreadful step to take; they thought of the "widows and orphans" and other innocent holders of the stock. It did n't look so bad to Colonel Dickinson; he thought only of his rival boss, E. F. C. Young, whom he had seen grabbing up the street railways under his nose. And it did n't look bad to Mayor Fagan; he thought of the "widows and orphans" who held no stock except in Jersey City, which — so it seemed to Mark —had as much right as an individual or a private corporation to whatever belonged to it.

Unbeknown to the cabinet, however, while they were deliberating on their discovery, the great Public Service Corporation was being formed. The big men in the Prudential Life and its Fidelity Trust Co., had gone in with the U. G. I. (United Gas Improvement Co.) of Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Railroad crowd to buy up practically all the trolleys, electric light, and other available public utility companies of New Jersey. Among these purchases were the Jersey City lines and, also, an electric light company in which Colonel Dickinson was an employee. This was embarrassing to Dickinson; E. F. C. Young was out and Dickinson and his friends were in. Record told Fagan all about it but, as he says, "Mark did n't care; he was n't even interested." He made public his plan to test the franchise, the stock fell and there was a great ado. The Public Service Corporation had walked straight into politics. Tom McCarter, the Attorney-General, was made president of the Company and his brother, Robert, was made Attorney-General of the state. As we all know the new crowd acquired such a heritage of corrupt power that they were able to send the president of the Prudential, John F. Dryden, to the U. S. Senate. This power and the power of the U. G. I. (the same that drove Philadelphia to revolt) came down upon Dickinson and Record. The grafters did n't want to see the Mayor, but Dickinson and Record told them they must, so Dryden gave a yachting party up the Hudson. Dryden, Randall Morgan and Tom McCarter went and Dickinson, Record and the Mayor's Cabinet — all but the Mayor. The party was fog-bound off Hoboken, so they had no sail, and though they talked, they did no business. They had to see Fagan.

They saw Fagan. The U. G. I. has rooms at Sherry's for such business, and there one afternoon was held a conference which has passed into the traditions of New Jersey. The more important persons present were Mayor Fagan, Record, Bacon, Carey, and Dickinson representing Jersey City; — Tom McCarter, of the Public Service Corporation; and Randall Morgan of the U. G. I. The rooms were luxurious, the entertainment good, and the conversation was friendly and pleasant. When they got down to business, everybody felt as if they ought to be able to agree — everybody but Mark Fagan. He sat apart cold and still. He says now that he felt at the time that he should n't have gone there at all, but that all the way over on the boat and during the conversation he was conning over just what he would say; that it was "not his business, but the city's, and that the case must go to the courts to decide." Tom McCarter spoke for the trolley, Carey for the city, and they got nowhere. Randall Morgan was talking tactfully to the Mayor in a corner, when suddenly McCarter turned upon Mark and said:

"Well, Mr. Mayor, what is your decision?"

The Mayor was ready. He had no decision to give. he said. Jersey City was going to take the case into court, and the courts would decide.

McCarter always loses his temper when opposed by an honest government. "You may be an honest man," he shouted at the Mayor, "but you act like a blackmailer. And you, George Record, I 'll never forgive you for letting me put my good money into this trolley company without telling me what you knew about it." He insulted them all, one by one, in turn, including Sam Dickinson, and then he made a famous threat to the whole party:

"To all of you, I say, you can't bring your suit without the consent of the Attorney-General, and the Attorney-General is my brother."

No matter what an honest man in office tries to do, if he persists, he comes sooner or later upon the corrupt business back of corrupt politics. And no matter what kind of reform it undertakes, an honest city administration, if it proceeds logically, has to appeal sooner or later to the corrupt state government back of the corrupt city government. Mark Fagan had come, as we have seen, upon the trolley business, and when Tom McCarter pointed to his brother Robert at Trenton, he was showing the Mayor of Jersey City where he must go next. And Mayor Fagan went where Tom McCarter pointed, and what Tom McCarter predicted, happened. When Jersey City asked Attorney-General McCarter to take its expired franchise into court, Tom's brother, Robert, refused. Thus Mark Fagan learned that the trolley was king of his state.

And he was to learn that the railroad was queen. During this, his first administration, the Mayor had been able, by simply catching tax dodgers and "equalizing" the taxes of privileged individuals and corrupt corporations, to buy a site for a new high school; begin one school, finish another; put up eleven temporary schools, thus providing seats for all the children in the city; and make needed repairs in all the schools. He had built a free bath; established free dispensaries; extended one park, bought another, improved two more and given free concerts in them all. He improved the fire, street-cleaning, and health departments, and he repaired and extended the sewerage system. But he wanted to do more, and he needed more money. How could he get it? In the course of his investigations he discovered, what well-informed persons long had known, that railroad property was taxed separately in New Jersey. We need n't go into figures. The point was the railroads were taxed by a state board which they controlled, and which enabled them to fix their own valuation. Not only that, their tax-rate, as fixed by law, was lower than the local rate on ordinary property. All localities suffered more or less, but in Jersey City, where the railroads needed much and the most valuable ground (water front), every time they bought property for railroad use, they not only paid less taxes on it than the private owner had paid, but they took it off the city list. The obvious effect was that the most valuable taxable property in the city constantly decreased and the tax on the rest as steadily increased and must forever increase.

It was a matter of life and death to Jersey City, to have this system changed, but the city was helpless alone. Mark Fagan, renominated, had to promise to go to Trenton with this business and with the trolley trouble. It was an exciting campaign. The railroads, the public service companies, the taxed corporations — all the corrupt and privileged interests set about beating Mark Fagan, but the Mayor, going from house to house and making, man to man, his simple promise to be "honest and true"—defeated the system.

Elected, he and his cabinet went to the legislature, and they had their bills introduced. Nothing came of a bill against Robert McCarter. A franchise tax measure was still-born. Their equal tax bill was crude, so the Democrats substituted a better one which the Jersey City Republicans accepted and supported. Referred to a committee, there were hearings on the bill, but it was buried there. The silent power of the king and the queen of the state would not let it come out. Mark Fagan, with his staring eyes, saw that the government of his state, the control of his own party, was in the hands of the most favored men in and out of the state, those that corrupted it, to get and keep privileges. And he wanted to say so. As the session drew to a close, he felt he must do something, but what? He must appeal from the state to the people of the state. How? Somebody suggested a letter to Governor Murphy, and they drew up one which described what Mark Fagan saw. The Mayor wanted to publish it right away. Record objected that he "could n't see the end of it." The Mayor said it was true; it was his duty to say it; and he wanted to "let the consequences go." Record suggested showing it to Dickinson. The Mayor said "no"; it is characteristic of him to avoid consulting those of his advisers who, he thinks, will oppose an act he believes to be right. Record did show it to Dickinson, however, and to his surprise the boss was for it. The Public Service crowd from Essex had beaten some political legislation of his, so the Colonel, a vindictive man, was for revenge. Record advised one more appeal to Governor Murphy, and he thought

that was agreed upon. And Governor Murphy, understanding that the letter was to be withheld, had a luncheon with the other leaders, who decided to do "anything you want." Meanwhile, however, Fagan and Dickinson had handed to the reporters Fagan's famous letter to the Hon. Franklin Murphy, Governor of New Jersey:

March 24th, 1904

MY DEAR SIR:—As Mayor of Jersey City and also a member of the Republican party, I venture to address to you this public communication in the hope of averting a possible calamity to Jersey City and an almost certain disaster to the Republican party of New Jersey. The present session of the legislature is drawing to a close. Its record, on the whole, is bad and in some respects is disgraceful. Its control by corporation interests, in the Assembly at least, has been absolute. For this condition the Republican party is responsible.

The bills for Equal Taxation demanded by a practically unanimous public sentiment, in all New Jersey at least, have been buried in committee at the command of the railroad corporations, and every attempt to move them has been resisted by a solid Republican vote upon the test motions. The Republican majority has made no attempt to defend this action and has thereby admitted that it cannot be defended. . . .

Bills affecting Jersey City, notably several bills to empower the city to sell its surplus water to neighboring communities which it has supplied for twenty years and which desire to renew contracts with us, have been buried in committee.

A bill to ratify a water contract recently made between Jersey City and East Newark was introduced early in the session and referred to the committee on boroughs, which committee still holds it. The bill was afterwards introduced under another number and re-referred to the committee on municipal corporations, where it still reposes.

A bill to allow Jersey City to test the right to a trolley franchise which we are advised by counsel has expired, has met a similar fate. Our most determined efforts to get these committees to act have been unavailing, because of the Republican members thereof, but we can get no satisfactory reason for, nor explanation of, this action. . . .

What is the meaning of all this? The answer is plain. A Republican legislature is controlled by the railroad, trolley, and water corporations. And the interests of the people are being betrayed.

While I charge no man with personal corruption I do not hesitate to say that this is a condition of affairs which is essentially corrupt, and which, if unchecked, means the virtual control of our state and our party by corporations.

As a citizen I say that this condition is dangerous and demoralizing. As a public official I protest against the injustice done to Jersey City. As a member of the Republican party I deplore its subserviency to corporate greed and injustice. No political party can long receive the support of the people with such a record as this Republican Legislature is making. . . .

Whatever form the issue takes upon which an honest man in politics makes his first fight, if he fights on, he finally will come to the real American issue: representative government. He may start out like Mayor Fagan for good government, or like Folk to prosecute boodlers, or like the President to regulate railroad rates; before he gets through, he will have to ask the people to answer the question: "Who is to rule, the disinterested majority or the specially interested, corrupt few?" And to make their answer, the people have to beat the boss, who is the agent of the businesses that rule and are destroying representative democracy.

Mayor Fagan's letter to Governor Murphy raised the great question in New Jersey. It took at first the form that the gentle mayor of Jersey City had given it, railroad taxation. The railroads tried to keep it down. Governor Murphy appointed a commission to inquire into the need of a change in railroad tax methods, but the Republicans nominated for Governor, Edward C. Stokes, who resigned a directorship of a branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad to run, and the issue of the campaign was the Jersey City issue. And Stokes was elected, but he had had to promise, and public opinion and the outrageous facts forced from the Commission a report for some change. And "some change" was made, enough to relieve Jersey City, but not enough to hurt the railroads. The people of Jersey saw that the railroads drew that law, that the railroads dominated still their state government—the railroads and the Public Service Corporation. For, besides the railroad legislation, the Jersey City men continued their franchise tax fight. And, meanwhile, Tom McCarter had aroused the people of Essex County to resist his perpetual franchise "grabs" in the Oranges. Jersey City wanted to tax franchises; Essex reformers were for limiting them. Record saw that they both were fighting one enemy and he advised a union, and, because he was wiser than the Essex leaders, he and Fagan took up their neighbors' less essential issue. Everett Colby, a young Republican assemblyman from Essex, led the fight for limited franchises. He was beaten but the defeat showed what the state government represented.

So they went home to raise the real question, Fagan and Record to Jersey City, Colby and the Orange men, to Essex. The Orange men had seen that Carl Lentz, the Republican boss of Essex County who ruled them at home, was the agent of the railroads

and of the Public Service Corporation at Trenton. They went after him. Lentz declared that Colby should not go back to the legislature; since he represented the people, not the corporations, he should not be renominated. But Assemblyman Colby said he not only would go back; he would go back as a senator, and he would take his nomination and his election from the people. Fortunately, George L. Record, far-sighted, practical reformer that he is, had engineered through the legislature a primary election law. The people had a chance to control their parties, and the Republicans of Essex went to the primaries this year, and they turned the party over to Everett Colby. Then the whole people of Essex turned in, and they elected Colby senator and with him, a solid assembly delegation pledged to represent the public interests.

And Jersey City did likewise. After Dickinson and his mayor had given out the Murphy letter, the railroad-trolley rings went after the boss, and they got him. He began to insist in Jersey City upon some sort of compromise with the Public Service Corporation. The company wanted some new grants. The city could n't get its old case into court; so what was the use of fighting? Why not settle it all out of court? Mayor Fagan hung back, but his cabinet persuaded him to talk it over with Tom McCarter. McCarter called, asking for perpetual franchises. The Mayor was willing to negotiate on the basis of a twenty-five-year franchise. McCarter said limited franchises were absurd in Jersey. There they stuck till Record suggested as a compromise a perpetual franchise with readjustment of the terms every twenty-five years. McCarter thought this opened a way to a settlement; so did the Mayor; and Dickinson, feeling that he had "delivered his man" (the Mayor) sailed for Europe. But it was n't settled. McCarter demanded fifty-year periods and the Mayor, who had had misgivings all along, broke off the negotiations. The Public Service had its way. The Democrats controlled the Street and Water Board and they passed McCarter's franchise for him.

But it was passed over the Mayor's veto, and when Dickinson came home to hear that, not his party, but the Democrats had sold out to the Public Service and that he was left, as before, in the ridiculous position of a boss who could n't deliver his Mayor, he was angry. And all through the next session he opposed the legislation asked for by his city. He joined the other bosses against the people, and, like Lentz, Dickinson went home this last summer to beat "his man" for renomination. Like Everett Colby, Mark Fagan accepted the challenge; he received the nomination for mayor from the Republicans direct and he took the organization besides. Then he turned to the people with this appeal:

"I find myself, at the opening of the campaign, confronted by a three-fold opposition. First, that of the Democratic machine and its absolute boss; second, the scarcely concealed and treacherous opposition of a Republican party leader, whose demands in behalf of his corporate clients I have refused to grant; third, the secret, but powerful opposition of a combination of public service and railroad corporations, whose unjust corporate privileges are threatened by my re-election. The opposition of the corporations and the reasons therefor, and the close business relations between them and the Democratic boss, are well understood by the public. The relations between these corportations, or some of them, and the Republican boss, are not so well known.

"I explicitely charge that this Republican leader is doing everything in his power to defeat my re-election; that his efforts to that end are jeopardizing the whole Republican ticket; and that this action is in the interest of the public service and railroad corporations. . . . .

"These facts and many others too numerous to mention, have convinced me that it is time to come out in the open and have a square stand-up fight against the Republican boss, the Democratic boss, and the trolley and railroad corporations which control them both. It is impossible for a public official to get along permanently with a boss, except upon terms of abject obedience and the sacrifice of self-respect. Personally I am tired of the experiment. I am sick of talk of party harmony, which means surrender of personal independence and of popular rights. It is time to fight the boss system itself, by which unscrupulous men get between the people and the public officials by control of the party machinery, betray the people, acquire riches for themselves, and attempt to drive out of public life all who will not take orders from the boss, and his real masters, the corporations.

"MARK M. FAGAN."

So the fight last fall in Jersey City, as in Essex County and in New York, as in Toledo, and Cincinnati, and Cleveland and Philadelphia, and in Ohio, and in Pennsylvania, was a fight against the bosses And as in those places, so in Jersey City the people crossed all party lines to follow the leader, and they beat the bosses. Mark Fagan was re-elected Mayor of Jersey City, and now he and Senator Colby and the reformers of Jersey are combining to proceed against the interests which the bosses represented. They have specific issues, several of them. We need not dwell upon them ; these issues will bring the people in direct conflict with the great rulers of this country, and with the bosses pushed aside, we, the people, not of Jersey alone, but of the United States, will see, naked, the powers of corruption which have disgraced, demoralized, and, finally, exasperated us to revolt.

But what of Mark Fagan, the man who by following the facts, without a theory of reform, who by tackling each obstacle as he approached it, came out upon the truth and gave his traitor state its issues and aroused it finally to take part in the second war for independence that is waging all over the country? I have told simply the simple story of this simple man. The mystery remains. Why did Mark Fagan do it? That is what they ask in Jersey City, and that is what the commercial spirit of this Christian land asks of Folk and La Follette and Tom Johnson. What prompted them to do something for others? What are they after? What is there in it for them? And how and why do they win?

His bitterest foes, the grafters — concede Fagan's honesty. "Bob" Davis was the only one that offered any doubts on that point, and he offered them to me ; he had none of his own. Pressed for facts, he admitted that Fagan was " personally on the square." The bigger grafters said Fagan was a demagogue. This is ridiculous. He addresses no prejudices, stirs no passions, makes no appeal to class ; he seems to have no sense of class. His talks, like his speeches, are so plain that the wonder is that they count as they do count, winning for him, a Republican, a majority in a Democratic city. I asked the politicians to explain it. He has a relative, Jimmy Connolly, once a saloonkeeper, always a hard-headed politician. When Mr. Record confessed he could not account for it, he referred me to Jimmy Connolly, and I asked Connolly : "How does Mark Fagan do it?"

"You can search me," said he. "I 've watched him, and I 've listened to him, and I give it up. And you can ast anybody in this town ; we 've all ast ourselves and that is where you 'll end up. You 'll ast yourself. I don't know what he says, and I 've listened to him, but he does n't say nothing. Leastways, if you or the likes of me said to a fellar what Mark says, I can just hear the fellar say, 'Say, what ye givin' me, what?' 'Say,' he 'd say, 'have n't ye got th' price of a drink in your clothes?' But when Mark says it, what he says, they fall down to it like dead soldiers. Nope, you got to find that out for yerself."

And an idea struck him. "Maybe you can," he said. "Now maybe you can. I 'll get a wagon and we 'll go chase Mark out to the railroad yards and you 'll listen to him yerself and maybe you can tell me."

Out to the yards we went, and we joined the Mayor. He was going up to a group of men, who stopped work, wiped their hands on their clothes, and formed a shy group.

"I 'm Mark Fagan," said the Mayor as shyly. "I have tried to serve you honestly and faithfully. I don't know how well, but you know my record. That 's the way to judge a man — by his record. And if you don't understand anything in it, I 'd like to have you ask me about it. If you think I have done right in most things, I 'd like to have your support."

That was all. They shook hands, saying nothing, and he moved on.

"Understand that?" said Connolly at my elbow. "Every one of 'em 'll vote for him. Why? What 's there to it?"

Mark climbed up into the tower and began "I am Mark Fagan ——"

"You need n't waste your time here," said the tower man, looking around steadily. "I know you 're Mark Fagan, and I know what you 're doing. And I 'll vote for you till hell freezes over." He flung over the switch, and Mark retreated abashed.

"He knows me," he said wonderingly to me when he came down. Of course they all know the Mayor, but the Mayor can't call them by name ; he has n't a good memory for either names or faces, and I saw him talk to men he had talked to before. So there is no flattery, and no familiarity, and that was one point which missed Connolly, who could n't understand why those men did n't

laugh or josh the Mayor. "Why don't they give him a song and dance?" he said.

One man in a group I joined before the Mayor reached it, did say he was going to "have some fun with Mark," and the others in a mood for horse play, dared the bold one to ask Fagan for "the price of a drink." I thought the man would, but when Mark came up, saying, "I am Mark Fagan; I have been mayor for two terms and I have tried to serve you," etc., etc., the bold man was silent; they were all respectful, and the psychology was plain enough. The Mayor speaks, what Connolly calls "his little piece," with dignity, with the grave dignity of self-respect, and you feel, and those men feel, the perfect sincerity of Mark Fagan.

But that did n't satisfy Jim Connolly, and it would n't satisfy anybody in Jersey City. It did n't satisfy me, and since nobody else could help me, I went to Mark himself. I went to his home with him, and I asked him questions. He squirmed, and it was n't pleasant for me, but I had a theory I wanted to test. Maybe it was n't right to probe thus into the soul of a man, and maybe it isn't fine to show what you see. It hurt Mark Fagan, that interview, and the report of it will hurt more. But I am thinking of those of us who need to see what I saw when I looked in upon the soul of Mark Fagan.

Why had he done the things that had been done for Jersey City? That was the main question. He said he had n't done those things, not alone. His cabinet had done them. He gave full credit to his associates, and he gave it honestly, as if he wished to be believed. But as Record says, whatever of knowledge and resources he and the rest contributed to the Mayor, it was the Mayor who furnished the courage, the steady will — the transparent character.

"What is your purpose, Mr. Mayor?"

He elaborated his idea of making Jersey City pleasant. He talked about clean streets, good water and light service, and schools. "Now the schools — I think the schools should n't be shut up when school is out. Don't you think it would be nice if the mothers could go there, and the girls, and learn to sew and other things? I 'd like to have a gymnasium in the schools; and a swimming tank. The schools ought to be the place where the people of the neighborhood go to read and hear lectures, and hold meetings, and for the children to play. Do you think that is foolish?"

He had n't read of the efforts elsewhere for these ends. He was glad to know his scheme had struck others as feasible.

"I don't see why things should n't be useful, like that, and pretty. Do you think it would be foolish — I have n't talked about this to the others, but do you think it would be so foolish to have flowers in the schools?"

"Why do you care about other people? You seem to like men. Do you, really?"

His look answered that, but he went on to talk about his boyhood and his experiences as an undertaker.

"What do you mean by the people? The poor people? The working people? When you address a crowd, do you appeal to labor as labor, to the unions, for example?"

"Oh, no. I never do that. I mean everybody. The poor need the most, and most people over here work, but by people I mean men and women and children, everybody."

"Railroad presidents? Do you hate the railroads?"

"No," he said, reflecting. "They do a good deal that is wrong. They corrupt young men and they don't care anything about Jersey City. They should stop corrupting politics, but you can't expect them to look out for us. We must do that." He paused. "I have hated men, almost, some of these corporation men, but I don't any more. I used to hate men that said things about me that were n't true, that were n't just. But I 've got over that now."

"How did you get over it?"

"I have a way," he said, evidently meaning not to tell it.

"You must have been tempted often in the four years you have been in office. Have you ever been offered a bribe?"

"Only once, but that was by a man sent by somebody else. He did n't know what he was doing, and I did n't blame him so much as I did those who sent him."

"But the subtler temptations, how did you resist them?"

"I have a way," he said, again.

This time I pressed him for it; he evaded the point, and I urged that if he knew a way, and a good way to resist political temptations, others should know of it.

He was most uncomfortable. "It's a good way," he said, looking down. Then looking up he almost whispered: "I pray. When I take an oath of office, I speak it slowly. I say each word, thinking how it is

an oath, and afterward I pray for strength to keep it."

"A silent prayer?"

"Yes."

"And that helps? Against the daily temptations too?"

"Yes, but I — every morning when I go up the steps of City Hall, I ask that I may be given to recognize temptations when they come to me and — to resist them. And at night, I go over every act and I give thanks if I have done no injury to any man."

"When you were considering whether you would give out that letter to Governor Murphy, why did you say 'let the consequences go?'"

"Well, when anything is to be done that I think is right, and the rest say it might hurt my political career, I ask myself if such thoughts are tempting me, and if I think they are, I do that thing quick. That was the way of the Murphy letter."

"They say you want to be Governor of New Jersey?"

"I know that I don't," he said quietly. "I have asked myself that, and I know that I don't. I don't think that I would be able to be the governor, I mean able to do much for people in that high office."

"What do you want to do, then?"

"Why, what I am doing now."

"Always? Do you mean that you 'd like to be Mayor of Jersey City all you life?"

He looked up as if I had caught him at something foolish or extravagant, but he answered:

"If I could be — if I could go on doing things for the people all my life, as Mayor, I should be very happy. But I can't, I suppose, so I shall be satisfied to have done so well that whoever comes after me can't do badly without the people noticing it."

"Well, what do you get out of serving others, Mr. Mayor? Try to tell me that truly."

He did try. "I am getting to be a better man. You know I 'm a Catholic —— "

"Yes, and some people say the Catholics are against the public schools. Why have you done so much for them?"

He was surprised. "I am mayor of all the people, and the schools are good for the people."

"Well, you were saying that you are a Catholic —— "

"Yes, and I go to confession every so often. I try to have less to confess each time and I find that I have. Gradually, I am getting to be a better man. What I told you about hating men that were unfair to me shows. Some of them were very unfair; from hating them I 've got so that I don't feel anything but sorry for them, that they can't understand how I 'm trying to be right and just to everybody. Maybe some day I will be able to like them."

"Like them also! What is it, Mr. Mayor, altruism or selfishness? Is it love for your neighbor or the fear of God that moves you?"

He thought long and hard, and then he was "afraid it was the fear of God."

"What is your favorite book, Mr. Mayor?"

"'The Imitation of Christ.' Did you ever read it? I read a little in it, anywhere, every day."

I would n't tell Jimmy Connolly, nor "Bob" Davis, nor Sam Dickinson, nor, to their faces could I say it to many men in Jersey City; I 'd rather write than speak it anywhere in this hard, selfish world of ours, but I do believe I understand Mark Fagan, how he makes men believe in him, why he wants to: The man is a Christian, a literal Christian; no mere member of a Church, but a follower of Christ; no patron of organized charities, but a giver of kindness, sympathy, love. Like a disciple, he has carried "the greatest of these" out into the streets, through the railroad yards, up to the doors of the homes and factories where he has knocked, offering only service, honest and true, even in public office. And that is why he is the marvel of a "Christian" community in the year of our Lord, 1905. And, believe me, that is how and why Mark some day will make his Jersey City "pretty." This gentle man has found a way to solve his problems, and ours, graft, railroad rates and the tariff. There may be other ways, but, verily, if we loved our neighbor as ourselves we would not then betray and rob and bribe him. Impracticable? It does sound so — I wonder why? — to Christian ears. And maybe we are wrong; maybe Christ was right. Certainly Mark Fagan has proven that the Christianity of Christ — not as the scholars "interpret" it, but as the Nazarene taught it, and as you and I and the Mayor of Jersey City can understand it — Christianity, pure and simple, is a force among men and — a happiness. Anyhow this is all there is to the mystery of Mark Fagan; this is what he means.

THE LADY ACROSS THE AISLE

BY

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

AUTHOR OF "MISS MILLY'S CRÊCHE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS WARD

NOMINALLY, Jack was in charge of the twins; as a matter of fact, the twins were in charge of Jack, and they felt the weight of the responsibility. It is a serious matter to be aboard a sleeping-car with a young, handsome, bachelor uncle on your hands, and a pretty lady right across the aisle. Unless you are very careful, your uncle is apt to walk across the aisle any minute and say: "Good evening, Pretty Lady; will you marry me?" and if she should say: "Why, yes, Mr. Jack, I don't mind if I do," there would be trouble; probably a spanking apiece for the twins at the very least. For they were under orders.

The parents of the twins were in the South, a vague section of the world, that on the map was long and pink, with a blue gulf on one side and a blue ocean on the other. Bobby was of the opinion that it was "down where the or'nges come from, near to the torrig zome," and Dotty was so sure the climate was warm that she had packed a snowball in her own private satchel, just to surprise the little Floridians, for she had heard that they had never seen snow where papa and mama were spending the winter.

The last injunction to Uncle Jack as the parents of the twins were leaving was: "Don't let them worry the life out of you, and bring them down when we telegraph;" and to the twins: "Take good care of Uncle Jack, and be careful he don't run away and get married." The twins had taken this to heart, and in addition to a close surveillance, they prayed earnestly every night that Uncle Jack might be turned from the temptations of matrimony. It was very wearing on the twins, and they were glad when the time came for them to go to their parents, for then they could unshoulder the burden. And then, just when they were congratulating themselves on having Uncle Jack safely aboard the train, there was a swish of skirts

"the twins grinned at him diabolically"

and the suspiciously pretty lady took the seat directly across the aisle.

The twins exchanged glances, and their eyes said plainly: "We must be on our guard." They noticed that when Uncle Jack looked up from his task of arranging his hand baggage and saw the Lady Across the Aisle, he involuntarily assumed a brighter expression, and they silently clasped hands.

The twins were remarkable children. Uncle Jack said they were "peaches," and the older folks said they were "terrors." In anything affecting their common interests, they were one and indivisible in inflicting damage on their enemy, but this loyalty did not extend to merely personal matters.

In cases of necessity they were indivisible allies; in all other cases they were sworn enemies, even to having a code of warfare. In their internecine quarrels, pulling hair, biting, and scratching were rigidly tabooed, but this rule had only come into being after a thorough demonstration that neither could gain a victory by means which were so easily duplicated by the sufferer.

Uncle Jack was therefore pleased to find his journey beginning with the twins at peace with each other, and he smiled gratefully when they clasped hands. In return, the twins grinned at him diabolically, after which they kissed each other and said they were glad they were going away.

As the train rolled out of the dust of the station, the twins studied the Lady Across the Aisle closely. She seemed a very dangerous person. Her tailor-made traveling suit was of a fashionable cut, her hat denoted style, and her face was too pretty to be safe for a bachelor uncle's good. Even her actions were suspicious, and filled the twins with alarm. Instead of openly showing that she had intentions on the peace of Uncle Jack, she masked her schemes behind an apparent indifference, and, from experience, the twins knew that this meant trouble of the worst sort, for whenever they plotted anything particularly dire, they themselves had recourse to a preliminary period of cherubic innocence.

"'Your nose,' he said with judicial slowness, 'is just too uppish for anything. It's like this'"

It was to be expected that every unmarried lady should want to marry Uncle Jack, and the twins were surprised that he was not constantly surrounded by a ring of maidens beseechingly posed on their knees; thus, when the young female person across the aisle calmly ignored him, and, after watching the rapidly moving landscape for a few minutes, buried herself in a magazine, it was quite evident that her purpose was first to lull the suspicions of the twins to rest, and then suddenly spring upon Uncle Jack and marry him before he knew what she was doing. The twins felt that they had a worthy adversary, and prepared to meet guile with guile. They retired to a vacant seat where they could keep an eye on the Lady Across the Aisle and prepare a plan of campaign.

"She 's got an uppish nose," Dotty announced as soon as they were seated comfortably. There was utter condemnation of the Lady Across the Aisle in the remark, not that her nose was really so very uppish, but it seemed necessary to begin the campaign with a disparaging remark. The twins always began their private feuds with more or less delicate remarks about each other's personal appearance. It saved the bother of waiting for something to fight about.

Bobby studied the face carefully.

"It ain't so awful uppish," he said decisively. "It ain't so uppish as yours is. Your nose," he said with judicial slowness, "is just too uppish for anything. It 's like this."

He placed his thumb against the end of his nose and pressed it into the flattest kind of a pug.

Dotty swelled with indignation.

"*Your* nose," continued Bobby, "'looks like it had been stepped on," he considered her nose a minute and then added, "by a ephelunt."

Tears of pain gathered in Dotty's eyes, and Bobby leaped over and put an arm about her neck.

"But I would n't mind, Dotty," he said soothingly, "it ain't so uppish as it might be. It might be like this." He explained his meaning by putting his thumb on Dotty's pink little nose and pushing it violently. She wriggled valiantly, but her head was firmly encircled by his arm, and he squeezed it tightly against his coat. Dotty, however, had not fought innumerable "catch-as-catch-can" battles for naught, and she clasped her hands beneath his knee and "boosted."

In a moment they were merely a tangle of legs and arms on the car seat, and then there was a bump that could be heard from one end of the car to the other, as they fell on the floor between the seats, succeeded by the noise of battle, from the midst of which came the voice of Bobby crying — "No fair pinchings! Dotty, stop pinching or I won't ever fight you again, I won't;" and in muffled tones the reply of Dotty, "Then you let loose of my hair."

There was a rush of feet, and a swish of silk, and Bobby felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked around and saw the Lady Across the Aisle! And, still worse, Uncle Jack was standing in the aisle behind her!

"In a moment they were merely a tangle of legs"

"Don't be frightened," Uncle Jack was saying. "They are not hurt. It 's only one of their pretty pastimes. They like it, the little dears. And if you interfere, you will have them at you next. Nice little cherubs, are n't they?"

Either because of her exertion or for some other reason, the face of the Lady Across the Aisle was quite rosy when she stood up again.

"I thought they were hurt," she said, in some confusion.

"Hurt!" laughed Uncle Jack. "Not those twos. They come of a tough stock. I used to be half-back in the 'Varsity 'leven myself."

The Lady Across the Aisle made some remark about football, and the twins heard her voice and Uncle Jack's mingled in conversation as they went back to their seats.

Bobby from his seat on Dotty's prostrate form, listened.

"Now, you did it!" he exclaimed. "Now they are interdooced, an' you did it. I ought to pun'sh you."

"I did n't do it, either," protested Dotty. "You did it your own self. You hollered when I pinched you."

"You know very well, Dotty Morgan," said Bobby, severely, "it ain't never fair pinchings."

"Well, you began it," said Dotty. "I would n't of pinched if you had n't pushed my nose all in."

"*I* began it!" Bobby exclaimed. "I 'd like to know how I began it." *I* can't help pushing your nose in if it keeps looking as if it was stepped on. You ought n't to have such a pudgy nose, if you don't want it pushed. I 've just *got* to push it. Don't I always push it when I think of it?"

Dotty could not deny that her nose seemed a perennial temptation, and she felt that the guilt of introducing Uncle Jack and the Lady Across the Aisle lay at her door,

but, woman-like, she could not resist a last word.

"Well, anyhow," she said, "I think you might pray to not want to push it."

One of the things Uncle Jack said to the Lady Across the Aisle as they walked back to their seats was:

"They are twins. I am taking them down to Palm Beach and I will be glad to have them in their mother's care again. They *are* a little strenuous for a man to manage."

And one of the things the Lady Across the Aisle thought was: "He is a gentleman, and handsome, and the boy certainly has his features. Probably the girl resembles his wife."

Perhaps it was on account of his wife that the Lady Across the Aisle managed to seat herself in such a manner that there was plainly only room for one in a car seat built to accommodate two, and if Uncle Jack retreated to the smoking-room at the end of the car, it was only because the Lady Across the Aisle had seemed coldly indifferent regarding his existence.

As he puffed his cigar, he hoped the twins would renew their fight, or create some kind of a riot, so that he might speak again to the Lady Across the Aisle without being impertinent or intrusive, but the angel of peace seemed to have spread its wings over the terrible two.

"They stood in silence and looked the Lady Across the Aisle over thoroughly"

When Uncle Jack disappeared, the twins, hand in hand, walked down the car and stood before the Lady Across the Aisle. As the mischief of an introduction had been done, it seemed best to their watchful minds to reconnoiter." They stood in silence and looked the Lady Across the Aisle over thoroughly. Their gaze was somewhat trying, and she glanced up at them.

"We 'm going to Pa'm Beach," Bobby announced, when he had completed his survey.

"Yes," said Dotty proudly. "In Florida, where the or'nges grows."

"That will be very nice," said the Lady Across the Aisle.

"We 'm got a ticket," Bobby informed her. "But we ain't got it. *He 's* got it." He pointed to the rear of the car where Uncle Jack had disappeared.

"'Cause — 'cause if we lose it the conductor 'll put us off the train," explained Dotty.

"Have you got a ticket?" asked Bobby suddenly.

The Lady Across the Aisle said she had.

"Mine is a long ticket," Bobby told her, and then added quickly: "Let me see your ticket."

The Lady Across the Aisle smiled. She did not meet many children, and their vagaries amused her. She drew her ticket from her purse and held it before Bobby's eyes. His right hand shot out and grasped the slip of paper, and in a moment he had darted into the smoking compartment.

"Uncle Jack!" he cried, "here 's her ticket. Tear it up quick, so they 'll put her off the train."

Uncle Jack took the slip of paper and cast his eye over it. Quite unconsciously he noticed that it named her destination as Ormond.

"Bob," he said severely, "where did you get this?"

"I took it from the Lady Across the Aisle," Bobby said proudly, "so the conductor 'd put her off the train. I don't want her on my train. She 's got an uppish nose."

With an exclamation, Uncle Jack sprang from his chair and almost bowled into the Lady Across the Aisle, as he rushed into the car.

"Oh, pardon me," she said sweetly, while he stood in confusion holding the ticket toward her. "I thought perhaps the little boy might lose my ticket. Thank you so much for bringing it to me."

"No, you must forgive me for bringing the two terrors on the same train with civilized beings," Uncle Jack managed to say, despite the violent actions of Bobby, who was beating him about the knees. The Lady Across the Aisle stood with one hand

resting against the paneled mahogany of the car.

With startling suddenness Bobby ceased his onslaught, and leaned against the side of the car beside the Lady Across the Aisle. He put his hand behind his back and looked at Uncle Jack with resignation.

"All right!" he said, in a tone of one who has done his utmost to avert a calamity and feels his duty unappreciated. "Why don't you give it to her?"

Uncle Jack realized that he had been standing with the ticket in his hand, and that while he gazed at the pretty face, he had forgotten to give the Lady Across the Aisle the ticket. He felt rude and boorish.

"Give it to her, why don't you?" asked Bobby again. "I don't care. I took it, and the conductor would of put her off, but I don't care, you don't 'preciate things. I guess you *want* her to stay on my train. I guess you *want* her to marry you. Why don't you *say* you want her to marry you?"

Bobby regarded Uncle Jack with pain and indignation. The Lady Across the Aisle flushed first pink and then a rosy red. She held out her hand for the ticket.

"I —" she gasped. "My ticket, please;" and before Jack could speak she had fled.

When dinner was served in the dining-car, she took a seat as far from Uncle Jack and the twins as she could, and after dinner Uncle Jack retreated again to the smoking compartment. He found it impossible to sit opposite the Lady Across the Aisle. There was a haughty tilt to her head that made him uncomfortable, and he could not help seeing it when he sat across from her, for his eyes insisted on turning towards her.

"'Uncle Jack!' he cried, 'here's her ticket. Tear it up quick, so they'll put her off the train'"

The twins were preternaturally good after dinner, for Uncle Jack allowed them to eat a great many things that were usually forbidden them, and when the porter came to make up their berth they were sleepy, and went to bed without their usual preliminary objections.

Uncle Jack remained in the smoking-room until he was sure the Lady Across the Aisle, together with her air of haughty offense, must have retired, and all night he dreamed of blue eyes that were shocked, and an uppish nose that was just uppish enough to be charming.

The next morning when Dotty was sent into the ladies' dressing-room to make her toilet, she found the Lady Across the Aisle there. Dotty observed that the Lady Across the Aisle seemed very bright and happy, and she had noticed that Uncle Jack was rather short and cross, and her active mind was filled with suspicions. How would a lady who had succeeded in marrying Uncle Jack look if not bright and happy, and how would Uncle Jack look if he had been married perforce, if not cross. Dotty remembered that, on retiring, the twins had left Uncle Jack and the Lady Across the Aisle unchaperoned. Doubtless, the Lady Across the Aisle had taken advantage of this and had married Uncle Jack. Dotty investigated.

"When I get big I 'm going to get married," she announced, and then added, as an explanation, "like my papa and mama."

She looked at the Lady Across the Aisle, with her most innocent gaze and inquired.

"Are you married?"

The Lady smiled.

"No," she said.

Dotty heaved a sigh of relief.

"Ain't you going to be?" she asked.

"No," said the Lady Across the Aisle, "not for a long, long time, at least. Some time I may."

Dotty considered this. It seemed satisfactory.

"Ain't you even got engaged yet?" she asked.

The Lady shook her head.

"No," she said. "Not even that, yet."

"I am," Dotty assured her. "I 'm engaged to my Uncle Jack. I 've been engaged to him for years and years. I guess

I 'll get married when I get to Palm Beach, if somebody don't get married to him 'fore I get there."

The Lady Across the Aisle laughed at the queer child.

"So you are going down to meet him, are you?" she asked.

"No," said Dotty, "I 'm going to meet my papa and mama. We are taking Uncle Jack."

The Lady Across the Aisle was doing wonderful things to her hair, but she stopped and looked at Dotty.

"Your Uncle Jack — " she began and then: "Oh, yes! I see," and turned to her mirror again.

"Don't you think," Dotty asked earnestly, "that it would be horrid for anybody to marry Uncle Jack when I 'm engaged to him?"

"No lady would ever think of such a thing. It would not," said the Lady, "be playing fair."

"You would never think of such a thing, would you?" Dotty said.

"Never," replied the Lady.

Dotty smiled her most deceptive, company smile. It was intended to express utter amiability. It looked like an impish grin.

"Well," she said, "I 've had an awful nice time. I must be going now. Good-by."

She went into the car and drew Bobby into the corner of a seat. He was freshly washed and combed, and haughtily conscious of his hair.

"Your hair," she began graciously, "looks like a drownded kitten. Water 's dripping off of it. Sit over, so it don't drip on my dress. She ain't married and she ain't going to be. So that 's settled."

"Who said she ain't?" asked Bobby. "I bet it ain't true, who ever said it."

"It 's true as ever was!" exclaimed Dotty with indignation. "She said so herself. I knew you would n't believe it, but it 's true. You can ask her."

"She 'd tell us anything," said Bobby, with the deep sophistry of experience. "She thinks we 're kids. They tell us anything to fool us. And then say they did n't say it. So would you, only you dass n't. I 'd push your nose in."

Dotty considered this statement in all its lights. It was an insult and a challenge, but she decided to overlook it temporarily in the interest of greater things. "I 'll fight you for that when we get to Palm Beach," she said sweetly. "I have n't time now. Will you believe her if she says it in front of Uncle Jack?"

"Maybe I will, and maybe I won't," Bobby answered. "How can I tell until she says it? I guess she won't try to fool him, but you look to see if she winks. They 're fooling when they wink. Always."

The Lady Across the Aisle swept in and took a seat at the opposite end of the car, as far as possible from Uncle Jack. It was evident that she was avoiding Uncle Jack as severely as he was avoiding her. The twins were nonplussed — for a moment.

"Go and fight her," Dotty commanded.

"I won't. I 'll get my hair mussed," said Bobby.

Dotty raised one white hand and with a practised touch seized his moist forelock and twisted it.

With the other she clawed the remaining hair into disorder.

"Now go," she said. "It 's mussed already."

The Lady Across the Aisle never knew just how it happened. She had a view of a gentle-mannered boy sliding diffidently upon the seat at her side, and then, quite unexpectedly, a wild beast flung itself upon her and began to push its open palm against her nose. It was so unlooked for that she uttered a little scream, and in a moment Dotty was dragging Bobby away by his legs, and Uncle Jack

"holding him by one arm and shaking him vigorously"

"They submitted to the ordeal of trying on new and resplendent garments with scarcely a murmur"

was holding him by one arm and shaking him vigorously.

"Now, Dotty!" the culprit gasped between shakes.

"Did n't you say you was n't married, and was n't engaged, and that you would n't marry Uncle Jack until he ain't engaged to me?" Dotty asked, all in one breath.

The Lady Across the Aisle stopped rubbing her pretty nose, and glanced at Uncle Jack. Her eyes twinkled, and she could not suppress the smile that insisted on tickling the corners of her mouth. Of course, Uncle Jack could not frown ferociously when a lady's eyes twinkled — that would have been most impolite — and in the interest of politeness, he smiled. He even let his eyes twinkle, but he gave Bobby an extra shake to even matters.

"Well?" asked Dotty impatiently.

The Lady Across the Aisle did something she had never done before, but people always did unheard of things where the twins were concerned. She looked straight into Uncle Jack's eyes, and the dark-fringed lid of one of her own eyes quivered tremulously and closed and opened in an unmistakable wink.

"Come on, Bobby," said Dotty sadly. "That settles it."

She took his hand and they walked down the aisle in deep gloom. For Bobby it remained unbroken, but to Dotty came one ray of sunlight.

"Well, anyway," she said, "you 'll get spanked when we get to Palm Beach. And I 'll stand outside the door and hear you yell."

In this thought Dotty found some consolation, but it did not have a similarly brightening effect on Bobby.

Uncle Jack stood a moment undecided what to do, and then the Lady Across the Aisle drew her draperies almost imperceptibly closer to her, and Uncle Jack said:

"Perhaps I had better sit here awhile to protect you from further assaults of the enemy."

From speaking of enemies it was but natural that they should soon turn to speaking of friends — and other things, and they quite forgot the twins, who found a little relief from their woe by going into the vestibule that connected the cars, and standing with one foot on one car and one on the other, while the movements of the train joggled them deliciously.

When the Lady Across the Aisle left the train two obsequious gentlemen assisted her to alight. One was in uniform and received

a glittering piece of silver; the other wore a gray morning suit and received only a smile, but he seemed as well pleased as the porter.

"Well, Jack! Well, Bobby! Well, Dotty!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan when the train discharged its passengers at Palm Beach. "And how have you been. How did they behave, Jack?"

"The worst ever," said Uncle Jack truthfully. "Could n't have been worse, if they had tried. They broke all records."

Dotty and Bobby smiled sweetly.

"The little darlings!" cried Mrs. Morgan, laughing, but Jack frowned.

"Really," he said, "you should n't laugh. I don't mind their ways myself, but they insisted on annoying a young lady who was unfortunate enough to sit across the aisle. They made her life miserable."

"Her nose was uppish, like Dotty's," said Bobby, in extenuation of his sins.

"She winked at Uncle Jack," remarked Dotty to complete the vindication.

Uncle Jack blushed.

"If she winked," he said hotly, "it was because she was perfectly well-bred and wished to spare my feelings."

Mrs. Morgan smiled and laid her hand on his arm.

"Jack," she said, "there is not the least need for you to defend her. I can quite understand that winking at a strange young man in a public car is a proof of perfect breeding in a lady."

"Oh, if you are going to side against her, too," said Jack, haughtily, and then he caught the twinkle in his sister's eye and laughed, a little foolishly.

For several days before the wedding, which was not until the next June, the twins were disconcertingly angelic. They submitted to the ordeal of trying on new and resplendent garments with scarcely a murmur, and even spent for wedding gifts the money given for that purpose, without rebellion. At the church Bobby marched up the aisle in his character of page with becoming gravity, and Dotty was all sweetness as a flower-girl, strewing violets before the bride. Even their behavior at the house reception was ominously correct. As the afternoon passed they sat affectionately side by side on the stairs, but their mother trembled whenever her glance fell upon them.

"'I feel like I'd bust any minute,' continued Dotty"

"Uncle Jack won't live here any more," said Dotty at length.

"No," said Bobby soberly. "He 's going to live with her."

"You look as if you wanted to howl," said Dotty. "I 'll bet you cry when they go."

Bobby was discreetly silent.

"I feel like I 'd bust any minute," continued Dotty.

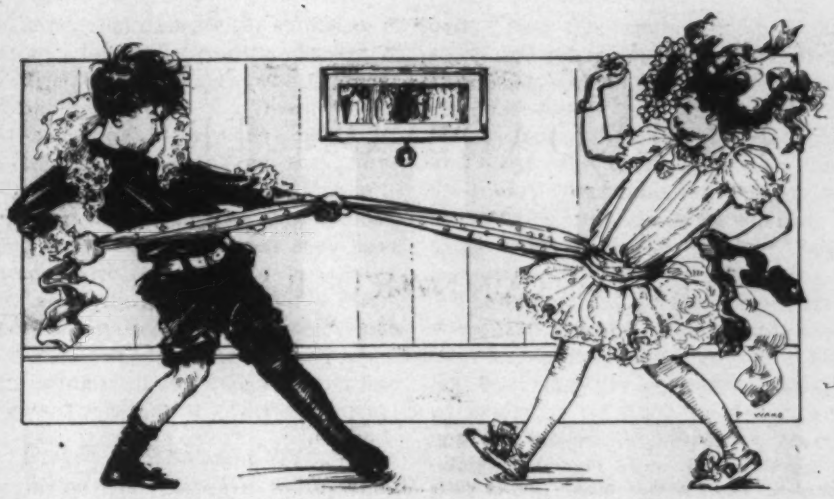
Bobby put his chin in his hands sadly.

"Nobody nice says 'bust,'" he observed.

"You looked like a monkey in those blue velvet pants," said Dotty softly.

"And all anybody could see of you," replied Bobby, gently, "was blue legs and pug nose."

"We can't do it here," said Dotty, looking around the crowded room. "Come on."



"It was a glorious battle, the best they had ever fought"

She took his hand and led him through the maze of skirts and dress trousers to where the new Aunt Jack stood.

"Will you excuse us, please, a little while?" she asked, and the bride stooped and kissed them both.

"Certainly, darlings," she said, and the two wended their way back, and up the stairs to their own room.

"Now!" cried Dotty, with relief, when their door closed behind them, "who was all blue legs?"

"Who was a monkey?" cried Bobby.

It was a glorious battle, the best they had ever fought, and before they could go downstairs again they had to change their torn garments for others less festive, but they had conquered their woe. Life without Uncle Jack would not be life as it was, but they still had each other.

"Oh, well," sighed Dotty, when the carriage had taken Uncle Jack and the Lady Across the Aisle away, "I guess Uncle Jack wanted somebody his size to fight. He never had anybody."

"Yes," Bobby agreed, "I guess so. I guess he wanted an uppish nose like yours to push. Come on up and fight."

"No," said Dotty, "I feel too squirmy. Don't you feel like a chunk of your insides was gone?"

Bobby considered the question.

"Yes," he said, "I feel hollow. But I ain't. I 'm full of cake."

SONG

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

WITH rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

From "A Shropshire Lad."

RAILROADS ON TRIAL

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

III

THE PRIVATE CAR AND THE BEEF TRUST

"If there be anyone that makes many poor to make a few rich, that suits not a commonwealth."—OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE private car is like the piece of chalk by means of which Huxley interpreted the universe. It may be considered a sort of cross-section of the railroad problem, comprising within itself all the essential virtues and errors of the present system. No other factor in modern transportation affords such an intimate view of what I have heard called "the human nature of railroading."

Like most wide-spread abuses in railroad management, the use of cars specially designed for certain kinds of freight, was in reality founded upon sound reason and grew to importance because it was useful. The refrigerator-car, for example, removed the limitations from California as a fruit producer and within twenty years has enormously increased the wealth of that state. Prior to 1888, oranges and other fruit from the Pacific Coast shipped in ventilated cars, reached with success only the nearest markets of the East and the prices were so high that the industry could not be widely extended. In that year a few daring young men sent the first "ice-box on wheels" to California, and the following season California fruit was commonly served on the breakfast tables of New York and Boston.

Upon that refrigerator-car, marvelously developed and improved, rests the prosperity of wide sections of the country. Because of it not only California oranges, but Georgia and Michigan peaches, and Florida strawberries, are commonly served in New York, Montreal, and even in London and Paris. And is not that surely one of the wonders of the world?

Advantages of Special Freight-Cars

A similar transformation took place in the meat industry. Upon the refrigerator-car rests the prosperity of all the great slaughtering centers of the West: it enables Kansas City to display its choice roasts upon the markets of Arizona, Liverpool, and Yokohama. And by stimulating the concentration of cattle-killing, it has made possible the economies by which the packer utilizes every part of the steer or hog. No better illustration of the peculiar dependence of industry upon transportation could be given than the business of the packers and fruit-growers. The mere form of a car has completely revolutionized both of these industries and changed the destinies of thousands of people.

Other special sorts of cars, some of them almost as old as the railroad itself, were invented to develop particular industries. Cattle-cars, in effect nothing but wooden cages on wheels, have transformed and broadened the cattle industry of the country; coal-cars, which could be loaded and dumped by a turn of the wrist, have greatly facilitated and cheapened the shipment of coal; steel tank-cars, especially made for carrying oil, mark a wonderful advance over the old, slow, costly method of shipping oil in barrels. A special car has been one of the chief factors in the evolution of the pickle business from a kitchen industry to a great commercial enterprise.

All these peculiar cars are the evidences of a wholesome, original, inventive growth of the industries of a very great country. In themselves they have been a direct advantage to the people. They have helped to knit us together as a nation, they have brought California to Boston, and Mobile to Chicago, they have encouraged economies, they have increased wealth, and they have distributed wealth.

Let us see, then, how these highly useful and important inventions have come by such a black reputation. As a necessary preliminary in dealing with any evil, we must find at exactly what point use becomes abuse.

Origin of Special Cars

We discover first that these special cars owed their existence, not to the railroads, but to progressive and energetic shippers who needed to use them — the fruit men, the beef men, the coal men, the oil men. In short, the railroad shirked its duty as a common carrier and allowed the ownership of such special vehicles of industry to remain in the hands of private individuals. And that was the time and the way of planting the seed which has since produced such a growth of corruption and extortion. That is the origin of the private car — the car owned by private individuals which the railroad hauls in its trains and for which it pays a rental.

Not all "special cars," however, are "private cars." Some railroads, sensitive to their duty, or, more likely, forced by competition, have bought and now own large numbers of these special types of cars. The Santa Fé Railroad owns its own refrigerator-cars, many roads own a sufficient supply of coal-cars. And it is significant that where a railroad has thus done its duty as a common carrier the peculiar abuses of the "private car" have not appeared.

Ten years ago no one dreamed of the enormous expansion of this strange system of private ownership of railroad rolling stock. Examine almost any freight train to-day on any railroad in the country, and it will be found that one or more of the cars, often every car in the train, bears not the name of the transportation company, whose lawful obligation it is to provide the necessaries of commerce, but the name and the flaring advertisements of private persons who are not common carriers at all. To-day over three hundred private freight-car lines are in flourishing existence, operating 130,000 cars. And the number includes not only stock and refrigerator-cars, but all sorts of curious by-developments, private cars for breakfast-foods, beer, furniture, farm machinery, eggs, stone, lumber, lard, carriages, and many other commodities. Trains there are to-day which resemble nothing so much as a flying bill-board, advertising everything from "delicious sausage" to "perfect pickles."

The largest single owner of private cars is Armour of Chicago, who controls a dozen or more car lines and not only fruit and meat cars but many tank- cattle- and even ordinary box-cars — involving altogether a business of a magnitude difficult to conceive. Of refrigerator-cars alone he has over 14,000, representing an investment of some $14,000,000. Nearly every great trust is an owner of private cars; that is one reason, as I shall show, why the trust is a trust and why it continues a trust. The Standard Oil Company owns thousands of private tank-cars, and the steel trust thousands of ore- and coal-cars. Not included among the private freight-car owners we have also the sleeping-car trust owning thousands of Pullman cars which are in reality private cars, and the express trust with thousands of express-cars.

Armour and his associates in the beef trust, as the largest owners of private cars, and perhaps the worst offenders — though we have n't yet had the Pullman car trust, the express companies, the brewers, and others in the full light of publicity — will furnish the best illustration of the peculiar operation and effect of the private car system. What is true of Armour is true in greater or less degree of every private car owner.

Armour's enterprises are known by many names. Many names give the appearance of competition. We have, for example, the Armour Refrigerator Line, the Fruit-Growers' Express, Armour & Co., Continental Fruit Express, Barbarossa Refrigerator Line, Kansas City Fruit Express, Tropical Refrigerator Express and others. But they are all under the control of a corporation known as the Armour Car Lines, and that in turn is owned by the same persons who own the Armour Company, otherwise J. Ogden Armour and his family — the mainstay of the beef trust.

Armour's Enormous Freight Bills

The Armour cars do two general classes of business. They carry beef products for the

Armour packing houses, and they carry fruit and vegetables for shippers generally. With 14,000 refrigerator-cars in operation their business is naturally enormous. Every day in the year Armour ships 150 cars from Chicago alone — and the other members of the beef trust ship over 400 more. In a single week Armour pays to the railroads some $200,000 in freight for meat products alone — and this makes no account of his wide interests, direct and indirect, in the shipment of other products, fruit, grain, cattle and so on.

Now, there are twenty or thirty railroads entering Chicago every one of which is hungry for more traffic. Scores of traffic managers and freight agents are making or unmaking their reputations in getting this freight. Armour, knowing his power, holds back; he wants "concessions." Of course, there is a law against favoring one shipper to the disadvantage of another; but what is law when profits are to be had!

So the various railroads bid on Armour's business: they give him a *rebate*, or a *concession*, or a *discrimination* — one word may sound better than another, but they all mean the same thing. Because he is big and powerful they break the law for his benefit; while they compel the weak shipper to obey the law. Because Armour is big he gets rebates; and because he gets rebates he grows bigger still. Armour's business, like that of Rockefeller before him, is, indeed, not only founded upon injustice but upon downright law-breaking. He and the railroad agents, in conspiracy, committed crimes, the result of which was the wholesale ruin of independent beef-butchers in every part of the country.

Rebates Paid to Armour

Armour received rebates long before the private car came to great importance. At first, and until very recently, as I showed in a former article, it was a crude payment of cash. Let me give a single example. The true published rate on dressed beef (for export) from Omaha to Chicago, for a long time was twenty-three and one-half cents per hundred weight. That is what you and I would have to pay if we shipped. But Armour paid only eighteen and one-half cents, sometimes only sixteen cents. He was given an advantage of from *five to eight cents* on every hundred pounds shipped — a perfectly monstrous amount. This is no hasty or unsubstantiated charge. All the facts regarding these rebates are set down in sworn testimony given before the Inter-state Commerce Commission. Several railroad officials not only admitted that they paid rebates but that they even *signed contracts* to pay them. Paul Morton, then vice-president of the Santa Fé railroad, a frank witness, testified that he made a contract dated June 30, 1901, and he said with a boldness little short of amazing:

"Yes sir, it is an illegal contract. It was illegal when we made it, and we knew that."

But the Santa Fé was not alone in giving rebates; many other roads did the same thing. C. J. Grammer, general traffic manager of the Lake Shore railroad, not only testified to paying rebates but told in detail how the secret accounts were settled. A. C. Bird, of the Milwaukee railroad, Mitchell of the Michigan Central, and five other traffic men admitted paying illegal rebates to the beef trust firms, paying them in large amount and with regularity.

Could anything be clearer than this calm acknowledgment of law-breaking? But no one has ever been punished for this crime, neither the railroads which gave the rebates nor Armour and his associates in the beef trust who received them. And this extraordinary disclosure did not even stop the law-breaking. Armour and his associates are as much nourished to-day by lawless railroad discrimination as ever, as I shall show.

But two things have happened since these disclosures were made which have somewhat changed the system. In February, 1903, the Elkins law was passed making cash rebating more easily punishable; and about the same time the United States courts enjoined the railroads from giving rebates to the members of the beef trust.

Consequently cash rebating became more dangerous — apparently, at least — and the railroads and the trusts, which are always co-conspirators, turned to newer, sharper, more secret methods of doing the same thing.

How the Private Car is Used as a Means of Discrimination

Long before 1902 the private car machinery of rebate was in excellent working order. After 1902 it was seized upon as the peculiar vehicle of discrimination, and the business since then has enormously expanded. It was especially useful for this purpose, because it was and is, apparently, outside the law. It is not recognized by law at all. When Congress was discussing plans for regulating

DRESSED BEEF
Armour & Company CHICAGO
P. C. C. & St. L.
MUST NOT BE DELAYED
NOTE IF THIS CAR IS WRECKED DISABLED OR DELAYED TWELVE HOURS OR OVER
CAR NO.
DATE

One device of Armour to hurry his cars, and thereby earn more mileage profits. "Hurry, hurry, is his insistent demand; and no railroad dares dispute him"

private car ownership last winter, George B. Robbins, president, and A. R. Urion, attorney, for the Armour car lines, appeared and denied that legislation could touch them in any way.

"We deny," said Mr. Robbins, "that we are common carriers or that we are engaged in inter-state commerce."

They were outside the law, therefore they could do what they liked! Indeed, they have defied the Inter-state Commerce Commission and the Committees of Congress, refusing to answer certain questions or to produce their records.

Let us, then, examine the workings of the private car system and see how a useful appliance like the refrigerator-car is made a device of evil.

Armour owned all the cars in which his product was shipped. When the railroad hauled them it paid a *rental* called a "mileage charge" to Armour for the use of them, afterwards collecting the full freight-rate. This is as plausible and proper as sunshine — provided, of course, we admit the right of private individuals to own railroad rolling stock. This rental varies in amount, being one cent a mile for every mile the car travels in certain parts of the country, three-quarters of a cent in other parts.

Now, it is plain that the farther the car runs every day the more it will earn. If it runs 300 miles it may earn three dollars a day, if fifty miles, only fifty cents. The primary advantage of owning a private car, then, is the mileage it makes.

Armour says with all the plausibility of utter fairness to his small competitors:

"You have as much right to own private cars as I have. Go ahead and get them. The railroads will pay you the same mileage as they pay me."

Every word of which is truthful -- and yet conceals the worst sort of a lie.

Armour's System for Driving His Cars

Armour's small competitor *can* own private cars, but *he cannot make them run.* For that depends on having great influence with the railroads. Armour can and does make his cars run. Nothing indeed is more impressive in all the methods of the beef trust than Armour's system of keeping account of his private cars. At the head of the Armour car lines is George B. Robbins, the president of the corporation. He works in closest touch with O. F. Frisby, traffic manager of Armour & Co. The head office is in the Home Insurance Building at Chicago, where a large force of clerks is employed. There are connections with all

the railroad offices by both telephone and telegraph.

Let us say that Armour delivers thirty-five cars of beef — a train-load — to the railroads at one o'clock to-day. The number of every car is entered with the date of starting, on a huge tally-sheet at the central office. Say the train is bound eastward by the Grand Trunk. At Elsdon, Illinois, the first junction point, an Armour man is at hand to report the train. At Port Huron there is another Armour man. He fills out a blank postal card reporting the arrival there, the time taken in re-icing, whether cars are out of repair, and so on. Other Armour men stand ready at the Niagara frontier and at every other icing station through to New York City, each reporting by postal card. If part of the train goes to Pittsburg, or to Montreal, there also are the Armour men ready to report instantly. For Armour has over seventy regular branch houses in the United States besides numerous local agents, traveling agents and the like. Armour is always on the spot.

Every morning a great pile of these cards appears on the desks at the Central office in Chicago. Each car is checked up. If a train has lost time, if an Armour car is side-tracked anywhere, a telegram is at once despatched: "What 's the matter?" It is a message which requires and receives prompt reply. Armour is never to be put off or trifled with. More than one railroad agent, who did not use proper respect, has summarily lost his head. And if offenses are multiplied, some fine morning Armour diverts his entire business to the rival line which *will* hurry his cars. *Hurry, hurry,* is his insistent demand; and no railroad dares dispute him.

Subserviency of Railroad Men to the Beef Trust

Most freight-cars are loaded both going and coming, thus saving greatly in cost of operation. Not so Armour's. Armour gets the same mileage whether the car is running loaded or empty and he requires the railroads to rush his cars back with all speed. So deadly is the system of accounting, so truculent are the Armour traffic men, that the railroad sometimes actually side-tracks passenger trains and keeps American citizens waiting in order that a meat train may be rushed by and make a little more profit for Armour. As for the freight business of other shippers, why, it never has one moment's consideration when the interests of Armour are concerned; it goes on the side-track and waits! It would be ridiculous, indeed, if it were not so serious, to behold the railroad officials dancing attendance upon the powerful shippers of the beef trust.

When President Calloway of the New York Central Railroad was on the stand before the Industrial Commission, he said:

"We do not do these foolish things from choice. I will say that the thing is just as bad and foolish and stupid as can be, but what are you going to do about it? We have built up these dressed-beef men and they have all got their own cars, and they can dictate what they are going to pay. They just keep these cars humping. We unload them and get them back to Chicago just as quickly as we can. The Pennsylvania people were very much disinclined to allow or foster this dressed-beef business but were forced into it."

This is testimony concerning the power of the beef trust over two of the greatest railroads in America. When Armour's exactions became intolerable, even the combined railroads did not dare to come out openly and fight him, but secretly employed an agent — Mr. Midgley of Chicago — whose disclosures have brought about much of the present agitation.

What is the result of all this?

By merciless driving, Armour often makes his cars run 400 miles a day. The average, of course, is much lower. Let us be very conservative and follow the findings in the famous beef trust report of the Bureau of Commerce and Labor, which cannot certainly be charged with overstatement. After presenting much conflicting evidence this report concludes that the average daily mileage of all cars owned by Armour and his associates and used in the beef business is from 90 to 100. Upon a basis of 100 miles a day the report calculates the *net* earnings upon the refrigerator-car business at 17.25 per cent; on a basis of 125 miles, the report calculates net earnings at 24.4 per cent. On cars used in the fruit business where there are immense additional profits from icing charges, the net earnings have been conservatively estimated at thirty per cent. These figures are all probably much too low, but let us be very conservative and set down the average *net* earnings of Armour cars at twenty per cent.

In other words, every car (average cost $1,000), will earn a *net* sum every year of $200, or enough to build a new car every five years. And this, bear in mind, is after charging off all possible operating expenses, repairs, and a very liberal allowance for depreciation. We know this estimate is too low because Mr. Robbins has testified that he rented old, inferior cars to breweries at $17 to $20 a month — or $204 to $280 per year. It may be assumed that Armour would not have rented his cars at this price unless it had been near the real net earning capacity. The large new refrigerator-cars, and especially those used in the fruit trade, will undoubtedly earn far more than this.

Armour's Profits on His Private Cars

But let us take the lowest figures and keep clearly within the bounds of conservatism. Even the lowest figures will give results quite startling enough! Armour owns 14,000 refrigerator-cars. If his profit on each is $200, then his profits on car rentals alone, not including the enormous sums extorted in icing charges on fruit shipments, every year are $2,800,000. *Nearly* $3,000,000 *profit annually*. This is a *net* profit.

What chance has any competitor in the beef business before such railroad discrimination? Armour could afford to butcher cattle and maintain all his extensive packing house industries literally *without profit*, and still make $3,000,000 a year in railroad discriminations! And this is not something that happened years ago in the days of cash rebates, which we have come to condemn so unanimously, but it is happening *now, this very year*. And because there happens to be no law, specifically, against such practices, Armour and the railroads make them a device of discrimination. But can any simple-minded person see any difference between a payment of $3,000,000 net profit on mileage annually to a favored shipper like Armour, and an old-fashioned cash rebate of $3,000,000? I confess I cannot. Cash is cash. And why, in the name of all that is logical, should the railroads, common carriers, pay this enormous sum every year as profits on car rentals when, if they owned the cars themselves, they would turn the money into their own treasuries? The net car-mileage profits of Armour for one year alone would enable the railroads to buy 3,000 fine new refrigerator-cars.

But why look for reason or justice in these things? Armour is strong enough to demand illegal favors; the railroads are weak enough to grant them. It is a question, not of enlightened justice, but of the unrestricted operation of the savage law of force and greed. If the railroad had performed the true function of a common carrier — of complete neutrality as between shippers — we should to-day have no beef trust.

It is true that the railroads have tried to throw off Armour's yoke — as they tried to throw off Rockefeller's yoke. They have tried to cut down Armour's mileage. A cent, or even three-quarters of a cent a mile, is an outrageous overpayment. On ordinary box-cars the railroads pay each other a rental of twenty cents a day. A refrigerator-car is more valuable than a box-car, the former costing $1,000, the latter $800, but Armour exacts, at a low average, as I have shown, from seventy-five cents to one dollar a day for his cars. There could be no better illustration of the power and arrogance of the private car owner than the story told by Mr. Midgley before the Inter-state Commerce Commission in October, 1904, of how representatives of sixty railroads met in St. Louis in 1894 and tried to decrease the extortionate mileage on tank and refrigerator-cars. First the Standard Oil Company appeared in the person of W. H. Tilford. I quote Mr. Midgley's own words:

Rockefeller and Armour Defy Railroads

"Mr. W. H. Tilford made this remark to me at the time of the meeting: He said, 'I never saw a company but what there was a weak sister among the number. I will single out the weakest company that can be found and put all our shipments to the twin cities and to the Missouri River on that line, provided they will give us three-quarters of a cent per mile for our tank-cars loaded or empty.' We thought we could do something, and one of our party who recently died, Mr. Chappell, said that 'the railroads are large purchasers of oil and we can buy our oil elsewhere.' Mr. Tilford said, 'You will, will you? Do it. We have all the oil in the country,' and he said, 'Good day, gentlemen.'"

Mr. Midgley then related how the Standard Oil Company, to punish the combined railroads, gave all its shipments to the Great Western railroad, which agreed to pay the three-quarter cent mileage; how the other

lines could not get a car-load to St. Paul or to the Missouri River; and how, finally, the railroads surrendered to the Standard Oil people and recouped themselves for the high mileage they were forced to pay by *advancing the rate on oil*. In other words, they took the profits paid to Rockefeller directly out of the pockets of the people, who pay the freight.

Then came Armour; neither did Armour want *his* mileage reduced. I again quote Mr. Midgley's own words:

"At the same time Mr. P. D. Armour, then living, sent a message to that meeting. I was Chairman, and had the message myself, in which he said: 'Do not reduce our rate below three-quarters of a cent per car per mile.'"

Armour's order was effective. The railroads also yielded to him. They reduced the mileage rate on stock cars, railroad cars, and other cars not controlled by trusts to six mills per car per mile, but *excepted* refrigerator and tank-cars, because these cars were controlled by Armour and Rockefeller.

Mr. Midgley closed his story with the remark: "We excepted refrigerator-cars and excepted Standard Oil cars because the trunk lines said: 'We have never been able to stand up against it.'"

Armour, however, employs not only force, but cunning. He utilizes that favorite device of high finance called community of interest. J. Ogden Armour as a great shipper deals with J. Ogden Armour as a railroad man. Armour, like his father before him, is a director in the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. That railroad has been peculiarly favored by the beef trust. In the recent Wisconsin investigation exact figures were obtained showing the amounts paid by the Milwaukee road to private car companies for rentals. For the fiscal year 1903, this amount was no less than $429,045.99, of which Armour — a director in the road — received $135,297.07, or nearly one-third. And what Armour does in a comparatively small way — for his railroad interests, so far, are apparently not widely extended — other trust owners do in a much more general way. Rockefeller is interested in scores of railroads. Morgan of the steel trust is the Morgan of the railroads, and so on down the list. If Morgan, steel-maker, gets rebates, Morgan, the railroad man, helps to grant them. Thus industry is in railroads; and railroads in industry; and that is the very crux of the whole question.

I have made something of a point of the decrease in the payment of cash rebates owing to the Elkins law and court injunctions. But it will not do to suspect too much virtue from these quarters. You would ordinarily suppose that $3,000,000 annual net profits on private cars would satisfy Armour. But you don't know Armour! You don't know Armour's kind — for Armour is only a type held up here because the evidence is at hand. I cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that this is *not* an attack upon Armour personally; though it seems necessary, in conveying a true realization of the existing condition of wrong and injustice, to use Armour's name.

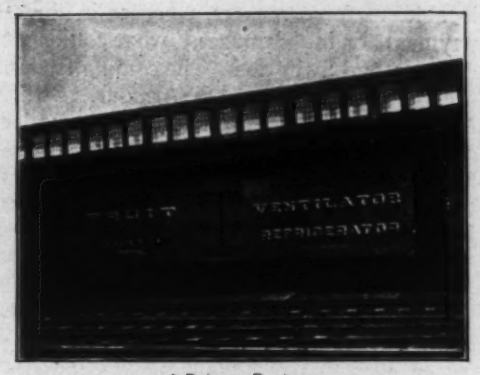
Once given power, unrestrained by fear of law, rendered bold by long freedom and the apparent inability of the public to see or to understand the conditions when they do see them, the Armours, Rockefellers, Havemeyers, Morgans, and the whole nest of life insurance leeches — apparently do not know where to stop in squeezing money from the public. It has become a sort of contest to see who will squeeze most and squeeze fastest.

So of Armour: three millions annual net profits on his car line was the mere first fruits of power — as I shall show.

Does the Beef Trust Still Receive Rebates?

I do not know positively that Armour, Swift, Morris, and the other members of the beef trust continue to get cash rebates in addition to car-mileage profits. We do know from testimony of Paul Morton and other traffic managers, to which I have referred, that they were paid rebates in very large amounts up to 1902. I doubt very much whether the practice has been entirely stopped even now, whether Armour, so long a law-breaker, has suddenly become obedient. I will give my reasons for this belief. Only the other day, September 21, 1905, four members of the firm of Schwarzchild & Sulzberger — a firm in the beef trust — came into open court, confessed to receiving cash rebates over and above their mileage rentals, and each paid a fine of $25,000 cash. Later, B. S. Cusey, traffic manager of Schwarzchild & Sulzberger, testified that his firm was accustomed to receive large sums for *damages*, peculiar, strangely exorbitant, strangely even amounts. Now, if Schwarzchild & Sulzberger, a comparatively weak member of the beef trust,

Standard Oil Tank-car



A Private Fruit-car

"The average daily mileage of all cars owned by Armour and his associates and used in the beef business is from 90 to 100. Upon a basis of 100 miles a day the NET *earnings upon the refrigerator-car business is 17.25 per cent; on a basis of 125 miles — which good experts regard as too low — the report calculates net earnings at 24.4 per cent."*

A Private Car for Shipping Beer

"On cars used in the fruit business where there are immense additional profits from icing charges, the net earnings have been conservatively estimated at thirty per cent. These figures are all probably much too low, but let us be very conservative and set down the average NET *earnings of Armour cars at twenty per cent.*

One of Armour's Refrigerator-cars

Coal-car Owned by Private Corporation

TYPES OF PRIVATE CARS

These special kinds of freight-cars — built to accommodate special products — are in themselves evidences of a wholesome, inventive growth. They have made it possible to bring fruit to New York from California — and so on. But they have come by a black reputation. No one dreamed of the enormous expansion of the PRIVATE OWNERSHIP *of this rolling stock. "To-day over three hundred private freight-car lines are in flourishing existence, operating 130,000 cars. . . . . Armour owns 14,000 refrigerator-cars. If his profit on each is $200, then his profits on car rentals alone, not including the enormous sums extorted in icing charges on fruit shipments, every year are $2,800,000* NEARLY $3,000,000 PROFIT ANNUALLY. *This is a* NET *profit."*

is able to force rebates, whether in direct payments or in "damages," what could not Armour and Swift do? The coming trial in the Federal courts of Armour, Swift, Morris, and their associates, now under criminal indictment, may develop these facts — unless the weight of money and legal talent back of these rich offenders balks justice as it has done so often in the past.

Rebates to Milwaukee Brewers

Right here, as a peculiarly effective illustration of the power of a private car owner, even though he possesses a comparatively few cars, I wish to tell the story of the Union Refrigerator Transit Company of Wisconsin. This private car company carries beer for Pabst of Milwaukee and the brewery interests own all or nearly all of the stock. The president and manager of the company is E. L. Philip. Mr. Philip's methods are simplicity itself. He groups all the beer shipments and applies to the railroad company. "See here," he says, "what will you give me if we send our private cars exclusively over your road?"

"Why," says the railroad freight agent, "we will pay you the customary mileage on your cars, which will give you a handsome profit."

"Good morning, sir," we can imagine Mr. Philip saying, "I can do better."

And we can also imagine how eagerly the railroad official calls Mr. Philip back. Fortunately, we need imagine no further; we have the facts — gathered during the excellent investigation in Wisconsin.

We find that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad was the favored bidder, that in the year which ended June 30, 1903, the railroad paid Mr. Philip's company $73,240.61 in mileage rentals. All of which is quite as regular as the Armour transactions, and undoubtedly quite as profitable. But the investigators also found other exceedingly large payments to Mr. Philip, which upon inquiry were given the name "commissions." In five months — I have a list of the vouchers before me — from December, 1902, to June, 1903 (except April and May) the Union Refrigerator Transit Company received a total of $33,856.51 in such "commissions." In other words, the brewers who own the private car company, received over $6,000 a month *in addition to the mileage profits on their cars.* Where, with such favoritism upon favoritism, would the struggling small brewer have the least chance for existence? It is true Scripture applied to the relations of the railroad and the trust: Unto every one that hath shall be given: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

But the chief interest in this story lies in its conclusion. When La Follette began his reforms in Wisconsin, the brewing industries of Milwaukee were his bitterest enemies. E. L. Philip appeared as a lobbyist in the legislature, and a little later he was the chief worker in the extensive publicity bureau established by the railroad political machine in Milwaukee to fight La Follette. It was his special duty to labor with country editors. He prepared a bulky pamphlet entitled, "THE TRUTH About Wisconsin Freight Rates," which bears inside the cover the signed approval of the general freight agents of the Milwaukee and of the Northwestern Railroads, and on the back cover a quotation from Daniel Webster denouncing the wickedness of "any man who attempts to incite one part of the country against another."

A Politician Who Got Rebates

At the very time that Mr. Philip was denouncing La Follette as an "inciter," a demagogue, and the like, his company was receiving over $6,000 a month in rebates from a single Wisconsin railroad. It is curious how these relationships begin to appear the moment we get a little real publicity. As long as such a man can keep his private graft covered up, he can hurl Daniel Webster at reforms with some success, but once let the people know the whys and wherefores of his enthusiasm and his influence vanishes.

Now then, if small firms like Schwarzschild & Sulzberger and the Union Refrigerator Transit Company can get rebates in addition to mileage on private cars — call these "rebates," "commissions," "damages" or any other euphonious name — is it reasonable to suppose that Armour and Swift, with immensely more power, are not also getting cash favors over and above mileage allowances from the railroads? We have not yet got inside of the first veil of secrecy which surrounds these great industrial conspiracies.

So far I have been talking of criminal cash rebates, and of private car mileage, which, though it may not be strictly criminal, serves exactly the same purposes of discrimination and favoritism.

But I have not yet reached the real heart of my story. These criminal and semi-criminal devices are the mere beginnings of monopoly; the raw first stages. One would think that $3,000,000 a year in mileage profits, besides probable cash favors of other sorts, would be sufficient to satisfy any monopoly. But no investigator can look into these conditions without being amazed over and over again by the marvelous tenacity of competition. The country has expanded so rapidly, men have fought for their industrial existence with such vitality, such never-extinguishable hope, that a monopoly requires astonishing advantages to make headway. Even now, in spite of the power of the beef trust, there are tenacious and even prosperous packing houses in various parts of the country — not large, but operated with virility and alertness.

There comes a time in the life of a trust when bold, crude, palpably unlawful methods, having served their purpose in building up great power, are discarded for the quieter ways of apparent legality. In *principle and purpose* the trust remains a law-breaker as much as ever, but it is able to assume an *appearance* of lawfulness.

So with Armour and the beef trust; so with Rockefeller in times past.

By rebates and mileage charges they have driven out of business most of their competitors, they have come to tremendous and concentrated power. They do not need any longer to deal with picayunish rebates; they can operate upon the legal freight-rate itself. Many people know about the evil of the rebate, many realize the danger of the private car allowance, but few have yet come to any clear understanding of this much more vital and dangerous sort of discrimination.

Indeed, the greatest advantage from the use of the private car, and the concentration of shipments under one control, *lies not in mileage profits, but in the ability to force a lower legal rate*. This fact should never be forgotten.

How a Trust Makes Its Own Freight Rates

To the uniniated some very remarkable things were said in the recent cattle and beef rate cases tried in Chicago (October, 1905). It has been the understanding of people that the railroads were jealous of their rate-making rights. Railroad presidents by the dozen appeared last winter in Washington, told the senate committee how delicate and difficult a task it was to adjust a freight-rate, how it required long practical experience in railroading, and what danger would ensue if a government commission, or indeed any outside interest, should meddle with this wonderful, finely adjusted rate fabric! What shall we believe, then, when we hear two great railroad presidents giving sworn testimony in court that the railroads do *not* make the rates for the shipment of so important a commodity as beef products at all! Listen to A. B. Stickney, president of the Great Western Railroad Company:

> In fixing the rate on dressed meat we don't have very much to say. The packer generally makes the rate. He comes to you and always makes you feel that he is your friend. Then he asks how much you charge for a certain shipment of dressed meats. The published tariff may be twenty-three cents a hundred, but he will not pay that. You say to him: "I 'll carry your meat for eighteen cents." He says, "Oh, no, you won't. I won't pay that." Then you say: "Well, what will you pay for it?" He then replies, "I can get it hauled for sixteen cents." So you haul it for sixteen cents a hundred.

And here is the testimony of E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fé Railroad:

> The packing-house business to-day is concentrated in so few hands that this fact, together with the keen competition between the railroads, practically makes it possible for the latter to dictate rates for dressed beef and packing-house products."

In other words, the Beef Trust and not the railroads *dictate what the rates on their own products shall be*. Could not you and I make money if we could fix the price of the things we buy? Here we have the presidents of two railroads saying that the beef trust does that very thing! They buy transportation and fix their own price. They also buy cattle and fix their own price — for that is the usurpation of monopoly. They buy wheat and fix their own price; they buy corn and fix their own price. In some cases they buy fruit and vegetables and fix their own price. And they do these things *because*, and only because, they have that other and fundamental right of fixing the price of transportation. This fact cannot be too strongly emphasized. So long as any individual or corporation can control the transportation of his product so long will he maintain a predatory monopoly. Having said that, there is not much more to say on the trust question.

Let us see how Armour and his associates have used this extraordinary power of setting the price at which the railroads must carry their products.

War of Rates Between Beef and Cattle

Take, for example, the rates between Missouri River points and Chicago. There are seven more or less competitory railroads between Omaha, Kansas City, and the Missouri River points and Chicago. Two products in which the beef trust is interested are shipped over these lines: live cattle and beef products. Now, it is one of the basic principles of rate-making, so far as there are any principles, that the cheaper the product the cheaper the rate. Live cattle should therefore, it would seem, be carried at a lower rate than beef, which is a finished and high-priced product. And this is exactly what we do find in shipment *east* of Chicago, to New York. This adjustment was fixed years ago by Judge Thomas M. Cooley, one of the greatest railroad authorities the country has ever known, sitting as an arbitrator. He said beef should take three times as high a rate to New York as cattle. The present rate is twenty-eight cents per hundred pounds on cattle, and forty-five on dressed beef. In an early day also the same rule applied in the West.

But the beef trust acquired and began to build up great packing houses at Omaha, Kansas City, Sioux City, and South St. Paul. At three of these cities they also owned the stock-yards, giving them thus an additional profit on cattle shipped. In Chicago they did not own the stock-yards, and had, therefore, to let some one else have part of the profit.

For various reasons they wished to build up their Western packing plants, at the expense of Chicago. They began to have immense quantities of beef and hog products to ship eastward. Using private cars, the mileage profits were, of course, greater to New York from Kansas City than from Chicago. And one of the first results of this was that the rate on dressed beef controlled by the trust began to go down — forced down, of course, by Armour and his associates. The rate on cattle or hogs, the cheaper product not controlled by a trust, remained the same. Of course this aroused the live-stock shippers, and in 1890 the whole matter was carried before the Inter-state Commerce Commission and tried out there at large expense. The result was an order in which the Commission directed the railroads to desist from charging more for hauling live stock than for hauling packing-house products. The railroads made a curious pretense of obedience to this order of the United States Government. They did not dare to offend Armour and raise his rate, so they *reduced* the live-stock rate to twenty-three and one-half cents — exactly the same amount as they charged for beef and hog products. Even such an equality as this entailed a real injustice upon the cattle shippers, but they thought they could worry along with it.

But Armour was not pleased. He did not want equality. He wanted a *discrimination against live stock* for reasons that I shall show. Consequently, he forced the railroads to give him secret rebates amounting regularly to five cents a hundred pounds and sometimes reaching eight cents a hundred — as I have already shown by the testimony of Paul Morton and other traffic officials. This continued for years, filling the pockets of the packers, taking it out of the pockets of the unorganized cattle men, and of the public.

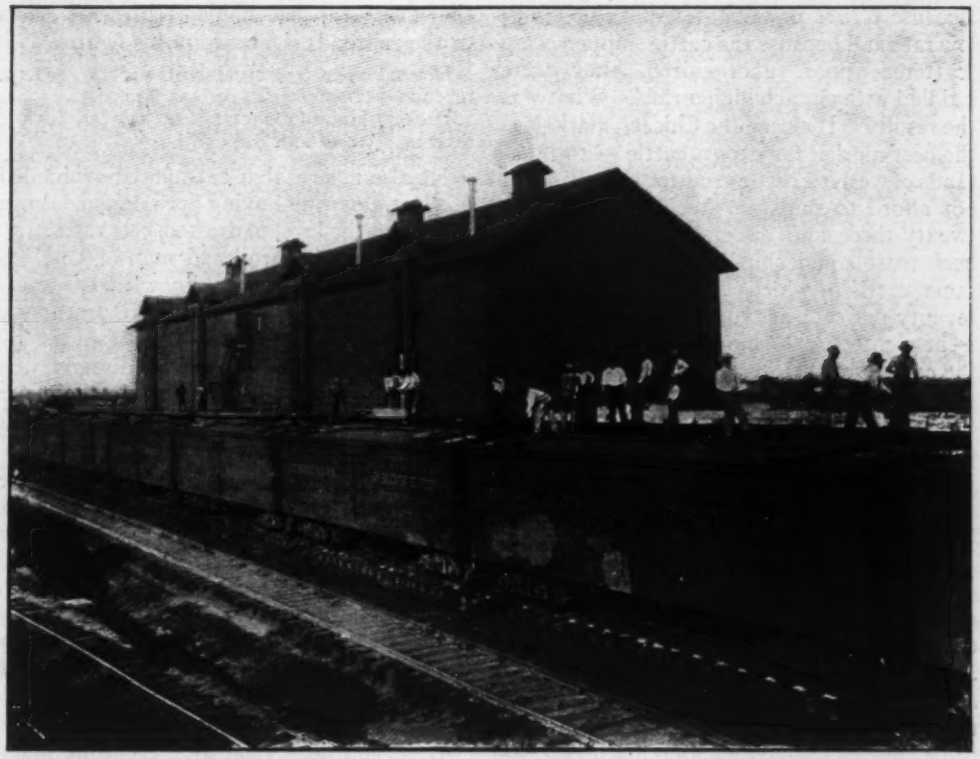
Cattle Men Fight Armour

But slowly the cattle men began to find out what was going on and they again carried the case before the Inter-state Commerce Commission. At the same time there was much general agitation which led up finally, in 1903, to the passage of the Elkins law, and court injunctions against Armour and his associates against accepting rebates. It will thus be seen that all the possible engines of the law were directed against Armour. Here was the Commission's order, a new legislative enactment, and a court injunction!

What was the result? Did Armour stop getting his regular discriminatory profits? Not a bit of it.

In 1890, we have seen, when Armour was attacked he simply dived down from a legal discrimination to an illegal one; from a low published rate to a rebate. Now, in 1902, he came gracefully to the surface again with a new published rate, from illegality to apparent legality, but *without in the least changing the system of discrimination* whereby dressed beef got the advantage over live cattle.

He did this by making a seven-year contract with the Great Western railroad to carry a certain part of his produce at eighteen and one-half cents *and to publish his rate.*



An Armour icing station, showing men at work refilling the bunkers of a solid train of fruit refrigerator-cars.

Of course the cattle rate remained at twenty-three and one-half, thus making the new eighteen and one-half cent beef rate a direct defiance of the principle announced on the order of the United States Government through its Inter-State Commerce Commission in 1890. Armour may truly sing: "Laws may come, and laws may go, but I go on forever." In spite of everything, in all that time, through legality and illegality, the power of Armour got him the steady discrimination of five cents — and gets it for him to-day!

The last hearing before the Inter-state Commerce Commission was decided last January (1905) after delays that lasted a year. The decision in principle was exactly the same as in 1890 — that the railroads must *not* charge less for dressed beef than for live cattle.

This was a clear decision. Did the railroads obey it? No, of course not; Armour told them that they must n't. So the Inter-state Commerce Commission has gone into the courts to enforce its orders. Extended hearings have been had, delays have resulted, costs have piled up — the cost of the case so far cannot have been less than $35,000 — and although months have passed no decision has yet been handed down. And when that decision comes the case will probably be appealed to the United States Supreme Court, where three or four years more will be consumed. In the meantime Armour goes forward cheerfully breaking the law, piling up other fortunes from his discriminations. He can afford big sums for legal expenses: they are only a drop in the bucket compared with his profits from discriminating freight-rates.

And yet there are those who say that our present conditions are satisfactory, that we have enough legislation, that the Inter-state Commerce Commission has enough power!

Let us see, now, what the effects of this discrimination between beef and cattle really are.

This is the condition: beef, the high-priced product, is shipped at eighteen and one-half cents, and cattle, the low-priced product, shipped at twenty-three and one-half — just the reverse of the adjustment east of Chicago. Nothing could furnish better evidence of the great power of the trust.

Because it was powerful it got an absurdly low rate and because the cattle shippers were scattered, poor, unorganized, they were saddled with a much higher rate. What was the result? It closed the Chicago market — the best market for export cattle — to thousands of western cattle growers. They could not afford to ship live stock to Chicago at twenty-three and one-half cents when the beef trust could ship the products of the same cattle — which weigh only sixty to seventy per cent as much as the live animal — at eighteen and one-half cents. Result: the cattle growers were compelled to ship to the Missouri River packing-houses, where the beef trust had a complete monopoly, where they chose to slaughter the cattle, and where they set whatever price they liked.

Armour Controls the Destinies of Cities

It is difficult to convey a proper impression of the revolutionizing effect of such rate-making. By making that rate Armour tore down, by so much, the supremacy of Chicago as a cattle center. He decreed that Omaha and Kansas City should grow, he said that the cattle men should not ship where they chose, but to his own packing houses on the Missouri River; and incidentally he riveted more closely the power of his monopoly. It is a very terrible power to put in the hands of one man — the destinies of great cities and great industries — and all the more so when that man is not only working greedily for more money, but is systematically breaking the laws of the land.

I am not saying here that Omaha and Kansas City should not take the packing industry away from Chicago. Unquestionably they should take some of it — being nearer the cattle country. The point is, the adjustments are not in the hands of the people of these cities but they are dictated by Armour. As for me, I would rather trust my destiny and the railroad rate upon which my material prosperity is founded to an impartial Inter-state Commerce Commission than to Armour. Had n't you? That 's all there is to the question. Shall the railroad rate be fixed by Armour and the railroad men, both greedily interested parties who are mulcting the public, or shall it be fixed by the government?

But this is not all. In his testimony President Ripley of the Santa Fé railroad swore that the rates on beef products between Kansas City and Chicago have been forced so low that every car-load hauled represents a loss to the railroads. These are his figures:

Dressed meats: Actual cost per car, $82.19; revenue, $42.19; deficit, per car, $40.00.

Packing-house products: Cost per car, $85.03; revenue, $56; deficit, $29.03.

He also asserts that cattle are now hauled at a loss, the rates having been dragged down in 1890 to the level of dressed-beef rates.

Mr. Ripley is a railroad man of long experience and thorough knowledge, especially of Western conditions. His testimony as to cost has been vigorously disputed by able witnesses. When experts disagree it is not for a layman to decide where the exact truth lies. But this much is certain: that beef is carried at a very low rate not only compared with cattle, but with other commodities. If the beef trust itself fixed the rate, as Mr. Stickney says, it may be assumed that it is about as low as it possibly can be, for the beef trust is not accustomed to withholding its power when making bargains. Suppose Mr. Ripley is right and there is a loss on every car carried. Who pays it?

Who Pays the Freight?

Well, you do. That loss has to be made up by somebody: it does not come out of the pockets of the railroad men, we may be sure of that. The railroad gets it back in high rates on the farmer's products — for the farmers have no trust. They get it back in rates on your hats and shoes, your food, your coal, and other commodities. You pay it: you are a sort of unconscious philanthropist assisting Mr. Armour in his business by paying part of his freight-rate.

Armour and his associates not only ascend to the heights of power, playing thus with the destinies of cities, but they go also to the depths of petty trickery. Nothing seems too great nor too small when a penny is to be turned. One would suppose that when they make millions in wholesale rate discriminations that they would not descend to mean and trivial subterfuges. But examine this condition of things. Beef is hung up in the refrigerator-cars. There is a space underneath on the floor of the car. It has been charged that this space is sometimes crowded full of dressed poultry, eggs, and so on. Poultry and eggs take a high freight-rate: but thus packed, Armour gets them carried for nothing! It is his car: it is his packing house: he has tremendous influence with the railroads. Inspectors are, of course,

appointed to see that no contraband freight is carried and that the weights are correctly registered, but there are many cars and few inspectors — as the testimony in these cases plainly shows. How much of such business goes on no one knows — and no one can find out — but it has been shown to exist in numerous cases. Of course, if Armour can carry his poultry and eggs from Chicago to New York free, that is, if he can steal the freight charge, or even a small part of it, he can undersell his competitors and ultimately put them out of business. Indeed, a very large part of the poultry **and** egg-business of the country is now in his hands and more is drifting that way every year.

But it would be impossible to go into all of the ways — great and small — by which Armour and his associates employ the common carrier, the railroad, to serve their private ends. They are legion: there is the matter of switching charges, damages, minimum weight of car-load, icing charges, and many others — and the beef trust never loses an opportunity in any connection to get better treatment on the rail highway than any one else.

In this article I have shown how the beef trust by the use of private cars and by the concentration of its traffic has built itself to monopolistic power and how it exercises that power. In all this enterprise it has employed the private car for its own shipments only — its beef, poultry, and eggs. But there is a vast field of activity which I have not here entered upon. A few years ago, so profitable was the private car business, that Armour extended it to the shipment of the products of other people; chiefly fruit and vegetables. That was a great new departure and it has had a marvelously significant development. If one tried to draw a picture of all the possibilities of unrestricted monopoly, he could not do it better than to tell the story of how the Armour car lines have seized control of much of the fruit transportation business of this country. And that story I hope to tell in my next article.

A COLLOQUY

BY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

"IS it thou, silly heart,
Not prone on thy pallet, but grieving apart?"
"Natal Star, even so."
"I miss thee to-night; while thou smoulderest low."
"Live in beauty! but I
For bloodshed of spirit, here dwindle and die."

"Are we two not the same?
By law everlasting, one mystical flame?
Aloft if I burn,
Every ray of my light be thy stair of return:
Up, up! to our lot
Where warfare and time and the body are not."

WHY RIFFLES DESERTED

BY

HARRY IRVING GREENE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES RAYMOND MACAULEY

RIFFLES had deserted in time of war, killed a soldier before surrendering, and the drumhead had said that he must die. He told me about it in the guard tent on the last day. I was inside death-watch.

Riffles was not much of an ornament physically. His face looked as though some one had thrown a handful of freckles into it and they had all stuck fast, and his nose was caved in from tip to eyebrow line like the sunken ridge-pole of a shack. When he was thinking hard his upper lip would gradually rise until you could see his teeth — yellow. Neither did he have any particular objections to dirt.

Doran was pacing up and down outside of the tent, and every time he got to the far end of his beat, where he thought we could not hear him, he swore at the sun. Presently Riffles's lip arose, and I knew that his mind was wandering back to the cause of his trouble, so I asked him why he had done it all.

"They ran away like pigs," he said half to himself. "The Spaniards had told them that we were cannibals who ate babies alive, and the poor devils believed it. Ought to have heard their women-folks squeal as they grabbed up their kids and hiked. Some of their men covered the retreat though, and made a pretty good fight for semi-savages with firelocks. I was going along the road with the rest of the boys, taking a shot now and then, when all at once my foot went down in a rut and my ankle doubled over like a hinge. It hurt pretty bad. I sat down behind a whopping big tree, and the company passed on, and just then I saw one of the natives break cover and cut for a little hut that stood off to one side. He had a musket, so I let drive at him, and he went into the hovel heels over head, like a rabbit that gets the center of the charge. Ever see them go down like that?"

I said that I had.

"And they are usually down for keeps when they do a fall like that!" Riffles paused, and sat looking at the dirt on his hands, which were bound together.

"By and by I stuck out my head and 'zee-e-e' something went by my ear, and I could hear it screeching off down the road after the musket had banged. From the sound of it I thought it was a nail — they use all that kind of truck in their muskets, you know. It surprised me a little, too, because I thought I had put him out for all time, so I kept on peeking cautiously until I caught a glimpse of a black head at that little hole in the wall that they make for a window, and cut loose at it. Quiet after that. Just a fly that kept buzzing about my ears, and something up in the tree that tick-tacked like a clock. After a while I got to wondering if I had plunked him the last time; so I took off my coat, stuffed up one sleeve and shoulder a bit with grass and leaves and poked it out, and the next second something pretty near yanked it out of my hand. That surely was a nail that hit it sideways and half took the sleeve off. Then I whanged away quick at the puff of smoke. You see, I could n't charge on the hut before he got his old fusee loaded again, because my twisted ankle hurt so when I stood on it that I was not much better than a one-legged man. Neither could I leave cover and hop away without getting popped in the back. So I just sat there.

"It was pretty lonesome. The firing had died away in the distance and it was as still as — well, you know how still it is out in the jungle at noon. The silence rings in your ears like a sea-shell. Nothing moving except now and then some insect that comes by your head with a zip that makes you duck as

"'he went into the hovel heels over head'"

it goes off among the trees. Pretty soon that thing up in the tree began to click-clack again, and after a while a leaf came zig-zagging down and I watched it, because it was the only thing that moved. But after it struck the ground, of course, it was still, too, and then my mind got to wandering off and the first thing I knew it was ten thousand miles away from here, over in York State, where Janet is. But, of course, you don't know about her."

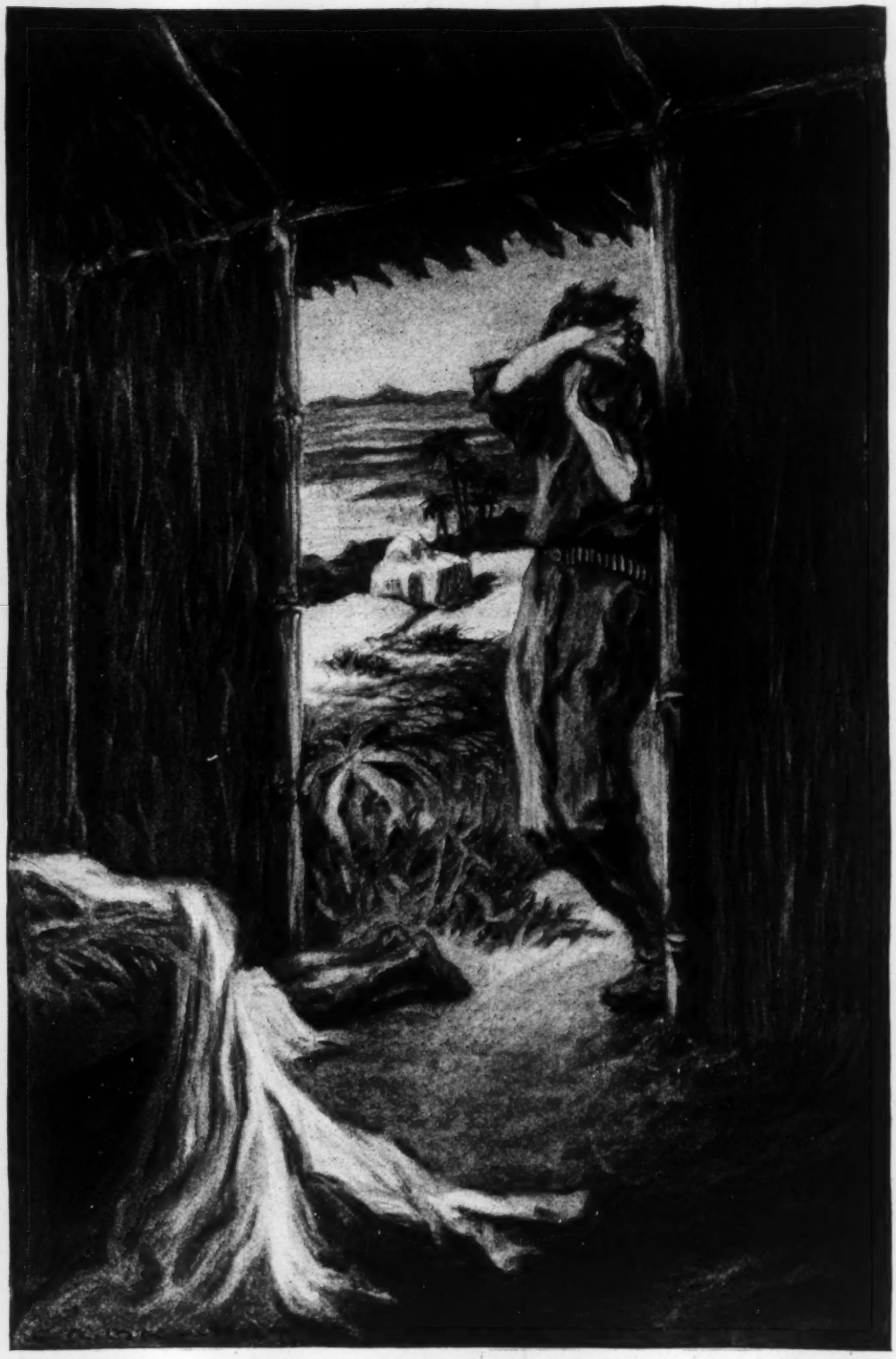
I told him I did not but hoped to. After a while Riffles got himself up to a sitting posture and, leaning against the tent-pole, looked at his unlaced shoes for a long time. He was always an untidy animal. Neither of us was speaking, and about the only sounds we heard were the thump of Doran's feet, and now and then his voice when he got to the far end of his beat and cursed the sun. After a while Riffles stopped looking at his hands.

"She is my wife. Married her four years ago when she was a country girl down on a dairy-farm. Used to go over to the place evenings and help her carry the pails of milk from the barn to the dairy house, and it was not long before the usual thing happened. She was pretty — cheeks like one of those sea sunsets we saw coming over, and her throat where the sun had not got at it was as white as the milk itself. So I asked her and she said 'yes,' and we were married and went to town to live. The next year there was a baby. I was awfully stuck on the kid, but things did n't go right and the next year I enlisted and came out here."

"What was the trouble at home, Riffles?" I inquired. He told the whole story in one word: "Booze."

Doran heard the word also, and stuck his head inside the tent. He saw nothing and so he went away.

"I suppose I thought of Janet and the kid for near an hour as I sat there behind the tree, and then I got on my feet. The pain was pretty near gone from my ankle, and I knew it would not be long before I could walk again. I was awful sick of the stillness and of my thoughts so, just for fun, I put half a dozen bullets through that shack at random. About three minutes after that I saw a face, good and plain, at the hole and, taking a quick sight at it, I let drive. There was not any



'''I JUST WENT DOWN ON THE FLOOR AS IF I HAD BEEN KNOCKED ON THE HEAD'''

mistake about my getting him that time, for his face seemed to shut up like a book and dropped out of sight on the instant. Ever punch an empty egg-shell hard with your finger? Well, that's the way it looked to me — all crumpled. I sent a few more shots through the door just for luck, and then exposed my shoulder; but nothing happened to it, so I went up to the hut and kicked the door in. He was lying on the floor just inside, and had never made a move after that tumble of his when I first shot him through the back. But that isn't all. He was the only man in the place."

There was a long pause. "Who did the firing at you afterwards?" I inquired eventually. Riffles was very pale about the gills, and I gave him a drink of water, but it was five minutes before he answered me.

"His wife. She was the one whose face I had shot at when it showed at the window. Never killed a woman, did you?"

I shuddered.

"Then there is no use in trying to make you understand what it feels like. I just went down on the floor as if I had been knocked on the head, and sat there staring at her. She was a young woman, with wrists and ankles as round as a willow branch — and as smooth as a willow branch is after you have taken off the outside bark to make a whistle. Then I looked from her to something else that lay on the floor, and I began to turn green inside. She had owned a little baby girl, just about a year old, brown and soft and frail, and as I looked around that cursed shambles at my handiwork, I saw what had taken place in it just as well as if I had been inside all of the time. When her husband fell dead just inside the door, she had turned him on his back and kissed him all over the face. I could see the spots on his cheeks where her lips had taken off the dust that coated it. Then she had picked up the gun and tried to fight me off. Well, one of the bullets that I had shot through the place just for fun had given her a bad hip wound, but she had kept on shooting and getting more transparent for quite a while. Along toward the last she had got pretty weak, and when she saw it would be all over with her in a few minutes, she had taken the baby and —— "

Riffles's face turned a sickly yellow as he glared at me with eyes that rolled and showed their whites. "She thought I was a cannibal, and would eat the kid alive. What would any mother do?"

"I understand," I replied quickly. "You need not go into details."

"Well, after a while I got up and staggered outside and sat down on a log, sick as a horse, and began to think. Of course, she was brown and a savage, but there was something about her that made me think of Janet — it was those round arms and ankles, and the smoothness of them, I guess. Then, after that, I got to thinking of my own kid, and how many nights since I had enlisted and quit drinking I had laid and looked at the stars and longed for home until three or four o'clock in the morning. But it was almost half-way around the world from me, and I was tied up for three years more in the regular army. Then I thought of the inside of that hut again, and what I had done there. Seemed strange to me that I could shoot a well-nigh naked man through the back and a woman through the face and cause the death of a baby and not be punished for it — praised, if anything. They could call it war all they wanted to, but I knew better. It was nothing but downright, premeditated, cold-blooded murder, and I ought to be hung for it. War! The word gagged me. It was butchery, with them savages with their old fusees having about as much chance against our Krags as the sheep do at the yards. Well, I fell down on my knees behind that log and prayed good and hard and told God if I ever killed another human being I wanted him to send me to hell for a million years. But when I got up I realized that as long as I was in the army I would have to keep on shooting and fighting, and I would be mighty lucky if I went through the next three years without murdering more than one man. So I made up my mind I would desert and go back to Janet where there would not be any possibility of my breaking my oath."

"How about Lieutenant Potter when they arrested you?" I asked, as Riffles sat digging his heels into the ground. His face twisted a bit, and then he surprised me.

"I never killed him. They had me surrounded and I was shooting over their heads, and all at once I saw Potter go down. One of the men from the other side of the circle did for him. I have heard it said more than once that there was many a dough-boy who would like to take a shot at him when the

guns were going off all around. He was unpopular, you know."

I knew that well enough.

"Well, I concluded the best thing I could do would be to disappear then and there, and maybe they would think I had got potted off in the jungle somewhere and not bother much about me. It was a long ways back to civilization but, of course, we had come on foot and I knew the way well enough, so off I went. I could not bear to go back to camp and hear the men tell about how many they had shot — and ask me about my bag. Oh, I was sick, sick, sick! We had cleaned up the country pretty well as we came along, and the people were scared half to death at the sight of a uniform and a gun, and did n't bother me, just drew away and looked at me with the whites of their eyes showing like the eyes of frightened horses. That night I found an empty shack and a bowl of rice, and laid down and tried to go to sleep but I could n't. That woman's face as I had last seen it was always before my eyes and alongside of it the kid's, so I just got up and went on. It was pretty dark and some one seemed to be walking close behind me, and after a while I broke into a run; but I could n't get rid of it, whatever it was, and had to slow up when that pain got to stabbing me in the side. I was pretty glad when morning came, and so tired that I threw myself down somewheres and slept most of the day. And that is the way things went for a couple of weeks. I could n't sleep nights and had to keep on walking, taking as many winks as I could when the sun was high. I got pretty thin."

"Why did n't you tell all this to the drumhead?" I asked after a little while.

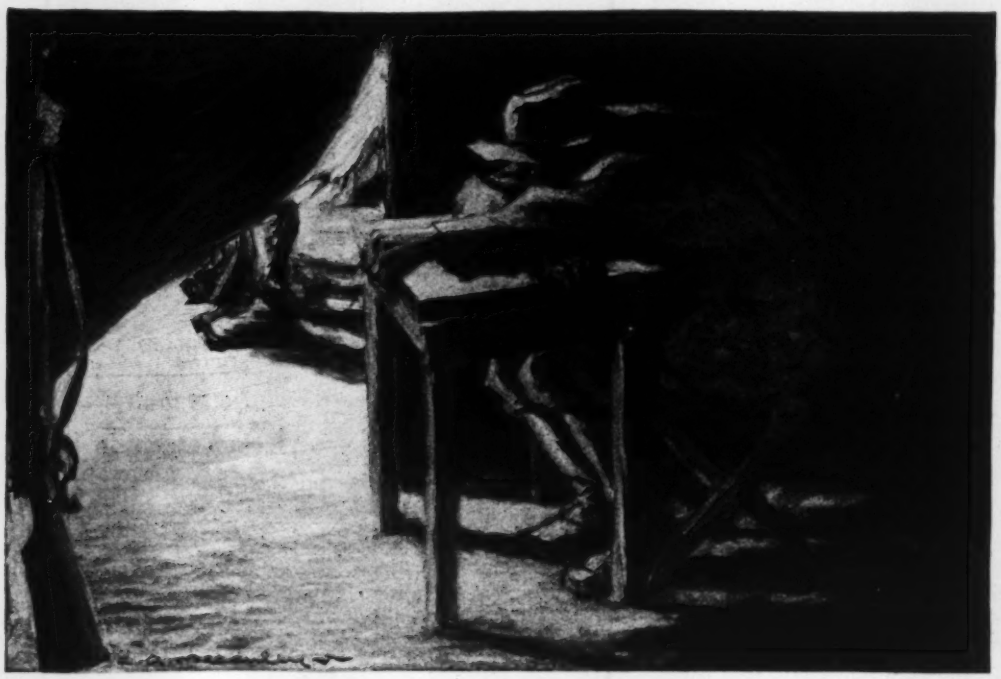
"To the drumhead? Oh, I was afraid they would laugh at me."

Doran outside ceased pacing up and down, and I heard his gun butt drop upon the ground with a thud. From the distance came the steady beat of drumsticks, tap, tap, tap, getting louder every minute until they mingled with the tread of the firing-squad.

"They are coming after me," said the deserter, his face getting a little grayer. "I 'll never see Janet again."

"Riffles!" I cried, as I rose and stood at attention. "Tell me where she is — give me some word for her — some keepsake — something that I may send to her with a letter." Outside a stern voice called, "Halt!" and the marching feet grew still.

"Riffles!" I cried again, my heart in my throat. But he never spoke after that.



EDITORIAL

"The remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy."—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

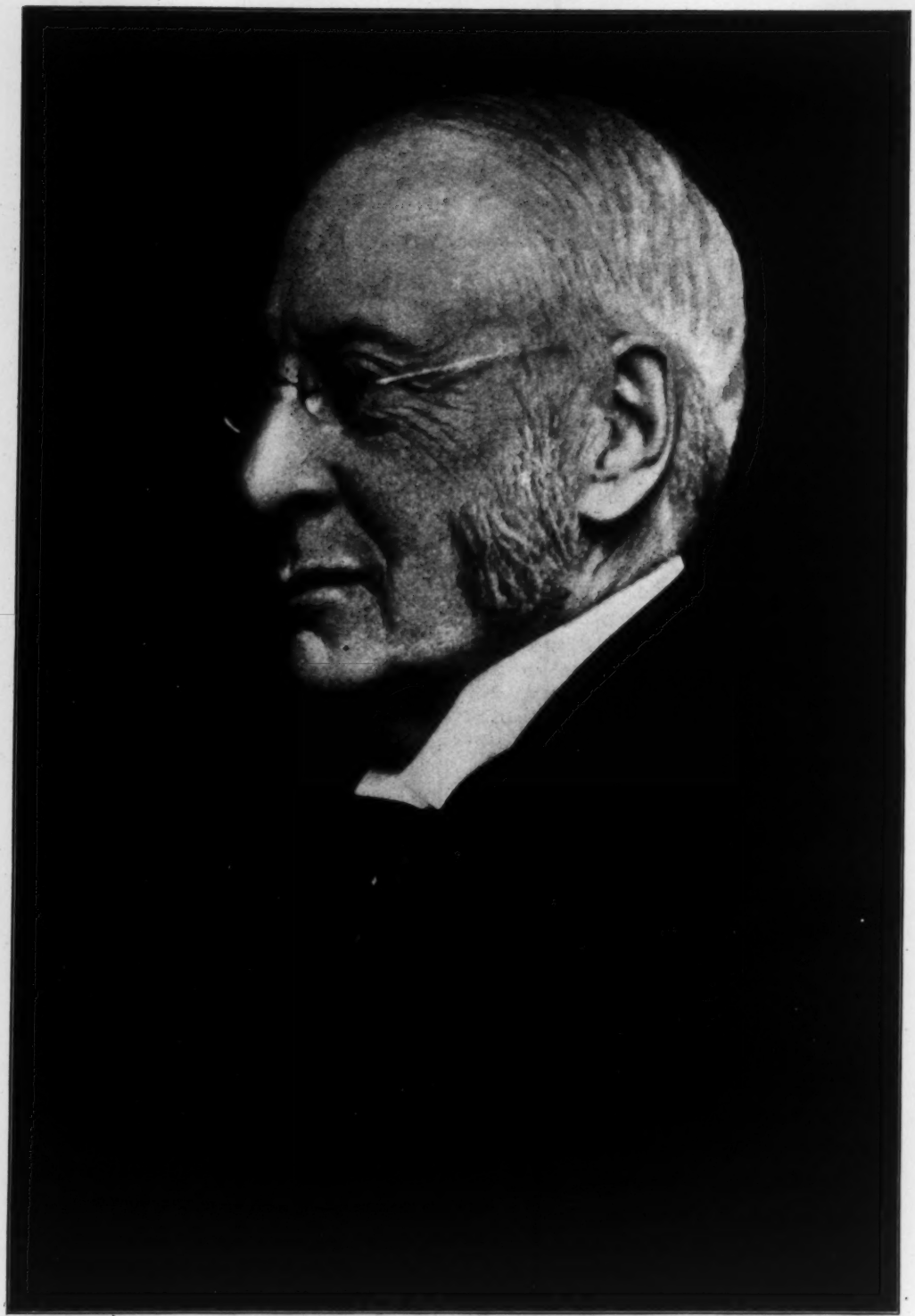
THE ADVANTAGES OF THE POOR MAN'S CHILD

"MY most serious problem is how I can give my children the advantages of the poor man's," we heard a rich man say once. This thought in one form or another will certainly come to every reflective father and mother who reads Carl Schurz's reminiscences of his childhood and young manhood, which McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is now publishing. How shall I inspire my child with the love of honor and country this child learned in a peasant's family and a peasant's village — how shall I teach him to read and think and discuss as this young German learned to read and think and discuss in a humble cottage and in a circle of hard-working men and women — how shall I awaken in him a passion for music, for sports, for nature — the ambition for knowledge and the self-sacrifice to secure it at any price? The whole simple beautiful story is a new version of the old truth that outer and material things have little to do with the inner awakening; that a child has a fair chance for its soul only when brought up in an atmosphere of realities and verities.

And the modern system of education employed by the rich and well-to-do, and secured often at infinite self-sacrifice even by those of very moderate means, obscures rather than brings into light the realities and verities. It is a training of the *outer* rather than the *inner* man. And how can it be otherwise? It is primarily a stuffing and polishing process. It produces the facile tongue, the easy address, the ready mind, and the self-complacency which goes with facility and *savoir faire*; but it rarely gives us the passion for truth — the ardent idealism — the power of reflection, the love of the beautiful for beauty's sake which young Schurz found in the village of Libler. Coleridge tells somewhere of a man who knew fourteen languages and could not speak a word of sense in any one of them. Our present educational system aims at the fourteen languages, but it puts little emphasis on the "word of sense." It all comes down to the fact that we concern ourselves much more with the material than the spiritual elements in educating our children.

No material provision, however ample and intelligent, can alone make for verity; no amount of "opportunities" or "advantages," however unusual, are sufficient to awaken the soul. Indeed in the very multiplying of material advantages the spirit of the child is more often than not smothered and distorted. Too many masters, too many toys, too many tasks. The poor little head and heart have neither strength nor time for brooding and dreaming in the forest and field as young Schurz had. He has no long evenings for sitting around a family table or before a fire reading and talking, no spur to find things to do and to find things to think about. The attention continually distracted — the imagination burdened — the sense of pleasure overfed — what time, what strength is there for the child of the very rich, brought up in the usual way, to develop?

College life in many of our great institutions is becoming as overburdened with subjects and pleasures as the child's life is. The democracy and simplicity and calm which are of such infinite importance at the period a young man or young woman is usually taking the college course are given away to class distinctions founded on money-spending, to luxury and elaboration of quarters, and to the excitements of the sporting field and the automobile. The moderation, the spirit of equality, the atmosphere which invites to study and to reflection, so strong in the Old World universities, we are in danger of swamping, temporarily at least, by mere multiplication of equipment and the foolish tolerance of luxury in quarters and excitement in diversions. We cannot manufacture, buy, or hire



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CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

President Eliot, now in his seventy-second year, has, as an educator and as an authority in educational matters, reached the highest place of influence and usefulness. He has filled his present office since he was thirty-five years old.

any educational substitute for the family circle, the forest, the field, the natural simple life of old-fashioned work and play. We cannot make a great college with anything but study, reflection, aspiration. How am I going to get these things for my children — these things which are in reach of the poor if they will take them but which the elaborate machinery of life we are creating is snatching from the hands of the rich and the well-to-do? It is the most serious educational problem which the thoughtful father and mother has to face to-day.

"THE DURABLE SATISFACTIONS OF LIFE"

AT the opening of Harvard University, on October 3, 1905, President Charles William Eliot made a brief address to the undergraduates on "The Durable Satisfactions of Life." No one who reads it will ask why we reprint it here. It is one of those rare expressions of a ripe and serene philosophy which the immature, the calloused, even the unhappy, recognized instinctively as sufficient and fundamental.

No man in the country has given longer or more serious study to this matter of satisfactory living than President Eliot. For many years he has stood in the unceasing stream of young life flowing into Harvard University, and one question has always been uppermost with him as he has watched and labored at his post. What was the relation of this young life to the Christian Democracy in which he believed, which he so ardently hoped to see preserved, but whose weaknesses he so well understood? If it was to be preserved the young men flowing into it must be content there, and how were they to be made content? Not simply by earning good livings — not by wealth — not by fame — not by excitements. Were there durable satisfactions of life within reach of the mass of men and women? Mr. Eliot believes so and steadily he has preached them to teacher and to youth. His well-known essay on "The Happy Life," his brief biographical sketches of men like Asa Gray all reiterate what these satisfactions are and how entirely Democratic they are; that is. how generally men may secure them. A healthy body — a vigorous, responsive, interested mind — a love of honor for honor's sake — given these and a man can attain content. Darwin's remark that with natural history and the domestic affections a man could be truly happy has been often on President Eliot's tongue and always with it he couples Shakspere's lines: "The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation." There can be no gainsaying his wisdom. In its realization lies the hope of our land — for men must feel within their grasp durable satisfaction if they are to have courage to correct the abuses of the social system under which they live and the wisdom to develop that system to its highest efficiency. We reprint President Eliot's address because we consider the recognition and the practice of its truths as essential to the continuation of the American Democracy:

"I suppose I may fairly be called one of the elder brethren; because it is fifty-six years since I came hither in the same grade many of you now occupy. So I have had a chance to watch a long stream of youth, growing up into men, and passing on to be old men; and I have had a chance to see what the durable satisfactions of their lives turned out to be. My contemporaries are old men now, and I have seen their sons and their grandsons coming on in this everflowing stream.

"For educated men, what are the sources of the solid and durable satisfactions of life? That is what I hope you are all aiming at — the solid, durable satisfactions of life, not primarily the gratifications of this moment or to-morrow, but the satisfactions that are going to last and grow. So far as I have seen, there is one indispensable foundation for the satisfactions of life — health. A young man ought to be a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal. That is the foundation for everything else, and I hope you will all be that, if you are nothing more. We have to build everything in this world of domestic joy and professional success, everything of a useful, honorable career, on bodily wholesomeness and vitality.

"This being a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal involves a good deal. It involves not condescending to the ordinary barbaric vices. One must avoid drunkenness, gluttony, licentiousness, and getting into dirt of any kind, in order to be a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal. Still, none of you would be content with this achievement as the total outcome of your lives. It is a happy thing to have in youth what are called animal spirits — a very descriptive phrase; but animal spirits do not last even in animals; they belong to the kitten or puppy stage. It is a wholesome thing to enjoy for a time, or for a time each day all through life, sports

and active bodily exercise. These are legitimate enjoyments, but if made the main object of life, they tire. They cease to be a source of durable satisfaction. Play must be incidental in a satisfactory life.

"What is the next thing then, that we want in order to make sure of durable satisfactions in life? We need a strong mental grip, a wholesome capacity for hard work. It is intellectual power and aims that we need. In all the professions — learned, scientific, or industrial — large mental enjoyments should come to educated men. The great distinction between the privileged class to which you belong, the class that has opportunity for prolonged education, and the much larger class that has not that opportunity, is that the educated class lives mainly by the exercise of intellectual powers and gets therefore much greater enjoyment out of life than the much larger class that earns a livelihood chiefly by the exercise of bodily powers. You ought to obtain here, therefore, the trained capacity for mental labor, rapid, intense, and sustained. That is the great thing to get in college, long before the professional school is entered. Get it now. Get it in the years of college life. It is the main achievement of college life to win this mental force, this capacity for keen observation, just inference, and sustained forethought, for everything that we mean by the reasoning power of man. That capacity will be the main source of intellectual joys and of happiness and content throughout a long and busy life.

"But there is something more, something beyond this acquired power of intellectual labor. As Shakspere puts it — 'the purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation.' How is that treasure won? It comes by living with honor, on honor. Most of you have begun already to live honorably, and honored; for the life of honor begins early. Some things the honorable man cannot do, never does. He never wrongs or degrades a woman. He never oppresses or cheats a person weaker or poorer than himself. He never betrays a truth. He is honest, sincere, candid, and generous. It is not enough to be honest An honorable man must be generous; and I do not mean generous with money only. I mean generous in his judgments of men and women, and of the nature and prospects of mankind. Such generosity is a beautiful attribute of the man of honor.

"How does honor come to a man? What is the evidence of the honorable life? What is the tribunal which declares at last — 'This was an honorable man'? You look now for this favorable judgment of your elders — of parents and teachers and older students; but these elders will not be your final judges, and you had better get ready now in college to appear before the u'timate tribunal, the tribunal of your contemporaries and the younger generations. It is the judgment of your contemporaries that is most important to you; and you will find that the judgment of your contemporaries is made up alarmingly early; it may be made up this year in a way that sometimes lasts for life and beyond. It is made up in part by persons to whom you have never spoken, by persons who in your view do not know you, and who get only a general impression of you; but always it is contemporaries whose judgment is formidable and unavoidable. Live now in the fear of that tribunal — not an abject fear, because independence is an indispensable quality in the honorable man. There is an admirable phrase in the Declaration of Independence, a document which it was the good fashion of my time for boys to commit to memory. I doubt if that fashion still obtains. Some of our public action looks as if it did not. 'When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitles them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.' That phrase — a decent respect — is a very happy one. Cherish 'a decent respect for the opinions of mankind,' but never let that interfere with your personal declaration of independence. I have said begin now to prepare for the judgment of the ultimate human tribunal. Look forward to the important crises of your life. They are nearer than you are apt to imagine. It is a very safe protective rule to live to-day as if you were going to marry a pure woman within a month. That rule you will find a safeguard for worthy living. It is a good rule to endeavor hour by hour and week after week to learn to work hard. It is not well to take four minutes to do what you can accomplish in three. It is not well to take four years to do what you can perfectly accomplish in three. It is well to learn to work intensely. You will hear a good deal of advice about letting your soul grow and breathing in without effort the atmosphere of a learned society, or place of learning. Well, you cannnot help breathing and you cannot help growing; those processes will take care of themselves. The question for you from day to day is how to learn to work to advantage; and college is the place and now is the time to win mental power. And, lastly, live to-day and every day like a man of honor."